

FEBRUARY

1932

Offers to sell himself as slave, 178.

"Frank Harris," by R. J. Tobin & Elmer Gertz, Intro. XIII.

The American MERCURY



Edited by

H · L · M E N C K E N

WAR IN THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS

Sterling D. Spero & Jacob Broches Aronoff

MEMBER OF BOTH CLUBS

Owen P. White

THE POWER TRUST BUGABOO

Harold E. West

THE SERVICE WIFE

Marion Brown Watts

EXIT THE 5.15

Edward Hungerford

CENTAUR IN BRASS

William Faulkner

THE FIGHT AT HENDRYX'S

George Milburn

THE CASE AGAINST LARGE-SCALE FARMING

Ronald A. Davidson

JEAN SIBELIUS

Edward Robinson

PLAIN CHANT

Maxwell Bodenheim

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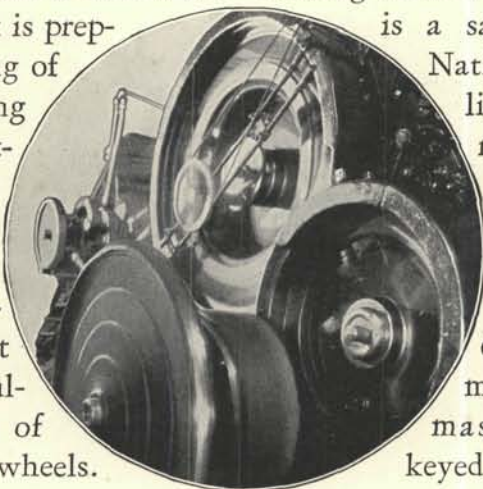
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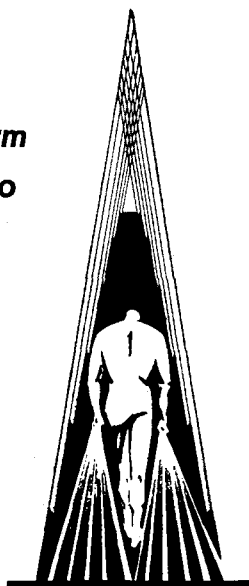
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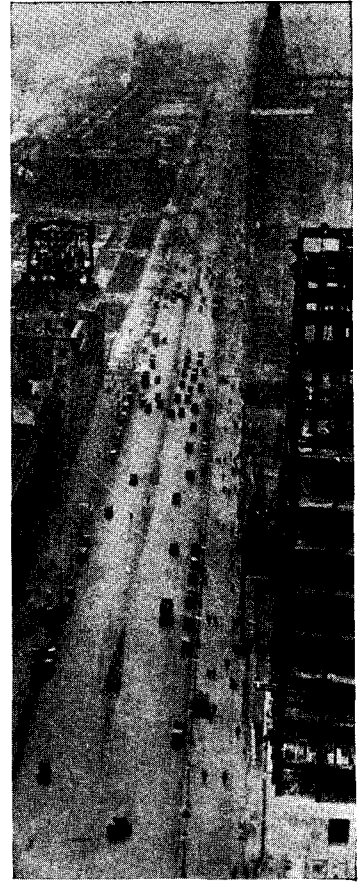


*And we do it once
again with...*

THE PLUNDER OF CHICAGO

By WALTER W. LIGGETT

WHEN a city has been ingeniously plundered and some one has the temerity to describe completely the astounding corruption by which it has been accomplished, certain gentlemen who have been intimately connected with that city's politics, are apt to squirm. They will when the March issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* appears, and once again it will have gained its point. Mr. Liggett gives a complete account of Chicago's virtual ruin and tells a tale of politics neither pure nor simple.



World Wide Photos Inc.
MICHIGAN BLVD.—A view of a
bankrupt city.

OTHER ARTICLES IN THE MARCH ISSUE

THE LAMENTABLE TRADE OF LETTERS

By Joseph Hergesheimer

Not a confession or an apology, but a plain statement of inescapable facts. This distinguished author describes simply the price that a novelist must pay for success—in boredom, toil, and agony of mind.

MOUQUIN'S

By Benjamin DeCasseres

The story of a famous New York restaurant and a companion piece to Mr. DeCasseres's "Luchow's," published in December.

BERNARD SHAW IN RUSSIA

By H. W. L. Dana

The first complete account of the celebrated dramatist's strange doings there.

THE BLUE SKY BLUES

By Mitchell Dawson

How the sellers of bad stocks and worse bonds have been robbing the American people in the past and are continuing to do so, and what is being done to prevent it.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

FOR MARCH WILL BE OUT FEBRUARY 25th

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NUMBER 98

TABLE OF CONTENTS

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD	129
MEN ON THE BARGAIN COUNTER J. J. Robinson	136
THE FIGHT AT HENDRYX'S George Milburn	152
THE SERVICE WIFE Marion Brown Watts	160
DEATH FROM THE SKY Arlington B. Conway	167
AMERICANA	177
MEMBER OF BOTH CLUBS Owen P. White	182
PLAIN CHANT Maxwell Bodenheim	190
EXIT THE 5.15 Edward Hungerford	191
CENTAUR IN BRASS William Faulkner	200
THE ARTS AND SCIENCES:	
The Sign Language of Railroad Men . . . Charles Carpenter	211
The Case Against Large-Scale Farming . . . Ronald A. Davidson	213
A DAY WITH THE RADIO Robert Littell	217
WAR IN THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS	
Sterling D. Spero & Jacob Broches Aronoff	226
THE POWER TRUST BUGABOO Harold E. West	234
THE MUSIC ROOM:	
Jean Sibelius Edward Robinson	245
THE LIBRARY H. L. Mencken	250
THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS	256
CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS	iv
EDITORIAL NOTES	xviii

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Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*

H. L. Mencken, *Editor*

Charles Angoff, *Managing Editor*

CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

CRITICISM

THE LITERARY MIND: *Its Place in an Age of Science.*

By Max Eastman. Charles Scribner's Sons
\$2.50 8½ x 5½; 343 pp. New York

There are fifteen essays here, dealing with various aspects of the literary profession. Mr. Eastman begins with a terrific and highly effective onslaught upon the Humanists and upon "the cult of unintelligibility," as practiced by such writers as Joyce, Gertrude Stein, E. E. Cummings, *et al.* The first he aptly calls "infants of letters," whose ravings about the inner workings of the soul are so much "capricious and undisciplined homiletical talk, standing in the same relation to psychology that alchemy and astrology did to physical science." The Joyce-Stein troupe strikes him as a "hollow" bunch of childish boys and girls, who take great delight in communicating as little sense to the outside world as possible. He then tackles the subject of the place of poetry and of literature in general in the modern scientific world, and here he succeeds only in being confused. Poetry, he says, formerly concerned itself with all human problems, including the strictly scientific. With the development of the physical and psychological sciences, its domain has been narrowed, but it still pretends to fulfil its old professions. It must learn to be modest and fear not for its future, since it is basically immortal. "Prose is merely the practical way of talking. . . . Poetic diction has or conveys more qualities than prosaic." This is neither original nor very clear. There are numerous notes, but an index is missing.

AMERICAN WRITERS ON AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Edited by John Macy. Horace Liveright
\$5 9¼ x 6½; 539 pp. New York

Mr. Macy's idea in planning this book was to put each division of the subject into the hands of a critic specially competent, by taste or experience, to discuss it. Thus Howells is given to Hamlin Garland, Hawthorne to the novelist, Louis Bromfield, the fiction of the 80's and 90's to William Allen White, the American philosophers to Professor T. V. Smith, editor of the *International Journal of Ethics*, Poe to Edwin Markham, Negro literature to Walter White, the history of American magazines to Arthur Bartlett Maurice, contemporary poetry to Louis Untermeyer, and so on. The result, as must be inevitable in every symposium, is a considerable unevenness, but on the

whole the book is interesting enough to be set down a success. Mr. Bromfield's discussion of Hawthorne is brief but excellent, and so are many other chapters—notably Carl Van Doren's on Paine, Rupert Hughes's on Washington, Franklin, the elder Adams, Hamilton and Jefferson (considered, of course, only as writers), and C. Hartley Grattan's on Mark Twain. Among the other contributors are H. W. Boynton, Harold de Wolf Fuller, Charles Caldwell Dobie, Mary Austin, Robert Herrick, Allan Nevins, Brand Whitlock and Robert Morss Lovett. The book has a good index.

THE LIFE OF DOSTOEVSKY.

By Edward Hallett Carr.

The Houghton Mifflin Company
\$3.50 8½ x 5½; 331 pp. Boston

It is now fifty years since the author of "The Brothers Karamazov" died, and he is today, as Mr. Carr says in this excellent one-volume critical biography, "at the nadir of his reputation." The reason for this decline is obvious. The modern reader is primarily interested in living characters, and "there are no characters so difficult to visualise, to imagine as beings of flesh and blood," as Dostoevsky's. Not that he was incapable of creating character: consider Ras-kolnikov and Ivan Karamazov, to mention only two of his supreme creations. His characters were simply different from what we of the present have become accustomed to. They were, for want of a better word, wholly spiritual. The minutest details of the most obscure states of consciousness and subconsciousness were of infinitely more importance to Dostoevsky than size of nose or color of hair. Mr. Carr's discussion of his subject's own specialized creative world is very instructive. His critical judgments, on the whole, are the generally accepted ones, but his analyses of the novels have a considerable freshness. Professor D. S. Mirsky contributes a brief foreword. There is an index.

SOCIOLOGY

SHOULD PRISONERS WORK?

By Louis N. Robinson.

The John C. Winston Company
\$2.50 8½ x 5¼; 353 pp. Philadelphia

Dr. Robinson, who was formerly professor of economics at Swarthmore, begins with an analysis of the extent of employment and unemployment in State and Federal penal institutions, and then takes

Continued on page vi

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page iv

up such problems as the causes of prison unemployment, the costs and management of prison labor, and the profits derived therefrom. He also has a long discussion of the attitude of the unions toward prison labor. He writes very clearly, and is always instructive and often wise in his comments. He thinks that prison employment is a sound penological idea, but he is critical of the present careless method of parceling out work to inmates. It has, in the main, been uneconomical, has worked hardships on the prisoners, and has raised unnecessary friction with the unions. Perhaps the best way out of the last difficulty is to restrict prison labor to State-use purposes. There is an appendix of valuable statistical data, followed by a bibliography and an index.

WAGES & THE ROAD AHEAD.

By James D. Mooney. Longmans, Green & Company
\$2 8½ x 5½; 149 pp. New York

Mr. Mooney begins his book with a tabloid description of unemployment in the United States today. He then takes up the current wave of wage reductions, which, he thinks, "constitutes a sound forward step on the road to recovery." There follows a discussion of the difference between "wealth and real wages," which leads to a consideration "of the common-sense method of getting people back to work. . . . It is through the economically sound process of getting our production costs and consumer prices down to the point of economic balance, where our goods and services will be tempting and attractive to the public." After this, Mr. Mooney swings into a hymn to the American home and the automobile. Both, he says, have been made possible by "high real wages, [which] have been the banner of our national success." But if we would keep our standard of living we must be on our guard that wages are never "higher than warranted by economic facts."

JOHN BULL AT HOME.

By Karl Silex. Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$2.50 7½ x 5; 293 pp. New York

Herr Silex is a German journalist, and has lived in London for several years as correspondent for the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*. His account of the daily life of the English is packed with detail. He describes meticulously how they run their houses, what they eat and drink and wear, and how they spend their leisure. Naturally enough, a large part of the book is devoted to sport. The whole sporting calendar of the English year, in fact, is gone over item by item. The author is a friendly observer, but

he is not blind to the incongruities and absurdities of the English scheme of things. His book is thus both informative and amusing. There are eight full-page illustrations. The excellent translation is by Huntley Paterson.

ALABAMA IN THE FIFTIES.

By Minnie Clare Boyd.

The Columbia University Press
\$4.25 8¾ x 5¾; 263 pp. New York

Miss Boyd here presents, as a dissertation for her doctorate at Columbia University, a well-rounded picture of Alabama in the 'fifties. She describes the land and the people; agriculture, and cotton as the staple crop; manufacturing; travel and transportation; homes; education; religion; disease and crime; editors and lawyers; and the gay, vigorous social life of the period. She has gone to many unpublished documents and diaries, mainly in the Department of History and Archives at Montgomery, for her details, and so her study offers much unfamiliar material. There is a full bibliography, and an index at the end.

SOCIOLOGY.

By Ernest R. Groves. The J. B. Lippincott Company
\$1 7¼ x 4½; 160 pp. Philadelphia

This book belongs to the Hour Library, and is one of the most successful in the series. It is one of the best introductions to sociology in English. Dr. Groves, who is professor of sociology at the University of North Carolina, writes very clearly. There is no formal bibliography, but numerous bibliographical notes appear in the text. There is an index.

HISTORY

SPANNING THE ATLANTIC.

By F. Lawrence Babcock. Alfred A. Knopf
\$3.50 8¾ x 5¾; 227 pp. New York

This is a history of the Cunard Line, which has now been in business for nearly a hundred years. Mr. Babcock begins with a sketch of Samuel Cunard, the founder, who was born in Halifax, N. S., in 1787, and achieved a considerable success as a local merchant before he turned his hand to trans-Atlantic shipping in 1839. His first big ship was the *Britannia*, which was launched in 1840, carrying sixty-three passengers from Liverpool to Boston in fourteen days. Cunard died in 1865, but he had already laid the foundation for what became one of the world's greatest ship lines. The *Aquitania*, the *Mauretania*, and the *Berengaria* are the result of decades of continuous development. There are many illustrations, a bibliography, and an index.

Continued on page viii

Harper's

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page vi

COVERED BRIDGES IN AMERICA.

By *Rosalie Wells.* *William Edwin Rudge*
\$7.50 10 x 7½; 135 pp. *New York*

The covered wooden bridge is now fast disappearing from the American scene, but it was a familiar object, fifty years ago, from Maine to Mississippi. In Pennsylvania 175 examples still survive, but in most other States they are far fewer. The earliest types seem to have been imitations of a bridge popular in Switzerland in the Eighteenth Century. One of the most famous was thrown across Catoctin creek on the old National pike, west of Middletown, Md., in 1815. It has now vanished, but Miss Wells presents a photograph of it as her frontispiece. There are 135 other photographs in her book, divided by States.

BIOGRAPHY

EUGÉNIE. *Empress of the French.*

By *Octave Aubry.* *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
\$3.50 9 x 6; 356 pp. *Philadelphia*

M. Aubrey here traces Eugénie's long career from her residence in Madrid, in 1830, where the loyal Mérimée first saw her, through her death, in Madrid, in 1920. It was a life full of glamour and the most devastating sorrows: her coronation, with Napoleon III, amid dazzling pomp, as Empress of the French; her frivolous and amusing court during the following seventeen years; her regency during Napoleon's absences with the army; the downfall of the Empire; her flight and exile in England; the death of Napoleon at St. Helena; the death of her only son, the Prince Imperial, in Africa, in his early twenties; the long lonely years of her wanderings over the face of the globe; her joy at the victory of France in the World War; her inconsolable memories of her youth, her son. She was an amazing woman, of great charm and integrity. M. Aubrey, who has painstakingly examined the available sources, does not reveal her as of much intelligence, but certainly she was far from a vapid woman of fashion. Her intellect—narrow though it was—was sufficient for her ends. The book, which is admirably translated by F. M. Atkinson, has seventeen illustrations, a bibliography and an index.

STANFORD WHITE.

By *Charles C. Baldwin.* *Dodd, Mead & Company*
\$3.50 8¾ x 5½; 399 pp. *New York*

Stanford White (1853-1906) came from a family that had been established in this country for more than 200 years. The first American Whites were preachers and public officials. Richard Grant White,

the father of Stanford, was the well-known critic, and author of a respectable biography of Shakespeare. Young Stanford's early leanings were toward painting, but John La Farge advised him to steer clear of it. So he decided to become an architect, and got a job as a draughtsman in the office of the celebrated H. H. Richardson of Boston. He then traveled in Europe, and in 1881 became a partner in the firm of McKim, Mead & White. The wild genius of the illustrious trio, he had a great deal to do in the designing of such things as the Grand Central Station, the Bowery Savings Bank, the Washington Memorial Arch, and the Madison Square Garden, all in New York; the Boston Public Library; and the State Savings Bank in Detroit. Mr. Baldwin has written a thoroughly competent, though surely not a brilliant, biography of him, and calls him "the greatest designer, and probably the greatest architect this country has ever produced." There are numerous illustrations and copious notes, and an index.

ELLEN TERRY & BERNARD SHAW. *A Correspondence.*

Edited by *Christopher St. John.* *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
\$5 9½ x 6¼; 334 pp. *New York*

There are 310 letters in this extraordinary book; about 200 are by Miss Terry, and the rest are by Shaw. They cover the years 1908-1928, when the correspondents were in their glory. In them are to be found Shaw's most terrific denunciations of Irving, and the full story of his persistent but futile pleadings with Miss Terry to throw Irving overboard, to "break loose from the ogre's castle," and to devote herself to really good plays by such dramatists as Ibsen and himself. The letters also reveal a growing mutual affection, and long before the middle of the book the language becomes so purplish as to make even readers of the tabloids whistle. But Shaw explains it all in his long and superb preface. He points out that such was the manner of speech in the theatrical world, and that the honeyed phrases "must be interpreted without the inference which would be drawn from the same language on the part of a governess corresponding with a divinity student." But the sentiment was not insincere; it was honest and beautiful. "Let those who may complain that it was all on paper remember that only on paper has humanity yet achieved glory, beauty, truth, knowledge, virtue, and abiding love." Miss St. John, an old friend of the Terry family, has done her editing ably.

Continued on page ix

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page viii

GIFTS OF LIFE.

By Emil Ludwig. Little, Brown & Company
\$4 8 7/8 x 5 7/8; 448 pp. Boston

Dr. Ludwig is now fifty years old. His father, Hermann Ludwig Cohn, a Jew, was a successful ophthalmological surgeon of Breslau. Emil was the youngest of four children, and "came into the world against my parent's [his father's] will." He received most of his formal education at Heidelberg. His mother wanted him to become a business man, but he decided to try his hand at writing. He first composed the usual crop of youthful poetry and plays, and then took a fling at biography, at which he has kept with increasing financial success. In his youth he was sentimental, and he devotes several long chapters to his first love affairs. Then he married. He and his wife wanted no children, and "nature in her gracious wisdom realized this and for eight years spared us these anxieties." Then nature stopped being gracious, and a bouncing baby boy arrived. The surprised father began to turn out more and more copy. He has met most of the current great, and in the last fifth of his book he favors us with his opinions of them. His remarks are not very illuminating. There are many illustrations, and an index. The translation is by M. I. Robertson.

MARIE LOUISE: *Napoleon's Nemesis.*

By J. Alexander Mahan. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company
\$3.75 9 x 6; 364 pp. New York

Napoleon had bad luck with all his women, but with none so much as with his second wife, Marie Louise. At St. Helena he said, "My second marriage was my destruction." The generally accepted view of her is that she was a trashy woman, that she abandoned her husband to live in adultery with another man, that she was indifferent to her son by the Emperor, and that she seldom showed any appreciation of the kindnesses the latter had showered upon her. Mr. Mahan thinks that under all of these charges were extenuating circumstances. Marie Louise, he says, was an able woman, whom Napoleon tried to keep down. She was forced to marry him against her will; "she struggled with all her might to love" him; and "she left him because he could no longer protect her nor her son, but with no intention of abandoning him permanently." She was finally "overcome by a clever diplomat . . . in her weakness. [He] was sent, with the consent of her father, to seduce her in order to degrade her husband and complete a separation." There are many illustrations and an index.

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE VON BÜLOW. Volume II.
By Prince von Bülow. Little, Brown & Company
\$5 9 1/4 x 6 1/8; 626 pp. Boston

This second volume, like the first, is chiefly valuable for its portrait of William II and his times. That it is often tinged with an acrimony that seriously impairs its veracity is obvious to the student; nevertheless, it makes capital reading. Prince von Bülow, for all his petty vanity, had a very solid talent as a statesman, and that talent, together with a brilliant literary style, enlivens these pages. "The feelings I cherished for the Kaiser," he says in one place, "were those of a father for his son, who worries him, still more often causes him sorrow, but whose brilliant talents, and great gifts of heart and mind and many fine qualities attract and rejoice him again and again. In later years too, when I had no longer any illusions concerning the superficiality and vanity, the unreliability, and particularly, the untruthfulness, of the Kaiser; even after he had fled abroad, leaving a ruin behind him, I could not bring myself to hate him." The book, which is ably translated by Geoffrey Dunlop, covers the period 1903-1905, from the Morocco Crisis to Bülow's resignation. There are numerous illustrations and an index.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON: *First American Business Man.*

By Robert Irving Warshow. Greenberg
\$3.50 9 1/4 x 6 1/4; 241 pp. New York

This is what might be called a financial biography of Hamilton; it deals wholly with his career as the first Secretary of the United States Treasury. It is a useful book. Mr. Warshow stresses Hamilton's prophetic optimism. He handled the young country's finances as if it were on the verge of becoming a world power, and history has borne him out abundantly. "Above the common run of statesmen he must be ranked with Pitt and Turgot, with Gladstone and Disraeli. And his career is still more memorable, beyond those of even the statesmen mentioned, when we take into account his lowly beginnings and the natural handicap of his illegitimate birth." The book is dedicated to "Andrew W. Mellon, who has carried on with rare distinction the tradition of Hamilton."

VARINA HOWELL: *Wife of Jefferson Davis. Volume II.*

By Eron Rowland. The Macmillan Company
\$4 8 1/2 x 6; 556 pp. New York

Mrs. Rowland resumes her story of the life of Mrs. Davis with her arrival in Montgomery as First Lady

Continued on page x

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page ix

of the Confederacy and continues through the vicissitudes of the Civil War and Reconstruction to her death in New York in 1906. She answers Varina's critics, who were, curiously enough, mainly Southerners, notably the vitriolic Pollard of Richmond, with copious quotations from her contemporaries, particularly Mary Boykin Chesnut of South Carolina, and W. H. Russell of the *London Times*. It is a generous but rather convincing portrait, dullish in spots—Mrs. Rowland rehearses too fully the political background—but on the whole readable. There are illustrations and an index; a formal bibliography is lacking.

WASHINGTON AS A BUSINESS MAN.

By Halstead L. Ritter.

The Sears Publishing Company
\$3.50 8 1/4 x 5 1/2; 308 pp. *New York*

The author of this book is judge of the United States District Court of Southern Florida. He has unearthed no new facts about the business activities of Washington, but he has done a useful service in bringing together within the space of one volume all the available data, and relating it in an orderly fashion. The first President, he says, "was in reality a great business man. He is the prototype of the modern man of business. . . . He was the greatest business man of his time, not so much in the accumulation of wealth as in the application of business principles to all his undertakings." There are several illustrations, a bibliography, and an index. Albert Bushnell Hart supplies an introduction.

TRAVEL

BRITTANY: *From Saint-Brieuc to Brest & From Quimper to Vannes.*

By Francis Gourvil. *Hale, Cushman & Flint*
\$3.50 8 x 5 1/2; 227 pp. *Boston*

SWITZERLAND: *Northern & Eastern.*

By Paul Guiton. *Hale, Cushman & Flint*
\$3.50 8 x 5 1/2; 225 pp. *Boston*

These very charming volumes belong to a series called the Picture Guides, published in England by the Medici Society. They are distinguished by the number and brilliance of their illustrations, all of which are reproductions of photographs in rotogravure. The printing was done in France by Sadag of Bellegarde, and is extraordinarily good. In the volume on Switzerland the illustrations are printed in a rich brown, and in that on Brittany in a deep blue-green. The brown ink is the more effective.

Both volumes have good indices, and useful sketch maps. The text in each case is less important than the pictures, but it is nevertheless adequate. The books are rather too heavy to be handy guide-books, but they offer very interesting and useful preparation for a trip abroad. Other volumes in the series cover the rest of France, parts of Italy, and the Dolomites.

A NATURALIST IN BRAZIL.

By Konrad Guenther.

The Houghton Mifflin Company
\$5 9 3/8 x 6 1/8; 400 pp. *Boston*

Dr. Guenther, who is director of the Natural History Museum at Freiburg, was called to Brazil in 1923 to advise the German colonists in the State of Pernambuco in their chronic war with insect pests. He remained a year, learned Portuguese well enough to deliver lectures in it, and returned to Germany enamoured of Brazil, and especially of the north-eastern region thereof. His book is devoted to a description of its flora and fauna, with a brief chapter at the end on the Brazilian people. He describes animal, bird and insect life in the great forests with vividness and charm, and has a great deal that is interesting to say about the problems of agriculture in the tropics. He believes that the best way to combat insect pests is to protect their natural enemies, mainly birds, and holds that no scientific campaign of extermination can ever be so successful. His book is pleasantly written and copiously illustrated. The translation is by Bernard Miall.

EYES ON RUSSIA.

By Margaret Bourke-White. *Simon & Schuster*
\$5 11 x 7 1/2; 135 pp. *New York*

Miss Bourke-White went to Russia to make photographs of Soviet industry. She had to wait in Berlin five weeks for her visa, but once she got to Moscow she was very cordially received, and the boss Bolsheviks gave her an interpreter and sent her about the country at the government's expense. Her account of her adventures is not exciting; she has nothing to say, in fact, that has not been said before. Nor are her photographs at all extraordinary. They show some dramatic sense, but in composition and lighting they are not distinguished. In all, Miss Bourke-White made 800 photographs in Russia, but only forty are shown in the present book. There is a brief preface by Maurice Hindus. The volume was designed by Robert S. Josephy.

Continued on page xii

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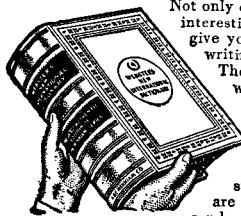
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Continued from page x

THE THEATRE

MASKS, MIMES & MIRACLES.

By *Allardyce Nicoll.* *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
\$15 11½ x 8½; 408 pp. *New York*

Mr. Nicoll's theme is popular comedy, and he begins with the comedians who entertained the populace of Megara, in Doria, in the Sixth Century, B. C. In those remote days, as in these, comedy was a way of escape from life, and in particular a way of escape from religion. It preserved the secular spirit in the face of the implacable gods. As Christianity prevailed in the Western world secularism suffered, but even in the Ages of Faith it survived among mountebanks, and at the time of the Renaissance it enjoyed a gorgeous revival. Mr. Nicoll devotes almost half of his book to the popular comedy of that time—the Italian *commedia dell' arte*. He describes the stock characters and situations at great length, gives some specimen *scenarii*, and tells about the most esteemed actors. He covers ground that has been covered before, but never in so orderly a manner. His book is lavishly illustrated, and in appendices there are elaborate lists of stock characters, actors and surviving *scenarii*. There is also an index.

BURLEYCUE: *An Underground History of Burlesque Days.*

By *Bernard Sobel.* *Farrar & Rinehart*
\$5 11½ x 9; 284 pp. *New York*

Mr. Sobel does not present what might be called an orderly and scientific history of burlesque in the United States; instead, he contents himself with a series of free-hand sketches, mainly devoted to the more eminent burlesque personages—May Howard, Sam T. Jack, Rose Sydel, Al Reeves, the two Billy Watsons, Gus Edwards, June McCree, Mabel Santley, Joe Welch, Vinnie Henshaw, Dave Marion, Harry Morris, and so on. There are also chapters on the recruiting of chorus girls for burlesque, and on their attitude toward their art. Mr. Sobel says that surprisingly large numbers of them were virtuous. His record is richly illustrated with photographs, but the reproductions, it must be said, are frequently foggy. The book is a mine of half-forgotten stage lore. Burlesque, once so brilliant with comedians, is now fading into a banal exhibition of naked women, and in a few years more it will probably disappear.

xii

THE ARTS

EUGENE SPEICHER.

By *Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.*

The Whitney Museum of American Art
\$2 10¼ x 7½; 56 pp. *New York*

HENRY LEE McFEE.

By *Virgil Barker.*

The Whitney Museum of American Art
\$2 10¼ x 7½; 54 pp. *New York*

ALEXANDER BROOK.

By *Edward Alden Jewell.*

The Whitney Museum of American Art
\$2 10¼ x 7½; 56 pp. *New York*

BERNARD KARFIOL.

By *Jean Paul Slusser.*

The Whitney Museum of American Art
\$2 10¼ x 7½; 56 pp. *New York*

GEORGE LUKS.

By *Elisabeth Luther Cary.*

The Whitney Museum of American Art
\$2 10¼ x 7½; 56 pp. *New York*

All of these books belong to the American Artists Series, and are published as part of the educational work of the Whitney Museum of American Art, recently founded in New York by Mrs. Gertrude V. Whitney. In each volume there is a brief sketch of the artist, taking up only four or five pages, which is far more polite than critical; it is followed by a short bibliography. All of the remaining space is given over to reproductions of paintings, to each of which is appended a note giving the size of the original work, the date of its completion, and its present location. Perhaps the most interesting volume of the lot is the one on Speicher.

THE STAG AT EVE.

By *Various Hands.*

Farrar & Rinehart
\$3 11½ x 8½; 94 pp. *New York*

This is a collection of comic drawings, reproduced by offset lithography. The artists represented include O. Soglow, W. Steig, Garrett Price, Gardner Rea, R. Van Buren, I. Klein, Val Jean, and A. S. Foster. The reproductions, in the main, are good, but some of Mr. Van Buren's excellent pieces come out a bit pale. The drawings are highly ribald in character, and well exemplify the lamentable cynicism of the time. A prefatory note says that the publishers and the artists are indebted to Walter Schmidt "for many of the ideas illustrated."

Continued in back advertising section,
page xviii

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THE profession of letters is, probably, the most absurd occupation followed by humanity." Thus this well-known novelist begins his discussion of the trade of letters which will appear in the March issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*. And he continues, "It has, at the same time, been supported by an assumed importance not the least among its humorous qualities. Books, the art of printing, have had an incalculable influence on the world's history; an influence, however, certainly as bad as it has been good; but the nonsense that has accumulated about the practice, the actualities, of literature long ago buried its more dignified reality."

This article is neither a confession nor an apology. It is a plain statement of inescapable facts, and a description of the price that the novelist must pay for success. And when an author such as Mr. Hergesheimer, who was recently described by *The Virginia Quarterly Review* as "the most considerable artist writing in America today," states as he does later in his article that "the mechanics of writing are so monotonous that a life spent upon them becomes infinitely less varied than the occupation of clam-digging," even the casual reader must sit up and take notice.

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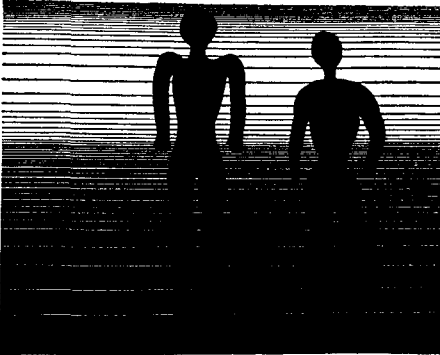


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WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD

HIGH-PRESSURE salesmanship is again concentrated upon that somewhat frayed and bewildered old gentleman, Uncle Sam, seeking to induce him to join the League of Nations. For all I know, it may succeed this time—even, indeed, before these words get into type. For the traditional American fear of foreign entanglements is wearing out in the Republic, and no one seems to be shocked any more when the Secretary of State horns into another row at the far side of the world, and gets another kick in the pantaloons for his pains. People simply laugh now, as at a harmless clown-show. Nor is there any more public distrust of such open shouters for the League as the Hon. Newton D. Baker, the blood-sweating pacifist. A few years back Dr. Baker had to make his speeches before small groups of “internationally-minded” persons, mainly admitted Anglomaniacs, but today he is heard politely by even the most chauvin-

istic associations, including the American Legion. He is no longer barred from the Presidency by his views on the subject. On the contrary, he has lately become a formidable candidate, and if his coyness can be overcome, and Governor Roosevelt succumbs to the Tammany hemlock, and Governor Ritchie is caught reading the *Nation*, and two or three others die conveniently of drink, he may very well be the Democratic nominee.

The common legend is that the League of Nations was invented by the late Woodrow Wilson, LL.D., with no aid or counsel save that of the Holy Ghost. But that is a somewhat romantic view of what happened. The actual birthplace of the League was the British Foreign Office, and its primary purpose was to consolidate and safeguard the British stealings in the World War. To that end the system of mandates was devised, and it has worked very well. England, either directly or through one of

the dependencies, still holds all of the seized German and Turkish territory that is worth anything, and the rest has been cleverly unloaded—for example, Syria and the swampier part of the Cameroons on France, and some odds and ends in the Pacific on Japan. The United States, it will be recalled, was to have been saddled with Armenia. The poor Italians got nothing worth having, greatly to their sorrow, and the Japanese have been denounced as villains every time they have attempted to move from their tuppenny islands to the mainland of Asia, where there is something to eat beside cocoanuts.



Wilson, who died lamenting that he could never be Prime Minister of England, was easily induced to take the next-best post of sponsor for the League, and it was not hard to convince him that he had really invented it, and was thus responsible for it. The effort that he made to bring in the United States will be remembered. He labored with a recalcitrant Senate and a suspicious public for long and weary months, and so wore himself out that his life was cut short. The English were naturally amazed by his failure, for they had assumed that he had his country in his vest-pocket. And they were not only amazed, but also greatly alarmed, for they saw that, without the United States to second them, they would have a hard time preventing France from seizing the League. So they turned to Germany, counting upon its ancient hostility to France, and on September 10, 1926, Germany was duly elected.

But this device did not work out as well as had been anticipated. The Germans still disliked the French, but they were by no means convinced of the good faith of the English. Moreover, France began rising in the world in 1927 or thereabout, and Eng-

land began going downhill. Of late, as everyone knows, the English have been so busy with their troubles at home that they have had no time to give to international intrigues—in November last, it will be recalled, they refused to join the rest of the League Powers in putting pressure on the Japanese—, and so the Germans have been more or less inclined to come to terms with the French. As a result the English now turn to the United States again, and the campaign to get us into the League takes on a new sharpness. If England ever recovers from its present difficulties that campaign will become sharper still. And if the Hon. Mr. Baker follows Lord Hoover in the White House it will undoubtedly succeed.



Whether it does or it doesn't is probably not important. The League, as it now confronts the world, is really only a congress of ambassadors, and it makes no difference whether the United States sends its representative as an overt member of the council or as a mere lurker behind the arras, armed with spyglass and spitblower. So long as such brash and inept fellows as Dr. Stimson operate the State Department we'll be up to our necks in international politics, either in the League or out, and the forfeits of the game, in dignity and money, will have to be paid regularly. Dr. Stimson is so constituted that when he sees a red-hot poker he simply cannot keep his hands off it. When the Russians delivered that dreadful wallop to his eye, at the time of their brush with the Chinese, the experience taught him precisely nothing. At the very first chance his other eye was ready for the crack of the Japanese. Moreover, he has more than two eyes, as befits a Wall Street lawyer, and so there will always be one that no beefsteak yet covers.

The advocates of the League commonly represent it to be a sort of international parliament, aloof and superior, but it is really no more than its creature, the World Court, is a tribunal of justice. As I have said, it is simply a congress of ambassadors. During its first years it was perfumed by visionaries who honestly believed in its professed purposes, but of late it has been controlled absolutely by professional diplomats, and they carry on its proceedings according to the immemorial patterns of their order. That is to say, they pay no heed whatever to the rights and wrongs of the controversies before them, save perhaps when the litigants are too weak to be formidable, but confine themselves rapturously to grabbing all they can for the countries they work for, and for the friends and allies of those countries. What interests them is by no means the common welfare of the human race; what interests them is simply the knavish, witless business of their trade—juggling laboriously for advantage (mainly petty), forestalling and hornswoggling the other fellow, and setting up and knocking down balances of power. In all creation there are no stupider men than diplomats, nor any more anti-social, nor any less honest. Their dishonesty, indeed, is so deep-seated that most of them are quite unconscious of it, as a Georgia cracker is unconscious of his hookworms and his fleas.



The history of the League is a history of puerile bluffs and shameless evasions. Its so-called triumphs have all been in the field of police-court law. It made a great clatter about settling the dispute between Finland and Sweden over the Aland Islands, but any village Dogberry might have done as well, for both parties were too weak to fight, and the stakes were so

small as to be almost worthless. It was precisely like settling a dispute between Louisiana and Mississippi over a string of malarious sand-bars along the Gulf coast. The League was also successful in stopping a trivial border clash between Greece and Bulgaria in 1925, and in shutting off some obscure frontier disputes between Hungary and Czechoslovakia, and Czechoslovakia and Poland. But when it tackled the Silesian question it failed miserably, for the French were parties to the dispute, and when it tried to prevent the rape of Lithuania by Poland it failed again, and for the same reason. Similarly, it failed when it undertook to halt the alienation of Turkish territory to the comic opera state of Iraq, for Iraq was no more than a false face for England, and England, at that time, was strong enough to get whatever she wanted. And it failed again when the Japanese invaded Manchuria.



The World Court is quite as bad. In theory it is made up of impartial judges, but in actuality it consists of lawyers for the various more important litigants. They decide cases, not on the merits thereof, but on strictly political lines. This was proved brilliantly at the time of the late combat between Germany and Austria on the one hand and France on the other over the projected German-Austrian Customs Union. The learned judges divided precisely as so many ambassadors might have divided. The seven whose countries favored the union decided solemnly that it was in strict accord with both Article II of the Treaty of Saint-Germain and the Geneva Protocol. The other eight, whose countries were against it (either for private reasons or because France was prodding them), decided that it was illegal, immoral and against God. Thus it lost by one vote. That

vote represented the present preponderance of French influence in the League of Nations. No wonder the English grow uneasy!

Suppose every rich litigant, on approaching the Supreme Court of the United States, had a right to put one of his own lawyers on the bench? Well, that would pretty well represent what goes on at The Hague. One hears occasionally that the judges who function there are all such great whales of juridic science that they are far above yielding to anything approaching mere prejudice. If so, then what is the Hon. Frank B. Kellogg, LL.D., doing there? And how is the decision in the Customs Union case to be accounted for? As a matter of fact, two-thirds of the judges are simply worn-out politicians, eager only to keep their gaudy but hollow jobs. In trivial cases they are as full of legal libido as the League of Nations is, but when it comes to the big boys they know how to temper law with prudence.

That there are plenty of people, apparently intelligent, who believe in such mummery is surely a melancholy proof of the eternal folly of mankind. A really impartial court, with adequate force behind it, might conceivably keep order in the world, but certainly the present court has neither the power nor the disposition to do so. It is simply an agency of diplomacy, which is to say, of the old game of dog eat dog. After ten years of it, the world is nearer war than at any time since the Spring of 1914. To defend it on the ground that nothing better offers is to defend a quack cancer cure on the ground that no other cure is known.



The wet minority in Congress continues to gather recruits, slowly but steadily, and if it were competently led it might be giv-

ing the Prohibitionists in the two Houses, most of whom are transparent frauds, a great deal of uneasiness. Fortunately for their peace of mind, it is led very badly. No one seems to be able to get any discipline into it, or to formulate any effective programme for it. Thus its energies go into making gaudy but futile gestures, and the dry bosses, who know precisely what they want and still have most of their slaves well in hand, laugh at it. The dries themselves are not as well led as they used to be, for they have never been able to replace the lamented Wayne B. Wheeler, but they are at least led better than the wets.



There was a time when the latter had a leader of great skill and even greater daring, admirably fitted for the fight as it was then lined up, but he is now retired to private life. He was the Hon. John Philip Hill, D.S.O., an ingenious and above all a humorous fellow. But once in his career his humor failed him, and he fell victim to an ill-advised attempt to promote himself from the House, where he was a shining light, to the Senate, where he would have been hidden under a bushel. In his prime he was far too shrewd ever to argue with the Prohibitionists: one might as well try to argue with a Single Taxer, a Communist or a Dominican. His weapon was always ridicule, and he wielded it with an unfailing zest and singular virtuosity. If Prohibition is now something to laugh at rather than to be afraid of, then he deserves most of the credit for giving it that character.

Whenever he lured the boozy dries of the House into his clutches, which was almost daily, he set the galleries to howling and gave the boys of the press plenty of bright and saucy copy. Nor did he confine his adept use of the bladder and slapstick to

the halls of Congress. He also employed them very neatly in harangues to Rotary Clubs, Chambers of Commerce, American Legion posts and other such devourers of oratorical hashish, and there was seldom a day that he was not heard from. Moreover, it was his historic attempt to set up a vineyard in his backyard that opened the way for the grape-concentrate business, and so lured the lovely Ma Willebrandt from the dry fold, and filled the honest, *i.e.*, the non-political dries with consternation. Hill was a genuine comedian, and perhaps the most gifted that Congress has seen since Tom Reed. It is a great pity that his yearning to talk ten or twelve hours a day instead of only three or four cost him his political life. He is missed in the House almost as much as his deceased friend and egger-on, the Hon. Nicholas Longworth.



It becomes increasingly easy in these days to be elected to Congress on a dripping wet platform, but it remains very difficult for a wet statesman to accomplish anything after he takes his seat. That fact, no doubt, explains the deep silence of the late Dwight W. Morrow when he got to Washington. Dr. Morrow went there accompanied by the hopes and prayers of all the New Jersey wets, who run to a vast multitude, but once he was sworn in as a Senator he ceased to be heard from on the subject. Well, what was there for him to say? All of the arguments against Prohibition had been exhausted long before he put on the toga. Both the wets and the dries knew them by heart. What was needed was a concrete programme of release and deliverance. But the Senate wets had none, and their differences were too great to permit Morrow to formulate one and force it upon them. So he kept his peace, waiting for some genius to solve the problem. From

this dismal vigil death relieved him only too quickly. If he had lived he would have waited a long, long while, for genius is surely not common in the Senate.

Superficially, the scheme to return the booze question to the States has a statesmanlike appearance, but only a brief inspection is needed to show that it is no more than a begging of the question. If it were executed it might restore the liberties of the wets in such antinomian States as New Jersey, Connecticut and Massachusetts, but the wets of Kansas, Arkansas, Mississippi, Iowa and the rest of the Bible States would still linger under the Methodist hoof. As Abraham Lincoln long ago observed, a country cannot be half free and half slave. What is needed is a liberation that will liberate *every* citizen of the Republic, whether his home be in New York City or in some remote hamlet. Prohibition is either a great moral reform, as Lord Hoover says, or it is something far too vile to be compromised with. Every honest wet believes that it is the latter. *Ergo*, he cannot in decency buy his own deliverance as the price of his brother's continued servitude. The abomination must be wiped out teetotally, East, West, North and South. There can be no temporizing with fanatics who are deaf to all reason, and are animated only by a bitter hatred of their fellow men.



The business of scotching them, it seems to me, has been greatly complicated and impeded by the willingness of certain highly imprudent wet leaders to grant them half of their case. Here I allude to the current disposition to join them in their denunciation of the saloon. In this folly even the Hon. Al Smith has had a part—but not, it should be noted, the aforesaid Mr. Hill. I see no excuse for such hedging.

It is not only bad politics; it is also essentially disingenuous. Al must be well aware, as every other reflective man is well aware, that the saloon at its worst was never as bad as the speakeasy. Where it was actually a public nuisance, the speakeasy is now ten times as much a public nuisance. And where the brewers and distillers debauched politics and corrupted the police, the Anti-Saloon League brethren now debauch politics and corrupt the police in a manner doubly damned.



The old-time saloonkeeper was anything but the professional criminal that the dry evangelists try to make him out. He was, as a rule, a stupid fellow, for he belonged to the class of small shopkeepers, who have been stupid at all times and everywhere, but he was seldom vicious. His aim was never to run the most abandoned saloon in his neighborhood, but always to run the most elegant. Not many American saloons had brothels upstairs—probably not one in a thousand—and those that had them at least had the Christian decency to have very uninviting ones. They were, in the main, decorous places of business, and the men who owned them were quite as virtuous as the groceryman on the other corner or the policeman on the beat. It would be easy, indeed, to prove that the average saloonkeeper, when it came to anti-social activity, was a great deal less dangerous than the average evangelical pastor. He was not a trouble-maker but a peace-maker. He never set neighbor to hating neighbor. He was no merchant of organized ignorance and bigotry. And if he took a lot of money from his clients, then he at least gave them something valuable for it, which was much more than could be said for the theologians who denounced him.

This saloonkeeper has been vilified

enough. I'll believe that the wet cause has found a competent leader at last when I hear of one willing to speak a kind word for him. He must be revived and rehabilitated if the fundamental liberties of the American people are ever to be restored. His business was taken away from him in a fraudulent and tyrannical manner, and he was basely slandered to boot. It will be a sign that we have at last gone back to common sense, common decency and the common freedoms of mankind when the news comes that his saloon has been restored to him precisely as it was on January 16, 1920, with the windows washed, the spittoons shined, and adequate compensation in his pocket for his losses in the interval, if any. I can't imagine free and self-respecting Americans ever agreeing to anything less. They don't want the mere right to drink, for they have that now. What they want is the right to drink whatever, wherever and whenever they please, in each and every State from Maine to California. Until they recover that right in its totality, absolutely without condition or reservation, they will continue to be victims of the Methodist terror, and no more free than so many convicts in a chain-gang.



I have hinted that the dries are far better organized than the wets. This is true, but it is not quite as true as it used to be. The death of the Hon. Mr. Wheeler was a dreadful blow to the holy cause. Archbishop James Cannon, Jr., who has taken his place as grand sachem of the wet Tammany, is a very skillful politician; but it is surely no denigration of him to observe that he falls far short of Wheeler. Moreover, His Grace has so many private troubles, chiefly due to his weakness for games of chance, that his attention is divided, and the full horsepower of his talent cannot be

brought to bear upon his job. The other dry kleagles and wizards—McBride, Wilson, Poling and so on—are plainly only fifth-raters. It would be quite easy, given competent wet leadership, to set them into fatal tailspins. They were sent down to earth by Yahweh to complete Hill's work of making Prohibition a joke. One Cannon is worth a whole herd of them, but it would take more than one Cannon to make another Wheeler.

Even the Archbishop, in these sad days, must occasionally find himself entertaining unhappy doubts. All is not going well in the Methodist fold. The rich Babbitts of the big towns have begun to sour on Prohibition, and the old flow of money from them diminishes. A few die-hards, notably the Hon. Love-Nest Kresge, the chain-store magnate, continue to cough up prettily, but the Rockefellers cut off their contributions long ago, and many another fat cat has followed them. Worse, the politicians begin to slide over the fence—not all together, but nevertheless steadily.

Every week or two another is missing. After next November there will probably be a rush, especially if the Democrats nominate a wet and he beats poor Hoover.

Even if Hoover, escaping by the skin of his teeth, is reelected, I have some doubt that it will be really good news for the Archbishop and his sainted brethren. For if signs count for anything the right hon. gentlemen can see the handwriting on the wall as plainly as any other politician resident in Washington, and as it would not surprise me at all if he suddenly turned damp the day after election day, and thereby left the whole Methodist hierarchy hanging out on a most uncomfortable and precarious limb. I can imagine Hoover doing almost anything save one thing. I simply can't imagine him sticking to his friends, once they have become useless and inconvenient to him. The corpses of Wild Bill Donovan, Ma Willebrandt and Colonel Mann, hanging so pathetically on the White House fence, speak out too eloquently against that.

H. L. M.

MEN ON THE BARGAIN COUNTER

BY J. J. ROBINSON

THREE years ago, at the age of forty-one, I was drawing a salary of \$12,000 a year as sales manager of a well-known corporation. I had, in addition, an income of over \$3,000 a year from dividends on the stock I held in my company. I had been with the organization fifteen years, starting as a salesman. I carried \$100,000 of life insurance.

Ten weeks ago I was let out of the job with which I have sweated and strained for the last year and a half, working at a fraction of my former income, and constantly hoping that, long before this time, business would have turned the corner and I should again be on my way.

Today, after having made every effort to make another connection, to get any kind of job, thus far without success, I have less than \$100 in the bank on which to feed a wife and four children for I don't know how long. I owe two months' rent. My life insurance has long since gone by the board, borrowed on to the hilt to keep up the premiums. If I were to die tomorrow there would not be enough to bury me, and my family would be penniless—as possibly they are likely to be anyhow.

I don't possess a single marketable asset. A small amount of collateral saved from the débâcle of 1929 would, at the moment, bring next to nothing above the bank loan I have been carrying against it. I still hold a considerable block of the stock of my old company, but dividends ceased over a year ago, and I can find no market for it today.

That is sufficient to outline the condition in which I find myself at the moment. To me, it is all but unbelievable. That a man has ability, or thinks he has, furnishes no guarantee at this time that he can get something to do and earn money. No one knows that better than I do after these past ten weeks.

What does one do when the last penny gives out and there is no food in the house? That seems likely to happen to me. At the moment, I can't see anything to prevent it. What does one do when there is no coal in the cellar? Can you blame me for flinching at the look of dumb wonder and possible accusation I foresee in my children's eyes in such an event? God knows, I could offer them no alibi. I don't myself feel that there is any excuse for the predicament I am in. I am still wondering how this could ever have happened to me.

There may not be any cellar. I may be dispossessed. What does the Book of Etiquette prescribe in a situation such as that? That sounds facetious, I know, but I'm dead serious. I have before me a letter from the water company saying that if I don't pay my bill of \$13.50 for the last quarter the supply will be shut off. I don't know whether a water company can be reasoned with. Even if it can, it takes time—away from job hunting. So I shall pay that bill out of the little money remaining. I have just sent a last minute check to the lighting company so they won't become trouble-

some again for another month. Just in case you don't know it, it's a tough decision to pay money for water and light which may be needed sooner for food. The only thing which makes it easy is that if something doesn't happen quickly, it's only a matter of a few days one way or the other anyhow.

Before I go any further, let me state a philosophy I have long held—and still hold. Everything that happens to a man—that is, everything adverse—is his own fault. The immediate condition in which he finds himself at a given time may lick him just as the condition in which I find myself right now may lick me. But somewhere back of that immediate condition, if he is but honest with himself, he can put his finger on, not one, but many spots where, had he handled himself more wisely—or possibly, merely more energetically—the condition now confronting him would not have arisen. I frankly admit that is so in my case.

So I don't want sympathy, and, in my own honest opinion, am not entitled to it. If, however, your heart goes out to my wife and my children, I shall not quarrel with you. I don't suppose my children have any idea of how close they are to the cushion. My wife has, though, and at the moment I can think of no more courageous spectacle than a woman going calmly and quietly about her household duties, preparing and mending such clothing as is in hand, when terror for the immediate future of her children—for their mere shelter and food—must be gnawing at her very vitals.

And I don't want to neglect the bright spots. We human beings are likely to regard our troubles, whatever they may be, as the most difficult we could ever be called upon to face, with little or no realization that they might be worse—until the greater

calamity befalls us. I am very much alive to the fact that things could be worse. In fact, if I can only get a quick break, nothing worth mentioning has befallen me—yet. I am still in a position to pull that old saw to the effect that I have had many troubles but most of them never happened. Thus far what has happened to me has been mostly mental. Don't, however, underestimate the effect of that.

What I started to say is that my wife and four children are in perfect health. I am too. I could dig a ditch for eight hours a day and would be willing to do it if it would solve my problem—and if I could get the job. And in over two years of our economic slide downhill, I have yet to hear my wife utter a complaint—or even imply one—or voice a single criticism, or indicate any lack of confidence in my ability, or any lack of belief that I shall succeed in getting the ship off the rocks on which we are now pounding to pieces. As Amos says, ain't that sump'in? I have seen men nagged into inefficiency by their wives merely for failing to keep up with the Joneses.

II

What happens to me is unimportant. Even in this wealthy country, men have lost their all before, families have become destitute and—somehow—have struggled through, at least to the extent of not actually starving to death. What is happening to thousands of men like me and families like mine, however, constitutes a great social problem.

Men who have made useful contributions to the upbuilding of the American business fabric and whose ability to do so represents a life of serious application, study and preparation, are today being sacrificed with an utter disregard of hu-

man values through the short-sighted attitude of some of those who happen to be in corporate control of business enterprises. The individual and social injury is going to extend to some of the best potential material of the rising generation.

If this condition is to be corrected in time to save such men to themselves, to their families and to society, a general realization of what they are going through is a first essential. That can best be grasped, I believe, in terms of intimate, individual experience. Further, I know best and feel most that which is happening to me personally. I suspect it is rather typical. Let me, therefore, give you that picture. You will better understand my reactions if you know something of my background.

I was graduated from a New York City public school at thirteen and got a job as office boy at \$3 a week, quickly jumped into another at \$5, and then to another where, with overtime, I was able to bring home from \$12 to \$15. At seventeen, I added two years to my age, passed an examination and was appointed a clerk in one of the New York city departments at \$87 a month. Within a year, I became an inspector at \$100 a month and later shifted to another department at \$125. During the seven years I spent in city departments, I was among the first ten in almost every civil service examination held. For several years I was acting chief inspector in charge of a borough office.

Though I continued to study at evening high-school, there were sandwiched in here a few rollicking years when I sowed my wild oats—rather mildly, but with a joyous physical exuberance which I still have—, got the reputation of being able to play a good game of back-lot football, played semi-professional baseball, held the pinochle championship at my headquarters gin mill, was considered deadly at draw

or stud poker, was said to sing a beautiful tenor on fifty beers, got along joyously without sleep, and danced till dawn when not otherwise engaged. Just about enough, it has always seemed to me, to give me human sympathy and understanding, and eliminate the danger of discovering these things for the first time at forty. I mention this because I regard it as an integral part of my training and development.

Then, at twenty-three, I turned serious, recognized that I held a blind-alley job, cleaned up in one year, aided by intensive study at an evening preparatory school, the New York State Board of Regents credits necessary for college entrance, and entered the School of Business of a great university, where I got my degree in two years of evening work instead of the prescribed four. I had entered the university with the idea of becoming a certified public accountant, but quickly decided to become that less definite thing, a business executive. I started with the assumption that the man who can sell things can never be long out of a job. While I have learned that this theory is subject to some qualification, it led me to select the company mentioned at the opening of this article and seek a selling connection with it.

The night I left for my territory in West Virginia, I saw my first sleeping-car made up and the next day signed a hotel register for the first time in my life. I was working on a straight commission and paying my own expenses. I had never sold a thing. I had cashed everything I possessed to make the job. On calculating the American plan hotel rate, I found I had just enough to last me two weeks. That is the only other time in my life that I have been as close to not eating as I am right now. It didn't mean a thing then because it was only me. It's a little different now.

At the end of a year I had earned \$5000.

So I married the girl and went to a territory in the Far West. Before another year I had been brought back to New York, and my climb in the company had begun. I was soon in charge of all sales, and later became a member of the executive committee managing the entire business. The sales organization grew in numbers and, more important, in average production. The business soared year after year. I don't mean to insinuate that I was wholly responsible for that. No one man could accomplish that alone. We had a good product and a wonderful organization, outside and in. Without boring you with the details, you'll have to take my word for it, however, that I did a good job. That was conceded at the time by perfectly lovely increases in salary on the inside and by alluring offers from other organizations, any one of which, it goes without saying, I would gladly accept today.

I had decided, however, that my whole business career lay right where I was. Naturally, under those circumstances, I wanted to be a substantial stockholder. I began to put everything over my living expenses and insurance back into stock—so much so that, to this day, I have never owned my own home. Foolish? Yes. Plain as day now, but it didn't seem so then.

During this period I was invited back to my *alma mater* to teach. I organized and gave several courses on marketing subjects, never before offered at any university. After about ten years I gave up teaching because it interfered with my main job. I also wrote several books, fairly well known in the marketing field.

Just when the serpent's head of politics and conniving for power began to show itself in my organization, to destroy first the happiness and then the efficiency of the business, I cannot say. It had been going on a long time before it dawned on

me. And then it merely bewildered me. I cannot, to this day, analyze how it all happened. I only know that eventually it seemed best that I resign, and that one after another, certain marked men walked the plank, leaving the arch conspirator in supreme command—of an empty shell which has worried him sick and has not been able to pay him anything like the salary he drew as one of a happy crowd. I and the others lost. He did not win.

That was in the middle of 1928. I accepted an invitation to become a partner in a young, sound, growing security house. They wanted my sales organizing experience. Within a short time I had an organization of twenty-five men selling a wide range of securities. Almost immediately, I was earning at the rate of \$25,000 a year. Then, over my protest, my associates decided to put our whole energy behind one security, issued by a merger in which I did not believe and in whose management I had no confidence. When I could do no more to prevent it, I regretfully turned my back on more money than I had ever made before and walked out. It vindicates my judgment but gives me no particular satisfaction otherwise to say that the deal killed the concern.

After a period with another small house, during which I quadrupled its business, I was invited to form a partnership with two other men, one with security experience and good connections and the other with a lot of money. We had just rented offices, built up a small organization, secured a membership on one of the smaller exchanges, qualified for the exchange clearing-house, arranged for bank credit, and begun to operate when the stock market crash came along, our moneyed partner was wiped out, and without receivership or bankruptcy, we wound up the business and walked out.

It is not surprising—though it was a sad mistake—that during my period in the Street all my personal funds went into securities. And so, when I emerged in November, 1929, I was possessed of little else but a couple of pairs of socks without holes and perfect health. The socks have since worn out. I still have the health. I was forty-two, broke, and really out of a job for the first time in my life. It was several months before I was able to land the job from which I have recently been let out.

In that job I had a contract which, if times were normal, would have easily netted me \$15,000 or \$20,000 a year. Meantime, while waiting to cash in on that, I had been taking a bare living. It never ceased to look mighty good to me, but it offered, at the moment, no opportunity to build up a surplus. I kept my concern ahead of its industry, and produced sales at no increased percentage of cost over normal years—no mean achievement in itself. Mine was the only concern in its line which showed a gain—very slight, I hasten to admit—in the first three-quarters of 1931 over the similar period in 1930.

III

In spite of that, I knew that my tenure might be uncertain. Some concerns have cut—and are cutting—because their financial condition forces it; others, sometimes intelligently and sometimes most unintelligently, to hold net profit in line; and still others for no better reason than that it has become the fashion, and executives feel that they must reduce overhead and payroll to prove their own efficiency. Throughout the management of my company was a panicky desire, most unintelligently directed, to cut outgo without much consideration of what it might be bringing in. They decided that they could continue

to get the business without my expense. The funny part is that I believe so too—for a while; and if the upturn in business comes as quickly now as I confidently expect, despite the black news and statistics of the moment, they may never know the difference.

I had considered putting out lines for a new connection. I decided, however, not to divide my time and energy in that way. It might, in itself, prevent my pulling my job through. That is good copy-book maxim stuff certainly, and reasonably sound judgment. But it probably was a mistake in this particular instance.

The moment I was let out I burned up the wires, wore out the telephone instrument, and exhausted my stenographer writing letters. Not, of course, saying that I needed another job quickly if my family were to continue to eat, but simply that I would lend a receptive ear to another connection. Naturally, most of this resulted merely in kind words, promises to keep it in mind. There were, however, some real flashes. The partner of a well-known banking house, with whom I got in touch immediately, wanted to send me out to the Middle West to reorganize the sales of a company in which his firm was heavily interested. But first I had to await the figures of a big accounting firm who were making a thorough investigation. Upon them the decision would rest as to whether the banking house would go further or step out and take its loss. I spent a good deal of time for the better part of a month keeping in touch, eventually met a man in New York who had a heavy financial interest in the company, and have but recently returned from a trip to Chicago which consumed five valuable days.

Everyone connected with the business, aside from my investment banker friend, wanted to turn the sales job over to the

manager of their Canadian plant, who, prior to taking that position, had an excellent sales record with the company, had demonstrated his ability to get things done and, with his knowledge of the business, had sound ideas for increased sales. The banker knew that attitude but wanted me there. He thought he could put it over, but when we got on the ground he found that he could not. And that was that.

Five days, in addition to the time I had spent in New York, gone for nothing! Unless the investment banker has another up his sleeve. I am trying now to persuade him to take me into his organization at any old salary, just to hold a valuable man. But that's a hard one to put over and I suspect from the disquieting delay that it will fall through.

An electrical appliance manufacturer wants a sales manager—\$15,000 a year and bonus. One of my friends put me in touch with a man who makes his money filling such positions. Experience in the field, it appeared, was a requisite. I had none. But I pulled the old selling stop, talked background, knowledge of fundamentals, fresh viewpoint, and proved my case so far as the agent was concerned. He actually forced an interview on one of the principals of a prominent engineering firm acting for the manufacturer. From a peeved start with him, I ended with his enthusiastic promise to arrange a meeting with the manufacturer. Another selling job with *him*. As I write, that hasn't come off as yet, though negotiations started six weeks ago.

Here is the rub on that: Don't think that the best men necessarily have the jobs today and only the dubs are out. The chances are that, unless I can carry him off his feet and close with him quickly, Mr. Electrical Appliance Manufacturer will find a man who has everything I think I

have and an intimate knowledge of the electrical appliance field in addition. That may be better for him, but it's too bad for me.

Another friend of mine, the president of his company, strongly endorsed me for a vice-presidency and general sales-managership in another organization. The man with whom I discussed it told me he had been trying for three years to persuade my friend to take, himself, the job we were discussing. Suddenly, while we were still negotiating, banking interests unexpectedly bounced my friend out of his presidency and he took the job—with apologies to me, of course. He is a better man than I am.

The managers of a worthwhile non-profit-making organization in New York believe that, if it could tie its services a little more practically to industry, industry would support it; and that if they can demonstrate their ability to become self supporting within a reasonable time, a large philanthropic organization can be persuaded to finance the interim expansion. If that plan works out, they want me to direct the carrying of the message to industry. While we have spent considerable time discussing it, it looks to me as if fruition of their plans must be months off. They seem confidently to expect that I shall still be available when, as and if. Maybe they're right but, if so, I shall report for duty like Mahatma Gandhi, garbed in a loin cloth but without any goat's milk.

A manufacturer who came on to New York from the Middle West especially to meet several men, of whom I was one, returned home several weeks ago without giving the least indication of a decision. Even those who arranged the interviews for him can get no definite word from him.

There are others, but these will suffice to illustrate how those who just happen to have been thrown off the wheel at a bad time are using their time these days. With gaunt fear riding their shoulders, they maintain an unruffled front, revealing their true positions only where it may help—and most times it hinders.

IV

Jobs such as I speak of are necessarily the subject of some negotiation, during which one may have to confer, frequently not with one person, but possibly with four or five. This is especially true today, even with the organizations which are sufficiently progressive to be thinking of aggressive promotion and betterment and the addition of new blood. I have no criticism of this—though I do feel that some executives are unnecessarily, and sometimes brutally, prodigal of the time of others, and shilly-shally interminably in arriving at a decision. It is a great test of courage and restraint when one must wonder whether one can continue to negotiate on a full stomach. While that is not strictly true of all of us, you will recognize that it is exactly my position. And the days and weeks slip by. Obligations pile up. Available cash goes down and down. Hope after hope is blasted or deferred.

Possibly you are saying to yourself about now something to the effect that this fellow says he is willing to take any kind of job that will bring him money to feed his family, but look at the highfalutin jobs he goes after! Well, I might, of course, go after a different type, but I am not convinced that it would be any easier to get. I don't know that \$50-a-week men who have been thrown out of employment and who would willingly take \$25 or \$30 have found it any easier to head in than I

have up to now. As I have said, physically I could dig a ditch, but why should anyone give me a job at that? Or I could look for a routine clerical job, but frankly I don't think I would be as good at that as some man who has been doing it. In either case, the money I could earn would far from solve my problem. And I am working in the field where I am known and have connections. That would seem logical. And there are just so many hours in the day when one can do anything at all about it. Time is a dreadful limitation in this situation, as it is in all others in life.

I could, of course, take a job selling on commission. Well, let me be frank: I am afraid to. I have proven selling ability as well as sales organizing ability, but in spite of that, I contemplate the dreadful possibility of putting a lot of study into a product and then hitting the line with it without being able to click quickly enough to keep body and soul together. Theoretically, I could do that and look for another job at the same time. Practically, I could not sell enough to earn my salt doing that, even at a time when buyers were taking the stuff away, let alone now. I have never seen a time when selling anything was so tough. Corporations as well as individuals who have the money are simply not buying. They cry "Buy now!" but they mean the other fellow.

And here is a vital question constantly lurking in back of the minds of the men I speak of. Am I, in the stress of my present situation, as good as I ever was? As good as I think I am or should be by training and experience? Remember that every failure to land, no matter how obvious the reasons outside the man himself, sets him to wondering whether the prospective employer saw in him some sign of disintegration.

Let me, as self-appointed spokesman for

the crowd, answer from my own personal viewpoint. While I think I can still present a calm and assured front to the world and proclaim that I am as good as I ever was, I am really not so sure. Handed a job of work to do, carrying enough money to take care of my family, I think I could do it. But realize that, at the moment, every move of mine must be one of desperation—an attempt to lay my hands on money immediately.

And there are limits, I find, to one's self-control. You have heard the expression, "taking your guts", but have you ever actually felt them being taken? There is a nervous griping and gnawing at your stomach, a lightness and pain in the head, partially paralyzing thought but leaving the leaden pain of worry undiminished. There is an actual weakening in the knees, a lack of coördination, a clumsy handling of things, a disquieting fumbling in getting the safety-razor together of a morning as, behind purely mechanical motions, looms the question of how best to use the day and what it will bring forth—a strain of worry which seems at times actually to unfocus your eyes. I've been under great nervous strain many times in my career, but this is the first time I have even dimly understood the meaning of nerves. I presume a physician would diagnose these symptoms as presaging a nervous breakdown and prescribe complete rest and avoidance of all worry. Hurray for that! But if this thing gets any tougher, shall I go entirely jittering and balmy? Sometimes I wonder.

And this is what I must snap out of to put in a telephone call, arrange an appointment, and plan what I shall say in an interview. It is difficult to keep believing yourself as good as you ever were with this additional burden imposed upon you. I am not always in that dreadful mental

state, you understand. For the most part, high hope and calm courage. But always there is something happening, many times a small thing and often ludicrous, to bat me down, at least for the moment. As an example:

A few moments ago, as I sat pounding this out on my typewriter, a telephone service-wagon stopped outside my door. The man climbed a pole, did something inside a switch box, descended, made some notes in a book, and drove off. Yesterday the telephone company called to say that if a check for \$6.40 were not in their office this morning, service would be discontinued. The check was sent. It seems as though I just *must* have the telephone to save time and leg work in keeping in touch with job possibilities. Unless something has gone wrong with the letter or the company's routine, the order to discontinue should not yet have been issued. But the old fear is at my stomach and I hate to experiment to see if I can still get service.

This mental turmoil, this dread uncertainty as to the immediate future, this questioning of one's ability to stage a quick comeback, or any comeback at all, does something to one which is likely to be permanent. There is a close relation between nerves and business achievement. Men have been broken on the wheel, thrown on the scrap-heap for all time, by less than I am going through right now. I should push such thoughts as these back, I know, but doing so is much the same as being offered a million dollars if you can refrain from thinking of the word elephant for the next twenty minutes.

Is that going to happen to me? I don't think so. I can't think so. I keep believing that the break which will take me out of this nightmare must be just around the corner. It *must* be if I am not to go down

in the ruck. As I write the word, I don't know just what it means. What would become of us? Of my wife and children? Naturally, I have read of the organization for the relief of the unemployed. As a matter of fact, mention of it over the radio drives me frantic. One of my fairly close friends, a man who might, I believe, lend me money from his own ample funds if I asked him, has been appointed chairman of the committee in my home town. He would be amazed to find my name on his list. I also know the Commissioner of Charities, who happens to be a woman. The other evening she was visiting my wife on some club matter in which they are mutually interested. "How about a month's rent, Commissioner?" I asked. "We will pay your rent," she replied brightly. And then we all laughed at my little joke.

But I doubt that they would pay my rent. It seems a little too much. And I haven't the money to move.

V

The smaller problems which confront one at a time like this seem ridiculous—and they would be if they were not tragic. My younger boy has been raising pigeons. When he started, I entered into the sport enthusiastically. Since then he has telephoned for feed as he needed it. There is a bill on my desk now, for only five dollars and some odd cents, but I can't pay it. After all, food for the children is more important than food for the pigeons. Without my knowing just how, he understands the situation and does not telephone for any more feed. The supply having run out, he is making shift with scraps. Must I take that boy aside—he's only eleven—explain the position we're in, and tell him he must get rid of his pigeons? I suppose so, but

it's a tough assignment. Am I weak in not having done it sooner in the hope that I might avoid having to?

My older daughter, starting high-school, has just asked if she may subscribe to the student publication. It burns me up to have to give any consideration to a dollar and a half, and to suggest, in a casual, offhand way, that she let it go awhile and see what the publication is like. I have just heard my younger daughter downstairs shout something about her birthday. I've been deadened to the thought of its proximity. How, without being foolish, can I make such occasions seem about as usual to them in the hope that they may never have to know that they are threatened with the pinch of actual destitution? Is that foolish? I suppose so.

Our washing-machine has chosen this spot to break down and require an expensive repair. My wife is doing her own washing, of course. It is not easy to see her shouldering such an additional burden because I cannot supply a pitifully few dollars. Drudgery makes those we love old before their time. And I must chance imposing that sentence on her! For some unaccountable reason, a scourge of roaches struck our laundry. My wife was licking them quite handily, but recently she hasn't felt free to spend money for the spray that was doing the job. The roaches have just begun to move upstairs and make their appearance in the kitchen—raising their standard of living. Every roach I see and sock I regard as a personal reproach and a symbol of my failure. You're laughing, but I'm not.

In seemingly countless such small ways I am being continually slapped in the face. I have just seen the milkman go round to the back of the house. He has a bill. Up to the moment he has been paid regularly. My wife is out. He will let it go until next

week with never a fear. But then it will be double, and further inroads will have been made on the little remaining store of cash.

Incidentally, what are the ethics of that situation? I happen to know that the driver is held responsible for his credits, at least above a given amount. He is probably not so much better able to take a loss than I am. Ought I tell him my credit is insecure and so cut my family off just a little further? Am I justified in allowing him to continue delivery, fortified by my belief in myself and my confidence that I shall be able to pay? What would *you* do?

On Sunday mornings I see people going to church whose positions are seemingly secure. Of course, their futures may be just as uncertain as mine, though it is to be doubted that the immediate situation of many can be quite as desperate. I meet executives in their nice private offices ostensibly secure in job and income. True, I have in some cases gone back and found them strangely missing.

My feelings and thoughts as I observe such people are peculiar and difficult of analysis. It is not jealousy. I envy their security but I am glad for them. I wonder if they realize how fortunate they are, and know, of course, that they do not. My attitude is rather a bewildered wondering as to why they should be secure and I on the verge of actual want. Not exactly a feeling of injustice but something, I must admit, closely akin to it.

Friends drop in of an evening. We sit chatting of this and that. I wonder what they would say if they knew our exact condition. There is no point in telling them, yet I feel vaguely that I am traveling under false pretenses. I picture their amazement if the landlord popped in and the dispossess proceedings started. Sometimes I can forget my problems for the

moment and be my old self, get a good wholesome laugh or enter wholeheartedly into an interesting discussion. At other times my visitors must wonder why I am so distraught, and leave feeling that they have had a dull evening.

It is a never-ending marvel to me that these little social amenities must go on. Right up to the last, apparently. Here are examples within the last week. I have been called upon to help raise a building fund for a school. I can give neither time nor money but no one seems to know that. They think I am a good money raiser!

I have been called on the telephone to join an alumni club of my fraternity and attend a reunion, dues only five dollars and dinner but three. The officers of a large New York club are importuning me to reconsider my resignation, deferred entirely too long in the first place. I have been asked to take a \$10 table for a bridge for a worthy cause. I am, I am told, one of those they confidently depended upon. The committee chairman has asked me to be sure to come out Saturday night to a dinner dance at a country club of which I am treasurer. I know they resent an officer's not supporting these affairs. It is droll, almost grotesque that, just a short time back, through a lot of hard work, I succeeded in putting the club on a sound financial basis. My dues are paid up to the middle of the year. Then I shall have to resign, of course. Meantime, I have just posted myself for \$9 overdue house charges. That's grisly humor.

I am honest enough in answering these calls. "Can't afford it. Haven't the money". But they pooh-pooh that good naturedly, know how I feel and all that, but come on out anyhow; the crowd, it appears, are all expecting me; I'll enjoy it, and I'll never miss the money. They seem to work on the easy assumption that I am on my last

ten thousand or something. I can't bring myself to lay my soul bare to them. If I did, they'd probably be sending hams to feed the family.

This fellow, you say, seems to have a lot of friends and good connections. Is it possible that he is letting a foolish pride prevent his revealing his need for a job? Don't fool yourself. Every one whom I conceive might be in a position to help has been canvassed and through them I have been put in touch with a lot of possibilities. It is just that none of them have clicked—as yet. One of them may. But none yet.

VI

I happen to be in my forties. That is not true of all whose condition and need I am endeavoring to picture. Many are in their thirties and some in their twenties. Those who are over forty, however, are faced with just one more obstacle.

How old are you? Damn! How I resent the average attitude when that question comes up! In this world of ours some measurements that are used are most arbitrary. Age is one of them. To different men the number of years which happen to have passed over their heads means very different things. Some in their thirties are definitely slowed down in mind and body—through disuse of both. Human vegetables. Others are young, virile, slim-waisted, alert mentally into their sixties and beyond. I believe that I am a young forty-four. I look much the same as I did ten or even fifteen years ago, and can do most things now that I did then. Mentally, the years seem to have meant nothing but a richer philosophy and a quicker grasp of situations. Constant study has kept my mind elastic and given me a broadening background of definite knowledge.

In any event, forty-four is certainly no hoary old age. It would seem that any man of that age who has kept mentally alive should be on his way up, mentally at least, and prepared to cash in on the knowledge his experience has brought him. Other things being equal, it would seem that the added years should make him just that much better than the younger man, especially where judgment is a requisite and where control as well as speed is desirable. The full flower of his ability should, it would seem, still be years ahead.

But try to prove that to some employers! Watch their change of expression when, the fatal question having been asked—you get in as much selling as possible beforehand—you answer, nonchalantly of course, “forty-four”. He may be sixty and run to loud neckties. That makes no difference. He's a gay young blade and you're an old man. Or he may be a younger man and his immaturity as well as his ability may be very apparent to you. You know how much richer in mind and mellower in manner he will be ten years hence. He entertains no idea that *he* will be considered old at forty-four. But you're too old just the same. Laugh it off if you can.

One of the best-known companies in this country, employing thousands, has a rule apparently admitting of no exceptions that no man over thirty-five shall enter its employ. It wanted me hard on all other counts and a half dozen executives fought for the suspension of the rule in my case, but no go.

I am not intimating that this attitude is universal in America. Those of us who are over forty might just as well quit trying right now if it were. It is sufficiently prevalent, however, to be a formidable obstacle when the market is so thin as now, and the man is in a desperate situation like mine. And it is manifestly anti-social for

large organizations ruthlessly to lop off able men over forty who have been with them for years—I am not speaking of myself now—on the one hand, and refuse to hire men of that age on the other. Who, do they suppose, will hire the men they discharge? The human wastage occasioned by American industry's present-day youth fetish would be dreadful even if it were sound. It is unsound—and brutal.

Closely allied with this question of age is another arbitrary attitude which I have noted for years. No matter how good a man may look, if he is not settled, if he is out, no matter what the cause, and hence must seek a connection at forty, it is inevitably assumed that there is something the matter with him. I am not arguing that there may not be something to that. I think it is true in some cases. I am not even saying that it may not apply to me right now. Possibly I am too partisan a witness to have a clear vision as to that. I will say, though, that I have added myself up carefully and I do not think so.

Personally, I have never subscribed to any such idea in my sizing up of others. I have always assumed a sort of social responsibility to give the man in whom I believed his opportunity, and I am thankful to say that many have been able to rehabilitate themselves through the chances I gave them. And certainly it would seem that this theory must largely go by the board just now when, first through mergers and later through forced cuts in organizations, and some not forced, so many admittedly able men have been thrown out, and, with the great contraction in the number of opportunities available, have been unable to reestablish themselves, at least up to now.

Let's get down to cases. First of all, please don't worry about me. I haven't the least idea of how I am going to work out of this spot, but I just have a crazy idea

that I can't be licked. Naturally, I am worried, but I sometimes think that my greatest worry is that I am prevented temporarily from making to some concern and to these difficult times the useful contribution I feel so capable of making. And I am looking past my present situation to the time when, with the return of greater financial security, I shall enjoy a degree of happiness which, without having passed through this, I could never have known.

I have written this harrowing tale to picture, not my situation especially, but that of thousands who, used to a comfortable standard of living, have been ruthlessly thrown out of executive jobs and are working on their last few dollars as they struggle desperately to persuade some organization to purchase their undoubted ability at a fraction of its real worth; and to bring sharply to the fore the enormous waste of a high type of human material now going on.

These men have not been smart in protecting their own interests against a time such as that through which we are passing. For the most part, they have had no opportunity to do so. Such men need organizations to work with. Theirs is not the type of ability which can function single-handed. They have been important cogs in big machines. They are the type on which so-called great executives—many of whom right now don't seem to know what it is all about—have built their reputations and their businesses in prosperous times. At no time has it been possible for most of them to acquire a sufficiently large stock interest in the corporations to which they have given their best years to be factors in control. They are in much the same position as the skilled mechanic, able and willing to work, who must nevertheless remain idle, and possibly either starve or accept charity, if denied access to the

machine he is able to operate. Yet they are men who, by work which remains in effect long after they are off the salary list, have morally earned a permanent place in the business. Is this woeful waste of human material, fine brains and high ability developed through years of application, necessary? I say, no.

Organized relief is not for such men as these. Not, at least until the last vestige of their pride and moral fibre has been dissipated. It is not adequate. It is impossible to make it so. Five dollars a day for three days a week won't solve their problems. On the contrary, it will send them to the scrap heap almost as quickly as nothing at all. Forcing them to admit that they need it will take something out of them that it will be difficult, if not impossible, to replace. A man can step down from \$35, \$40 or even \$50 a week to this level and still keep body and soul together and his morale up to a point where, when times get better, he can stage a comeback to his former status. He happens to be organized to do so. But that is not true of the man who has been earning six, eight, ten thousand dollars a year and more. He is not organized for it, and, so far as he can see, he cannot get so organized without admitting his abject poverty to the world, humiliating his wife and children, and putting himself in a position where he is licked for all time.

Before men of that kind are willing to concede the necessity of reorganizing, moving to cheaper quarters and the like—which, in many cases would involve, on this real estate market, losing their equities in their homes—they have reached a point where they actually haven't the money to move. Are they to be blamed for having the courage to fight to the last ditch, remaining hopeful of landing the job they feel so capable of filling, and

which will pay them at least enough money to carry on with some semblance of their former status? That is the kind of courage, refusal to give in no matter how dark things may look, confidence in self, you're never beaten until you think you are, which, so the inspirational writers tell us, wins out. It is the essence of all the good old maxims that are supposed to express the spirit which has made us a great people. Certainly it is glorified if it results in success.

VII

There is but one practical way to help these men. That is by employing their abilities. If that can be done with profit to business and industry, why must they go completely on the rocks and sacrifice their last vestige of self-respect before succor comes? With one lift now they can save themselves and, at the same time, make an economic contribution in accord with their ability.

Here are men willing to work with the enthusiasm of desperation for fractions of the incomes they have had in the past and that they will command again if they can but keep body and soul together—and morale up—meantime. The concern which is fortunate enough to get them now at a bargain rate will later be glad to pay them rather than let them go. Industry and business need them—all, I believe, who are unemployed—right now. Yet they are allowed to walk the streets.

Let me illustrate by giving a few examples. In an Eastern city is an old established candy concern, one of the pioneers in five and ten-cent package candy and a former large national advertiser, now managed by the middle-aged sons of the founder. At one time bearing the best known name in their field, com-

petition has buried them and they are steadily going back because of inadequate marketing methods, poor packaging and display—a loss of merchandising initiative in general. An able fellow whose ideas are still the backbone of the business, which has let him out because the efficient organization of lower priced men he created can, in the eyes of the management, carry on his policies, has offered his services at a very low figure to make a survey of their marketing policies, frame recommendations, and then, if they want it, put new plans into effect. The management knows that it needs something of the kind, is bewildered about it all, and vaguely realizes that it is on the way out and that the business will eventually be licked, even after business revival, unless something is done.

They still have the money, a chance to retrieve themselves and a name which still has a valuable good-will. They need exactly what they have been offered. Apparently, there is no one in the organization capable of doing the job—and that is no particular indictment of them. They are all too close to it to get the necessary detached viewpoint. They can't see the forest for the trees. They know the man's ability. Their acceptance of his proposal would solve his problem but it would also solve theirs. But "it is not wise to spend any money at this time."

There is a man in New York hunting a job who has spent the last several years developing improved processes in the manufacture of scientific instruments. A production expert, he has a remarkable record of achievement in medium-sized plants. He is willing to work for \$5000 a year in place of the \$12,000 he used to get, and would probably take less. There are hundreds of organizations financially able to take advantage of this bargain who should be raking their production proc-

esses fore and aft, getting ready for the business upturn which cannot be far ahead, and who will be licked in the new competition if they do not. But he can't get a job.

Here is another fellow who is walking the streets. A certified public accountant, New York State. He has backed his accounting technique with a broad knowledge of business. No routine man, this. For years he was a senior for one of the best known accounting firms of the country, directing large and important audits. He was prominent enough in his profession to be drafted by Uncle Sam during the war for production in Chemical Warfare with the rank of major. He had no trouble, after the war, becoming comptroller of a large corporation. A recently formed merger was glad to get him in 1928 at an increased salary to straighten them out; and the controls he installed have put them in a sound position. They did not materially suffer profitwise in 1930-31 but the work he had done on production, inventory, sales and finance, and the younger men he had developed, made those in control feel that they could carry on without him, and, simply following the fashion, they cut.

A fellow like that isn't cut, you say. No? Well, he was. In my humble opinion the executive who fired him, had he had the best interests of the firm sincerely at heart, should have fired himself instead. But certainly a man like that can get another opportunity at something. Yes? I have seen him literally battering at the door of a food product company, taken from its original owners and made the subject of a big stock issue in 1929, begging to be allowed to do for it what he had done for others, but the president wasn't "adding to the payroll". The president has since "resigned", together with the controller and others. What that has done for the con-

cern I don't know, but my accountant is still walking the streets. He is worth to any number of concerns, especially at this time, many times the figure he is willing to work for.

A few years ago a business organization discovered a particularly bright young man fresh out of college in their employ. They groomed him for assistant office manager and when he had learned the ropes, got rid of their high-priced office manager and put this young fellow in his place. Just about that time he was offered a contract at more money than he was getting: it came from one of the major league ball teams. He had captained his college team. His employers pictured the uncertainties of professional baseball and the brilliant and permanent future he had before him with the organization and persuaded him to pass up the contract. So he got married and continued to improve as an office manager. Never has been paid enough to save much. A few days ago they let him out—just like that.

Nothing the matter. Just as fine a boy as he ever was. Has studied and worked to become a darned good office manager. Just cutting expenses—chief clerks hereafter to report direct to the treasurer. Any moral obligation as to the brilliant future that was painted is forgotten. Business is business.

VIII

That is enough by way of example. I could cite literally hundreds more—of men who could be especially valuable right now, and of concerns which sadly need them right now, can afford to grab them, and are too unintelligent to do so.

I am not advocating that such men as these replace those now employed. I am advocating that intelligent organizations

take advantage of these bargains in men and add them. Many concerns—the most progressive—use outside consultants for just such purposes as I have outlined in normal times, and many are wisely using them today—paying as much as \$100 a day to principals in charge of a job and \$25 and \$50 a day to the lesser lights, most times with travel and hotel expenses added. Men such as I speak of, specialists and experts with reputations which will bear investigation, can be had for \$100 a week or less. Many concerns too small even to think of \$100 or even \$50 a day can get a comparable service at the lesser figures—a service which will get them ready and geared up on production, marketing, finance, accounts to be in the forefront of the upturn in business.

This is essentially a time when organizations have an opportunity to study their every activity and put it on the highest possible plane of efficiency. They won't have, or at least won't make, an opportunity to stop and do it in rush times without taking a considerable loss through interruption to operations. And many organizations have been cut so close to the bone as not only to preclude any such programme, but also to impair their present efficiency in handling their current business.

I am not arguing that cuts both in salaries and in organization have been unnecessary. I do claim that much of it has been ruthless and unintelligent. I do believe that many concerns have, in their panic, thrown such a proportion of their true brains into the discard as permanently to impair their efficiency and initiative; and I believe that those of whom this is true will find themselves in the near future beaten by rivals who have been more intelligent in holding a trained organization intact, as to their key men in any event. Many will find the cost of building back greater than would have

been the cost of holding on. If a concern had its back to the wall and its immediate cash position was such that it was forced knowingly to assume some risk to preserve its economic existence, no other course was possible and I have no criticism. But many whose profits have not been greatly impaired and whose cash position left nothing to be desired have put themselves in this position merely by following the fashion of cutting.

Furthermore, many good men have been separated from their jobs for no other reason than that they builded so well that, apparently at least, others could carry on without them. I believe that this is more apparent than real, as the top executives will discover when things start up. And it would seem that a man who has done for a business a job admittedly good should have earned a right to stay with it. Though he has created no right that is today recognized legally, he has created a moral right which it would seem executives with the power of hire and fire should recognize.

When I see in the lists of contributors to the Unemployment Fund the names of those who are unintelligently and needlessly creating unemployment, impairing purchasing power and creating new setbacks to business recovery, I will admit that my blood boils. I wish that I could reveal here without disclosing my identity the unusual opportunity I have had to know that what I say here is indisputable

fact. Not only in men, but in materials and appliances, a great many executives who are in the forefront of the Buy Now furore are not buying now so far as their own businesses are concerned, though to do so would be both intelligent and profitable—and that is the only sound reason for buying now, or at any other time.

Here is a point seemingly lost sight of by a lot of business heads. Expenditures should be no less carefully considered in times of good business than in times of poor business. By and large, the same concerns that are unintelligently cutting now are those who went crazy on unintelligent expenditure in the past. Whether or not an expenditure is justified at any time is dependent on: Will it be profitable? Can it be safely financed? No matter how efficient it may be otherwise, if it is going to tie up liquid capital needed for other purposes, it is unwise. No matter how easily financed, if it will not be profitable, there is no point to it.

Sometimes, however, intelligent spending is the very essence of good management and saving. And so I return to my original thesis. There are in this country today enough concerns in a financial position to use their services profitably—in some cases, if they but knew it, needing them to survive—to absorb every man of executive type on the bargain table.

They can solve a problem which can be adequately solved in no other way. And in doing so, they will solve their own.

THE FIGHT AT HENDRYX'S

BY GEORGE MILBURN

THE blizzard struck on a Saturday morning. None of the storekeepers was expecting to do enough business to say grace over, but Herschal Gunther, the grocery clerk at Herzog's Bargain Depot, had a good fire going in the big stove. The flames mumbled in the throat of the chimney and tiny points of light began flickering over the great dull-red paunch of the cast-iron heater.

Even that early a few loafers were sitting around the stove. The small ring widened as they pegged back on the legs of their tilted chairs to escape the hide-parching glow. They inclined their faces only to spout toward the stained, quid-strewn sawdust that filled the square frame around the base of the big stove. The loafers, drowsy with heat and lulled by the soft roar of the fire, chewed in meditative silence, but sometimes their tobacco juice would strike the blazing iron belly and sizzle off quickly in little balls of steam.

Up in the woven-wire enclosure at the front of the store Abe Herzog was working at his rolltop desk, moving papers and barking occasionally with a hard cough. He was making up his February accounts. Every few minutes he would get up and come back to the circle of warmth, chafing his pudgy fingers and rubbing himself under the lower points of his broad vest. He would bask himself before and behind. Then he would go on back to his desk without having said a word. On a counter

fifteen feet away from the stove the drinking-water keg was freezing solid.

Thin white diagonals of sleet rustled against the frosted plate-glass windows. The gale came whooping down across the prairie. Out in front the wooden awning creaked and swayed and a loose piece of sheet iron on the north wall of the store banged without let-up. Herschal Gunther, weighing up two-bit pokes of sugar, scraped the scoop against the sides of the tin sugar tub. He grunted every time the scales balanced and stopped to take a drag off his cigarette. Nobody said a word.

A man wearing only a mule-skin jacket for an overcoat and an ear-flapped fur cap clicked the latch on the north side-door, opened the door slowly, and stood on the threshold stamping the sleet off his boots. A bitter gust swooped in, setting all the clusters of bandanas, mittens and work sox hanging from the ceiling into violent twirls. Abe Herzog grabbed for his scattered papers. All the dozing loafers let down their chairs quickly and cried as one, "Shet that door!"

The man in the leather coat turned and closed the door deliberately and walked over toward the stove. He worked his stubbled face stiffly. He fingered his whiskers, breaking away the little beads of ice. They saw that it was Old Man Luther Peck from the Verdigris bottoms. All the elements put together couldn't have kept Old Man Peck from hitching up and coming to town on Saturday.

He joined the circle at the stove, prancing slowly with the pain in his fingers. He unbuttoned his outer coat and his vest, and left them hanging open while he stood with his back to the stove, holding the black-creased palms of his thick, stubby hands outspread toward the blistering heat. He stood facing the grocery counter, and Herschal Gunther called out to him brightly.

"Well, Mr. Peck, this here is Winter, ain't it?"

"This here is Winter!" the old man repeated solemnly and with finality.

"Is it cold enough for you today?"

"I've seed it colder," said Old Man Peck grimly.

"Not here in Oklyhomy you ain't!" one of the loafers said in a pert voice.

"Yes, sir, right here in Oklyhomy, too," the old man said flatly, unruffled. He did not even trouble to glance at the upstart.

Old Man Peck had a theory that the Winters were getting milder, and he fitted all temperatures to it. No matter if the thermometer showed ten below zero, he would be unshaken in his belief that he had gone through colder weather back in the early days. He was, nevertheless, an earnest, truthful man, given neither to heated arguments nor to tall tales. No greater insult than "Liar" could have been offered Old Man Peck, and he was unaccustomed to being doubted. He was too positive and impassive to debate his theory. His reputation for honesty was secure, and he never went to any great pains to convince anybody.

"Well, this here is plenty cold anyhow, Mr. Peck," said Abe Herzog, who had come back to the stove. "It was six below when I come to open up this morning."

"Oh, yes, this here is right smart cold," the old man admitted generously. "But I been out in it when it was a heap colder,

right here in this country. We used to get a still, quiet cold like you don't see no more in this country. These winds we have fools you and it ain't actually as cold as it appears like it is. That wind cuts like a razor, but that still cold we used to have, it bit deeper."

The challenging loafer leered his disbelief. "Just name a time," he said with cruel persistence, "when you seen it colder outside than it is right now."

Old Man Peck gave the loafer a pitying look. It seemed for a long moment that he would not condescend to reply, but he broke silence by saying, "All right. I'll name you a time: it was a January, 1903. It was the time they had the fight at Hendryx's."

The old man peeled off his leather coat and looked around for an empty chair. He dragged one up and took his place in the circle around the stove. Old Man Peck was stolid and humorless. If he had not expected to be believed he would not have spoken in the first place.

II

"I mind that time they had the fight at Hendryx's, Abe," he said, ignoring the loafers and addressing the storekeeper with whom he had been trading for twenty years. Abe Herzog knew that Peck's word was unimpeachable. He settled himself in a tilted chair.

"That was as cold a time as ever I seen in this country," the old man went on. "It was so cold that the horns on the steers all froze up and bust wide open. It was so cold that the snot froze on the ends of the young-uns' noses. You'd see the spar-rers set out to fly and they'd just drap down out of mid-air, froze stiff. Alongside of that there big freeze, this here blizzard is just a little cold snap."

"It was so cold folks couldn't do nothing only just set around the stove toasting their shins, dreading for the time when they would have to git up and go out back and git to theirselfs, and everybody was mighty t'ard of setting and was ready for a little *ex-cite-ment*.

"The cold spell had been set in for nigh on to a week when Old Man Hendryx sont word around that he was going to th'ow him a dance over at his place. By that time even the Hardshell Baptists was anxious to fix up and git ready and start out and go to a dance. This country wa'n't settled up as close then as it is now, but the news got norated around, and that there dance at Hendryx's turned out to be quite a gethering. Quite a gethering."

Old Man Peck had his pipe out and he searched through the pockets of his vest until he found a dingy sack of Old Hill-side smoking tobacco. He filled his pipe and lighted it. Then he went on talking as if Abe Herzog were the only one there. He knew Abe would take his word. He was the oldest customer Abe had.

"Hendryx had him a house out on the bald prairie north of here. I guess you know about whur it set, Abe—up above that little draw ten mile west of Muddy Flat schoolhouse? Well, it was just a two-roomed house and before noon come that day Hendryx's place was so crowded that you couldn't cuss the cat without getting hairs in your teeth. Old Man Hendryx and his two oldest boys was taking turn about doing the fiddling, and a cow-hand by the name of Boyles was calling the sets.

"So it look like everybody was proud to be there at Hendryx's dance and was in for a high old time so long as the grub and liquor didn't give out.

"Well, along there in the middle of the afternoon a fellow name Russell Hayes and a man, Merryweather, he called hisself,

took to scrapping out in the yard. The two Hayes brothers, Russell and Monroe, was there at Hendryx's dance, and they was always pretty tough customers. The Hayes boys was mean scrappers, and neither one of them didn't like nothing better than a good scrap. But they each of them did their own scrapping.

"This here Merryweather, he was a new man in the country. No one had ever heered tell of him before. He just showed up there at Hendryx's that morning when the dance commenced.

"Well, Merryweather he was a good match for Russ Hayes. They was matched even. They would stand up and fight along awhile, slugging one another, and then they would stop and take a sort of breathing spell and go over to the woodpile whur they had their whiskey hid and h'ist the jug together. Then they would come back to the house yard and begin their fighting again.

"The way they done, it was just like at one of these here prize-fights. I ain't never been to one of them yit, but the way Hayes and Merryweather took spells, from all I've heered about one of these here prize-fights, I reckon them two boys done the same way. They would fight along there for about a half hour, then lay out about five minutes to take on a few slugs of liquor, and then they would git back to their scrapping again.

"When people got t'ard of dancing, they would come out of the house to watch the fight a while. But it was too danged cold for them to stay out in it long. They was always some of them dancing and some of them out there watching the fight. Everybody done a little of both and people kept coming and going, in and out of the house. Hayes and Merryweather, they had the chill stove off with their flailing and their liquor, and they just stayed out there in

the cold, as bad cold as this country ever seen, fighting along. They never did come back in the house."

"What was they fighting about, Mr. Peck?" Abe Herzog put in politely.

"What was they fighting *about*? Oh, I don't know what they was fighting about, Abe. I don't know as they was fighting *about* anything. They was just fighting. Some folks claimed that it was over Flossie Greet, the U. S. marshal's daughter. Flossie was a single womern, and she was there at the dance trying to git her a man. Russ Hayes had been sparking her pret' nigh a year. The word was out that they was aiming to git spliced. But seems like Flossie Greet was more intrusted in marrying than Russ Hayes was.

"So this here fella Merryweather, he was a new man in the country, and he come to Hendryx's dance and took a shine to Flossie right off. He begin dragging his wings around her, and I reckon that she figured that if she would give Merryweather a run it would git Russ Hayes as intrusted in marrying as she was. I heered it said that Merryweather thought he had Russ Hayes already cut out, so he got Flossie off in the corner and named a dirty question to her. So she got mad and went to Russ Hayes and told him that Merryweather was pestering her. Then him and Merryweather took to fighting.

"That was what folks had out, anyhow. I wouldn't take no oath on how true that was. It appeared to me like there at first they was just scrapping along friendly-like without no hard feelings on neither side. You find the usual thing is, a man don't fall out over a womern nohow. He might make his brags he is, just to git on the good side of the gal, but most times a man just scraps because he wants to see how another man's crooked nose would look set around the other way, or because he

likes that good feeling a jolt on another man's jaw gives you.

"Anyhow, Russ Hayes and Merryweather hammered on one another all that afternoon, and it look like neither one could git the best of the other. They would stop and take a few drinks and then start right in again. Supper-time come and they stopped and et and, without much more'n giving their victuals time to settle, they got back to their scrap.

"They was both getting consid'able battered-up, but it appeared like the both of them was going just as strong as they had been when they first begin about three P.M. that afternoon. Both was good scrap-pers and neither one could git the edge on the other.

"When it commenced to git dark, they moved around by one of the winders whur the light was coming th'ough and kept right on, going at it just as hard as ever. Some of the men folks carried up bresh and made a bon-f'ar so as to keep warm by when they come out from the dance to watch the fight. That bon-f'ar give off a good light, too.

"Well, it come midnight and Hendryx's dance was going full blast, of course. Hayes and Merryweather was too. But a little after midnight they run out of liquor. They had dreened that two-gallon jug between 'em. So they both got on Merryweather's horse and went loping off with their arms th'owed around one another, riding two in the saddle, to Collins's store over to Muddy Flat, ten mile away, to buy some more drinkin' liquor."

"How come they both rode the same horse, Mr. Peck?" Herschal Gunther asked.

"Why, son, they had to ride double, because it was too cold that night for a man to ride single. They would of froze riding single. Besides, that's what I say, it never

look to me like there was any real, sure-enough hard feelings between Russ and Merryweather. Not there at first, nohow. I never heered it named till later that they'd had a falling out over Flossie Greet, the U. S. marshal's daughter. I know one thing: I know Flossie was having a hard enough time getting one beau, let alone two.

"Anyway, a bunch of us got on horses, riding two in the saddle, and we went along with them to watch the scrap. We would ride a mile, then we'd all pile off, and Russ Hayes and this Merryweather would have a set-to. Then we'd git back on and ride another mile, and so on till we got to Collins's store and got the liquor jugs filled up.

"Same way coming back to Hendryx's place. We'd unmount, Hayes and Merryweather would drink first, and then they'd fight while we passed the jugs around and watched the fight. Finely we got back to Hendryx's. The rest of us went inside to warm and dance, and left Hayes and Merryweather out in the yard to go to it some more.

III

"Well, they kept right on scrapping till it was commencing to git day. Seem like neither one of them was ever going to give in and say he was whupped. But some of the boys watching it the closest come in and claimed that they was both beginning to act oneasy and sort of cranky with one another.

"The dance was still going strong. It got so danged cold along in the morning that the most of them, the womern folks in particular, had all quit watching the fight. They was all in the house. Well, it was just getting light when Russ Hayes, he sort of turned his ankle or something

and fell down. They was just a few of us out there, but I was right there and I seen him when he done it. I'd take oath on it that Merryweather didn't best Russ, nor knock him down, nor nothing like that. The way it was, Russ Hayes swang at Merryweather, and he just sort of slipped and fell down hard. But anyhow, it appeared like that hard fall kind of made Russ lose holt on his temper. He was laying spraddled out there on his stomach and he retch out with one hand and got him a rock and th'owed it at Merryweather just as hard as he could.

"Merryweather ducked down and the rock missed him, but it seem like he just went crazy-mad when Russ Hayes started acting thataway, th'owing rocks and all. Merryweather whupped out a long knife and he jumped over on Russ Hayes and flopped him over on his back and started stobbing him in the chest and th'oat.

"After a little he quit and got up and stood back wiping his knife on his britches lag. Russ Hayes sort of struggled up with the blood gurgling in his lights and he staggered into the house to whur they was dancing. Course the fiddling stopped and the womern all commenced to screaming when they seen Russ Hayes come in spoutin' blood like that. Monroe Hayes quit dancing and come running over to his brother.

"Russ grabbed holt on the mantelpiece on the farplace and kind of wheezed, 'Monroe, go out there and git the knife-totin' son of a bitch. He's done kilt me.' Then Russ slipped down on the floor and the blood on his chest quit bubblin' and he jerked around there a little and died.

"Well, Monroe, he didn't even stop to git on his coat and hat. He run out without no weepion nor nothing, aiming to git the man that had stobbed his brother. Everybody come out of the house to watch it.

"Meantime, this here Merryweather, seem like he had smelt the blood or something and he had just went crazy-mad. He was going around in circles like a horse with the blind-staggers, frothing at the mouth and pawing up the ground and waving his knife in his hand.

"As soon as he seen Monroe Hayes come out the door, why he lit right out after him with his knife. Monroe, he didn't have no weepoon handy. So natcherly there wa'n't nothing for him to do but h'ist tail and run. He took out acrost the corn field, right up a corn row, with Merryweather after him brandishing that long knife and bellerling like a bull in a hailstorm.

"It seem like Monroe Hayes, he could outrun Merryweather. This here Merryweather, it look like, was a man use to going everwhur a-horseback. He was sort of bench-lagged, and he wa'n't no great hand at sprintin' acrost a corn field. So Monroe Hayes was outdistancing him right along. Monroe charged on up the field to whur they was an old, broke-down cultivator standing out there. Monroe stopped and yanked him off one of the single-trees off'n this here cultivator and turned around.

"Merryweather was almost up on him with his knife, but he seen right away that Monroe Hayes could outreach him with this here heavy single-tree and could cave in his head with it. Up again' that there single-tree he didn't have no use for a knife. So when he seen Monroe Hayes come at him with the single-tree in hand, Merryweather switched around without ever stopping and come tearing back down the field to'ards the house, running for sweet life.

"Monroe Hayes was right in after him with the single-tree, gaining on him ever' jump. We seen him when he caught up with Merryweather, and we kept looking

for him to club his brains out with the single-tree. But he never even made a pass at him with the single-tree and we was all wondering how come he helt off mashing in Merryweather's head.

"They come on down the field to'ards the house, up to whur we could hear them panting. Then we seen that Monroe Hayes had managed to git his own knife out somehow, and he was trying to git it open with his teeth. About that time he finely did git the blade open. They was still running when he just retch around over this Merryweather's shoulder and cut his th'roat clean acrost from ear to ear.

"Well, sir, I swan, you'd be surprised to see how much a big stout man like that there Merryweather would bleed. He slouched down there in his tracks and the blood run down that corn row for twenty steps or more.

"After the ruckus was over, Old Man Hendryx got everybody to come on back into the house and start with the dancing again. Old Man Hendryx kept saying, no use to let a little murderin' like that bust up a good time. They danced a few more sets. But a few of the womern got sort of twittery and they begin putting on their wraps.

"The main trouble was, it seem like they couldn't git this here Flossie Greet to hursh up. She kept running around the place squalling and saying over and over, 'Oh, they've kilt him, they've kilt him! They've kilt my darling man! My darling sweetheart is dead!'

"She never did call him by name, just keep whooping, 'They've kilt my darling man!' like that and nobody could git her to shut up. They tried th'owing cold water on her and everthing, but they couldn't git her quiet. Nobody's nerves was much good nohow. Before long they was all tired and wore out with hearing her and

was anxious to git on home. So folks started kind of slipping off, and by nine o'clock that morning everybody was gone. The way that Flossie Greet carried on just busted up Hendryx's dance.

IV

"Well, about a week later the cold spell was still on. If anything, it had got colder. I was riding past Hendryx's place and Old Man Hendryx come out of the house and hailed me. He says, 'Light and hitch your horse and come on in a while, Luther.'

"I told him, no, that it was late and I'd ort to be gitting on home to he'p my womern with the milkin', but Hendryx says, 'Well, just come in for a minute. I got something I want to ast you.' So I rode up and hitched and went on into Hendryx's place.

"'What was it you wanted to ast me?' I says just as soon as I put my foot in the door, because I didn't want to have the sun go down on me a-horseback and it gitting colder ever minute.

"'Luther,' Old Man Hendryx says to me, 'What am I going to do with that there son of a bitch?'

"'What son of a bitch?' I says.

"'Why, you know, that there Merryweather fellow that got his th'roat cut over here at my dance last week.'

"'Christ on a crutch!' I says, 'Is he still here?'

"'Still here!—how was he going to git away?' Old Man Hendryx says. 'I got him setting up out there in the mule shed, and he's froze stiffer 'n a poker. Now what do you reckon I'd ort to do with him? Monroe Hayes hauled off his brother's corp' that same morning, but they ain't nobody come after this Merryweather. He ain't got no relations in this part of the country, so far as I can find out. He ain't

even got no friends nor acquaintances nor nothing. And I'm aiming to git shed of him.'

"'Well,' I says, 'why don't you just take him out and bury him?'

"'Bury him!' Old Man Hendryx said, 'Bury him in ground froze harder than a marble slab? Talk sense, Luther. You know that a man cain't stick a spade in the ground with it froze like it is now. Anyway, I ain't going to try it. And I sure as hell ain't going to keep him out there in that mule shed until the thaw comes.'

"'No, that's not right,' I says, 'You hadn't ort to keep him out there in the mule shed, Hendryx. That ain't Christian.'

"'I know it ain't,' Hendryx says, 'and I'm bound to git shed of him somehow. I know what I'm *aiming* to do. If somebody don't come and claim him and take him off my hands in the next day or two, I aim to hitch the mules to him and drag him off down in the holler to the big bresh pile and set f'ar to him.'

Old Man Luther Peck knocked the dotle out of his pipe and filled it and smoked without saying anything more. No one else spoke. After a while he looked up and said, "What price you all got on dry salt meat today, Abe?"

"Twelve for the jowls and sixteen for the sidemeat," the storekeeper said. After a moment Abe asked, "Well, what did Hendryx finally do about getting rid of the body, Mr. Peck?"

"Oh, Old Man Hendryx? Why he done just like he said he was going to do. He waited a couple more days, and one morning he sont for me to witness it. I rode over early, though I didn't figure to take no hand in it. But I stood and watched while him and his boys done it, and I seen it burn on the big bresh pile.

"I stayed and et dinner at Hendryx's. Just about the time we was gitting up

from the table, it was about one P.M., here come this Flossie Greet in a buckboard, driving hell for leather.

"She come driving up in Hendryx's yard. She was all dressed in black and she kept dabbing at her eyes, which was watering. She jumped out of the buckboard, and says in a stuffed-up voice, 'Where is he?'"

"'Where is who?' Old Man Hendryx says.

"'Mr. Merryweather's body—my pore sweetheart's dead body,' Flossie Greet says. 'I heered you was holding him and I made haste to come after him. I aim to give him decent burial.'

"Old Man Hendryx kind of squinted at her a minute and says, speaking slow and soft, 'You sort of took your time making up your mind, didn't you, missie?' he says. 'Well, I'll tell you: if you'll go off down in the holler to whur my big bresh pile *was* and poke around in the ashes, you might be able to gether up some of your pore sweetheart's bones. But I'm sceered that the most of your sweetheart's dead body is done gone up in smoke.'

"Flossie, she wouldn't believe Hendryx at first, but when she went down there and seen the ashes at the bresh pile, she come running back just a-faunchin'. Well, sir, I wisht you could of heered the screaming and crying and taking on that Flossie Greet done. You'd 'a' thought she was a wild womern. She cussed Old Man Hendryx for everthing she could lay her tongue to. She wa'n't even polite about his kin folks. She just talked like an old rip. She even claimed that she was going to

have her daddy, the U. S. marshal, put the law on to Hendryx for setting f'ar to her sweetheart's dead body."

Herschel Gunther gasped, and rolled his eyes knowingly. "Well," he said, "I guess then she wasn't as peeved when this here Merryweather first propositioned her as she let on like she was. She must of fell for him hard. If he'd just of played his cards a little different, he could of got over there. I mean she must of loved Merryweather more'n she did that Russell Hayes, making all that fuss about his dead body."

Old Man Peck looked mildly at the youth. "Loved Merryweather? Yeow, Flossie made a big fuss about Merryweather's dead body. Her pappy never had seed Merryweather. So when she seen the picture Greet got in the mail offering \$500 reward for an excaped ex-convict that had been robbing banks and had murdered a Federal man—\$500 for him, dead or alive, no questions asked—she thought she had an inside-track. She seen it was Merryweather's picture, and she dang nigh busted a hame string gitting out there to git holt of the body before Hendryx found out what it was worth. It just about set Flossie crazy when she seen that Old Man Hendryx had done burnt up that \$500 she thought she had cinched."

The old man lapsed into silence. After a few minutes the loafer who had challenged him in the first place perked his head and let his chair down and said peevishly, "Well, I still don't see whur you showed it was any colder that time than it is today."

THE SERVICE WIFE

BY MARION BROWN WATTS

“**W**HAT! Not the Dick Hendersons? Why, they *never* entertain! They will be no help to the station at all!” This is a familiar cry to the Service wife. She hears it and hears it and hears it, with varying names, until she is forced to a realization that entertaining, with all that it implies, is the criterion by which one rises or falls, socially and professionally, in the Service.

And these Dick Hendersons, what is the crime placed at their door? Why the universal regret? Just this: Dick Henderson is to be the new commanding officer at the station, the official and social pace-maker, and his family is a studious, home-loving and home-staying one, *casanier*, as the French say. He is an able, efficient officer, and his wife is an intelligent, competent housewife and mother, *but . . .* these critical wives of the Service, with their officer-husbands, are so absolutely dependent on one another for amusement, that they resent bitterly any failure, present or prospective, to provide it.

The Service is a generic term applied to the members of our fighting forces, the Army, the Navy and the Marines. Its personnel is a microcosm of all America. People are gathered from every walk of life, from every corner of the country. There are sons of officers, sons of merchants of shoes and grain and groceries, there are politicians' sons, lawyers' sons, sons of druggists and country newspaper editors, of farmers, architects, policemen. . . . And

equally, the Service wives are a microcosm of feminine America. They are school-teachers, typists, trained nurses, chorus girls, college girls, society girls; daughters of officers and daughters of shop-keepers; widows and divorcées. Marriage into the Service fuses them all into the same degree of social acceptability, their past shed as completely as by a re-birth. Only what one wants known *is* known.

There is the captain's wife, formerly in the chorus, who now proclaims herself a retired prima-donna, and exercises the greatest care in giving her services to the post's amateur shows lest it damage her standing in the musical world. There is the major's wife, who was taught to add and subtract and speak English correctly by her husband. There is a handsome courtly admiral, the beau-ideal of all the Service, who began life behind his father's shop-counter. And there are former working girls who have been received at Buckingham Palace with their high-ranking husbands. For the Service gives one an unsailable social position, at home and all over the world.

All these dissimilar units of the microcosm, male and female, are jumbled together in the various Service stations, which range from isolated foreign billets of a few families to enormous posts of two hundred. They stretch from Haiti and Panama to China, Nicaragua and the Philippines, as well as East and West, North and South in the United States. Lieutenants, majors,

colonels, typists, admirals, society girls, generals and school-teachers are thrown together, violently and closely, in a common and restricted life, to become standardized to the Service pattern.

With no fixed time for the commencement of the two-year tour of duty, the assortment of people is constantly shifting and changing like an old-time kaleidoscope, wherein the patterns differ but the bits of glass remain always the same. At each new station, everyone must be entertained, and with the ceaseless flow and flux, the task is never finished. So, year in and year out, one rides upon a perpetual merry-go-round, with the same increasingly familiar faces, in an endless whirl of formal calls, of dinners, parties, bridges.

This excessive hospitality is a clinging to outworn codes, a rag of the Service of other days, before the World War doubled and tripled the personnel, taking in hundreds of enlisted heroes. The Service of those old days was a leisurely, exclusive, and very small social structure, with a real prestige and *esprit-de-corps*. Now that the structure has grown unwieldy, no one has the courage or the common sense to tear it down. How quaint seems the memory of the profound social flutterings in that old Service, upon the admission of dentists to the commissioned personnel, as to just *how* a dentist should be received! And the pitying remark about a school-mate, by the daughter of an admiral, who received perhaps \$6,000 a year: "Poor Mary, she can never have any social recognition!"—poor Mary being the daughter of an immensely wealthy merchant whose sunken marble baths were an unheard-of luxury in those distant 1890's.

Yet the same demands exist in the now enormous throng that makes up the Service world. And this social life is practically compulsory. A failure to live up to the pat-

tern accepted as the standard is vaguely wrong, disloyal; it is unfaithfulness to an unspoken code which demands that all put their common effort into making the common life pass pleasantly . . . and hang the expense! There is the solidarity of a fraternal organization about it. No whispered scandal can ruin a woman who continues to do her duty in entertaining the Station. The critical estimate of her is not of morals, of intelligence; it is simply whether "she gives of herself."

II

Once there arrived on a Station a bride whose captain husband was reputed to be her fifth try at matrimony. Half-heartedly whispered about at first, her grand parties in the end disarmed all critics. Another restless wife decided to swap off husbands without the formality of divorce: the experiment proving none too successful, she calmly returned to her Service husband and began giving parties as though nothing had happened . . . and everyone rushed to them. Still more remarkable was the Army wife who divorced her husband while he was on foreign duty, and somehow neglected to tell him of it, or of her marriage to an officer in the Navy. Coming home, the poor man wandered through the corridors of his office trying to find someone who knew how, when, why and if, he had been divorced. But his ex-spouse had become very popular with her home-brew parties, and no one ever offered to help him solve the mystery.

A certain officer's wife, a newcomer to the Station, was duly called upon, but failed to respond to repeated bell-rings. Later, she apologized to her caller: "If I'd 'a knowed it was you, I'd 'a came down and let you in." But her parties were gay, she was a genius with food, and no one ever

refused a bid to her house. Another wife, whose horse, according to her, had no stameenia, they-was'd and he-come'd and made Socrates rhyme with antedates. Her husband was "only a sergeant" before the war made an officer and a gentleman of him, but they were gay and lively, and they entertained their way to the centre of the stage.

But so ferocious are these same Service wives in the defense of such standards as they accept, that all critics and non-conformists are taboo. A charming girl, a *débutante* from a big city, announced her engagement to a naval lieutenant. To some friends she bemoaned leaving her beloved city for the navy yard, where she had heard life was narrow and gossip-ridden. The remark came, in whispered versions, to the ears of the wives at the yard. Did these women, upon her arrival, try to prove to her how mistaken was her estimate? Not in the least. The poor bride simply had a most frigid reception, and she continued to be cold-shouldered until she personally apologized to the admiral's wife. But that was several years ago, and now she is planning to put her young son into the Naval Academy!

Holding one's self aloof would prove a serious detriment to the career of one's husband, for in the Service the social can never be dissociated from the official. A civilian's wife may never see her husband's boss, but in the Service they live in each other's pockets day in and day out. This intensely personal, completely unreserved daily contact puts a premium on the use of personal charm for business purposes. To the gregarious and popular go the spoils of war.

There is an example of this in the wife of a now high-ranking officer—an officer whom universal Service opinion declares to be a competent, but rather slow-think-

ing man, in no way above average. But long ago his wife began making influential contacts for him among rank and power, and now he is "made". The other side of the picture shows an equally able and perhaps brainier man, married to a young and frivolous wife. Departing with him for the notoriously gay China station, she remarked openly that her ambition was to make the paint used by other wives in painting China red, look a pale pink. And she did. She flirted with British and French and German, but she neglected the Service routine—and her husband is now on the retired list ten years before the retiring age. . . .

The judicious vamping of senior officers, say at a dinner or a dance, is a favorite method of obtaining preference for one's husband. There was a busy vamp of this type, who boosted her unpopular and rather incompetent husband over the heads of competent men, into a major's rank in one of the foreign constabularies. And there is a wistful, baby-eyed captain's wife who wept him out of an undesirable billet into the crack station at the capital. Thus a premium is put upon currying favor, kowtowing to rank. A friendship with Mme. the General or Mme. the Admiral may spell a desirable station as successfully as a flirtation with the general or the admiral himself.

Even worse is the manner in which the Service lends itself to matriarchy. The welfare of the family unit is often given consideration over efficiency and economy. In the hills of Haiti there was an isolated station with the most primitive accommodations, in charge of a lieutenant. It was at last improved by decent housing, with toilet facilities, electricity, and even a frigidaire. When the lieutenant was about to settle back, with his long-suffering wife, to enjoy these things, a captain heard of them.

He rushed to a friend at headquarters with a sad tale of his wife's costly operation and a huge bill to be met for it. At once he was ordered to replace the lieutenant—not in the interest of efficiency or economy, but simply because he was in debt and would there be enabled to save, since there would be no entertaining to use up his funds! The change sent a man at \$400 a month to do the same work done before by one at \$250. This station came to be known as the Savings Bank of the Marines.

One of the first things a woman learns in the Service is this maxim: There is no rank among women. But it is best for the newcomer not to chart her course on a too literal observance of it. For example, there was the case of the commanding officer of a large station, who, dazzled by the titian beauty of a visitor to the station, promptly married her and installed her as the First Lady. A young and lovely small-town girl, she was totally inexperienced socially. The Service was quite new to her, and alas, she speedily acquired a very large sense of her importance. The ordinarily peaceful station became a first-class mad-house, given over to revenging fancied slights. At her behest, her husband summoned a dignified commander's wife to a Star Chamber session to explain whether or not she had said the First Lady henna-ed her hair.

On another occasion she became involved in a dispute with the wife of a visiting captain. Getting the worst of the encounter, she had her husband issue an order forbidding to the offending woman the use of the government tugboat which carried officers' families to an hour-distant city for shopping, theatres or like errands. The outlawed enemy, a person of courage, was timorous enough to disregard the ukase, and next day came blithely aboard. At the sight of her, the blonde bride rushed to

the dock and tearfully and noisily telephoned her husband, who ordered the trip cancelled, leaving a dozen indignant women sitting in the moveless boat. The commanding officer is God to the rest of the Station, and it is a serious and punishable offense to criticize him in any way. So nothing was said—publicly—about the incident.

III

These tales may sound ill-natured and sour, but those in civil life can scarcely imagine the narrow physical limitations of Service life. Morning, afternoon, evening, one is never free to read uninterruptedly, to make a cake or a garden or a dress. One or two or three of the dozens of idle women are always calling up for a game of bridge or a chat—about those, of course, who are not there. With all the houses grouped together in one reservation, one's goings-out and comings-in are a matter of common knowledge. The telephone operator, an enlisted man, knows all the families on the station, and your call for Mrs. Blank will bring the response: "Why, she's not home; she's at Mrs. Jones's playing bridge. . . . Shall I call her there?" If a supper-party becomes so gay that some pious neighbor suspects that the Demon Rum is among the guests, there are cases where he has listened in, and threatened reporting the breach to the commanding officer.

Long before Prohibition came to the land it came to the Service. No liquor on ships, no liquor served on government reservations. The isolated, harried Service breaks the law as cheerfully as the rest of the world. There is sometimes too much drinking at Service parties, but it is a natural part of the mad effort to manufacture gayety in people among whom the sole bond is propinquity.

There was a gay and lovely Service wife who consumed cocktails too enthusiastically at one of these compulsory parties. She developed an alcoholic admiration for the commanding officer's wife, and following her about all the evening, in spite of the efforts of her friends to keep them apart, mumbling thick and incoherent confidences into her ear. Next day she tremblingly apologized. The commanding officer's wife, a gray-haired woman of sixty, had been in the Service thirty years, and she accepted the apology as calmly as though a mistake at the bridge table were its subject.

There is something immature and faintly collegiate about Service life. A party means a glorious borrowing of chairs and china, tables and tea-cloths. One wife, asked if she were going to Mrs. Smith's party, replied: "No . . . but my chairs are!" They cling to clichés, they copy one another's linens, interior decorating, clothes. One dress will run through a station like the measles. They try to outdo each other's food and drinks and dress, moaning the while over the low Service pay. The recommendation for a cook is: "She's splendid! You know—the kind that goes right ahead and gets the meals when you forget to order them."

When husbands receive orders for the Asiatic Station their wives "chase the ship", passage paid. They travel in swarms, teaming up to do China from Hong Kong to Peiping. The interminable transport voyages are passed in squabbles over the fine points of precedence, for rank apportionments state-rooms, bath hours, seats at table; in plans for purchases (an important part of every excursion into foreign lands) to grace future entertaining. They return loaded to the guards with linens, laces, rugs, jades, silks. But of the history, the arts, the politics of the countries they have

visited, they commonly bring home next to nothing.

In Haiti, where Americans are cordially hated, some of the Service wives enter uninvited into the households of total strangers in their quest of old French furniture, yet in all their tour of duty they will not acquire one friend among the French or Haitian families, nor learn to speak their language. In fact they will enquire condescendingly, "Why on earth do you want to study French?", and hurry off to their \$1.25 an hour contract lessons, whereas fifty-cent French lessons might open to them the minds and hearts of the people in whose land Americans are such unwelcome intruders.

At home the majority of Stations are far from theatres, concerts, shops, libraries. Yet these women, "cribb'd, cabin'd and confin'd" within a military reservation, practically never go in for charities, for reading, for study or literary clubs, as the educated civilian similarly situated would do. Instead, they turn all their energies to entertaining. Give them a library, and you may hear some of these wives ask, "Have I read this book?" The librarian, also a Service wife, seriously consults her records, and as seriously replies, "Yes, you read it in May. . . ." The government offers them correspondence courses in everything from Spanish to automotive engineering, but they seldom take time from their gayety for even the simplest of them.

But there is not a Service wife worthy of the name who cannot play contract and poker, drive her car expertly, and dance tirelessly, and who will not arise from bed to do any of them. A newcomer may arrive on a Station, fresh from a trip abroad, or a stimulating Winter in New York, longing to talk of Briand or Toscanini, the opera or Paul Morand, but she soon enough finds out that the topics of chief interest

are the latest orders, one's neighbor's grocery bills or his morals, and the price of his car and his servants. Books and music and politics are not in the Service routine. For the Service constitutes a caste apart, not only knowing no civilians but actively avoiding them as uninteresting, even slightly inferior. Gradually even the most intellectual are engulfed beneath the flood of petty gossip, of facile friendships, of fribbling pleasures. . . .

There can be no roots to such a life. Constantly planted and transplanted friendships, like any other growths, do not mature into very hardy plants. If an officer dies his widow is showered with telegrams and sympathy, but soon, just somehow, she drops out of the Service circle completely.

The officer's living is assured from the moment he receives his commission to the moment he is laid away in Arlington. During his active service, court-martial and ill-health are his only bugaboos. Only an infinitesimal proportion of courts-martial end in dismissal; to be retired with three-quarters pay is also the reward for chronic ill-health. At sixty-four, well or ill, he is "retired from active duty", with the same three-quarters pay. Thus never a shadow of depression or unemployment darkens Service lives. The average Service family is notoriously improvident. They dabble light-heartedly in Wall Street, but of life insurance or savings they reckon little. A certain engineer officer's family caused real and serious wonderment, and a mild disapproval, for apportioning a stated sum of his pay each month to a building and loan association. Comment ran that they would do better to do more entertaining and less saving!

The pay of the officer in the Service is not in the class with that of Mr. Schwab's bonused executives, but compensations

exist in perquisites: a house with light and heat or the money equivalent, free transportation for the officer and his family on a change of station, with transportation of their household goods—and the packing thereof, free medical attention, and low-cost commissaries and canteens where anything from a silver tea-service or a radio to a pair of pajamas or a pork chop may be bought. There are carpenters to do odd-jobs, horses to ride, launches for picnics, automobiles with soldier chauffeurs, ostensibly for official use, but in reality for family use, and many similar savings. Yet the Service family always believes itself underpaid and overworked.

IV

In "The Art of Thinking", the Abbé Dimnet says: "One must be a little apart if one wants to think". This, perhaps, explains the impossibility of success in the Service to those who, maturing mentally, rebel against the deadly routine of pleasure plus boot-licking. When faced with the mentality of a traveled woman of fifty, who complains with real acrimony that certain families receiving extra pay are not accordingly doing extra entertaining, one feels distinctly discouraged.

You may protest: They cannot all be like this! No, for there does exist the Service woman who likes moderation in all things, whose ambition is books, a dog, a garden, music, a few good friends. But such women are few and they achieve their desire with difficulty and with hurtful misunderstanding. There are a few musicians who somehow manage to keep up their music, a few book-lovers who squeeze in their reading, a few mothers who struggle with mail-order educations for their children, but it takes independence and courage to be one of them, and though they do such things

without neglecting the sacred rites of entertaining, this small and harried minority invariably wins the derisive title of high-brow.

But this dreadful woman who seems to feel herself so superior, you are saying to yourself, what of her? She must confess at once that she is the victim of a profound regret for lost opportunities, gone irretrievably with the dead years. Of Shanghai during the rebellion which spilled the God-Emperor from his centuries-old throne, what are her memories? A great deal of Chinese shouting, the noise of fire-crackers from the native quarter, leaving the bridge table to gaze over the light-spangled hillside, wondering idly what all the excitement was about, returning with a yawn to bid two spades, and then, next morning, seeing the Chinese "boys" arrive raggedly shorn of their swinging queues. While an ancient nation fell apart life went on as usual, with bridge, teas and dances.

Of Honolulu, a fresh unspoiled Honolulu, when there were but six automobiles in the entire island and those brought by the newly-arrived Army, the most vivid memory is of the ball-room at the old Alexander Young Hotel, and the interminable rows of pineapple plants on the road to Fort Schofield. Of Manila it is of the dark little shop where Maxima de Narboneta turned out her perfect embroideries; of Managua, the heat and the gritty, ceaseless wind; of Haiti, the two-dollar-a-bottle champagne. . . . And always "the interesting bridge given by Major and Mrs. Boring," the "charming dance given by Admiral Foggy aboard the USS. *Goodtime*"—neither in any way different from a thousand dances and bridges before and after. . . . Yet had one sought more, one would have been branded "queer", and

gnawed by the vulture of doubt, revolved the question: "Can they be right . . . and I, alone amongst them, wrong?"

One must realize the seriousness of the game—must, in fact, realize sadly that it is more than a game; it is a vocation, a career. . . . Though one's brains atrophy, one's horizon narrow, though one loses privacy, individuality, there is always this reward: there is a perpetual safeguard to one's freedom in manners and morals, for though one's path be strewn with "ain'ts" and "we wases", though one flirt too destructively and consume "hard likker" too recklessly, liberal entertaining will compensate. There is, too, a perpetual safeguard in the manufacture of distinguished careers for husbands, in the securing of "desirable duty" and extra-pay jobs in missions and foreign constabularies, or whatever duty appeals to one's individual desires for economy or gayety or foreign travel; a perpetual safeguard in positions for wives which are Roman in their power and authority, and increase in these qualities as the passing years inevitably bring increased rank to husbands; a perpetual safeguard to the continuance of a peculiarly assured and sheltered life, with its unfailing pay-check, its perquisites, its impregnable social standing, its never-failing gayety.

Like that famous bed of Procrustes, this one demands that all who would rest well be stretched or lopped off to fit its measurements. It is a bed whose protective sheets are woven of parties and yet more parties, whose blankets are warm with power and assurance, and over which is spread a coverlet embroidered regally with the gold lace of rank . . . kept bright and shining by the constant effort of "entertaining" Service wives.

DEATH FROM THE SKY

BY ARLINGTON B. CONWAY

Behold, evil shall go forth from nation to nation, and a great whirlwind shall be raised up from the coasts of the earth.

And the slain . . . shall be at that day from one end of the earth even unto the other end of the earth.

—*Jeremiah, xxvi, 32, 33.*

The next war will be worse than ever. . . . There will be air raids, with poison gases, which will simply devastate whole towns and countrysides.

—*J. Ramsay MacDonald.*

Should another great war come . . . poisonous gases would be spread over whole populations and huge bombs dropped from the air would wipe out in an hour the industry and achievement of generations.

—*Nicholas Murray Butler.*

WHILE the latter-day prophets here quoted do not approach Jeremiah in style, they rival him in gloom. Theirs and the similar outcries which appear regularly in the newspapers seem to be inspired by the ghastly tales which air-men whisper to politicians in secret conclaves. The flyers, seeking larger appropriations, have taken to playing the politician's game, *i.e.*, conjuring up a terrible bogey, and then representing themselves as the only sorcerers capable of exorcising it.

On the whole, this propaganda is effective: the air terror myth is rapidly penetrating the mass consciousness, and American editorial writers discover once every six months that "the next war will be decided in the air, and within twenty-four hours, to the accompaniment of untold slaughter and destruction."

It is the purpose of this article to examine this doctrine in the light of a little information, the sources of which are open to all, and a little arithmetic. I shall try to calculate what a present-day air force could really accomplish, assuming it was given orders to attack the enemy's great cities with all possible violence, on the theory that the havoc caused would force him to sue for peace. Although the material effects of such action are approximately calculable, it is not so easy, of course, to predict the moral effects. Even generals planning battles can only guess at the reaction of their soldiers to the uproar and bloodshed. Guessing about the morale of civilians under fire is more hazardous still.

Nevertheless, history will give us some idea of what may be expected, though air warfare has not a long enough history to enable us to lay down any general laws concerning the behavior of a bombed populace. Let us begin by considering what happened in the most recent Great War.

From the point of view of the groundling targets, the record of the German air raids on Great Britain gives the most complete information. Beginning in 1915 with Zeppelins, and continuing until late in 1918 with giant airplanes, the Germans made earnest efforts to demonstrate to John Bull that his island inviolability was a thing of the past. In this moral objective they succeeded pretty well, as is proved by the present British defence policy. But the material effect was far less impressive.

About 9000 bombs of a total weight of 280 tons were dropped on various parts of Great Britain, in something over 100 raids. As a result of this bombardment 1413 persons were killed and 3408 injured. Almost exactly the same number of persons were killed in traffic accidents in New York City in 1928 alone. The slaughter was thus not insupportable, but undoubtedly it caused terror out of all proportion to the actual danger. This was due to the very helpless feeling that one has under air bombardment. One goes down into a cellar or a trench, and there one is safe unless a bomb falls directly into the refuge—but there is no telling where the bombs are going to fall. They strike at random, as the plagues of Jehovah did before the days of sanitation.

So the civil population of England, and of London particularly, was driven underground, and lost its sleep, and had its nerves jangled generally. On a record night 300,000 accommodated themselves in the tubes. These refugees, at the time, were reported to be nearly all foreigners, who notoriously do not possess the Anglo-Saxon's indifference to danger. For one or more days following the raids, workmen were upset, and production in war industries fell off up to 50%.

Several different methods of attack were tried—first with the early Zeppelins, then with the improved high-flying airships, then with Gotha airplanes by day, and lastly with Gotha and Riesen airplanes by night. In each case, after a period of comparatively successful attacks, defensive methods were adopted which eventually caused the abandonment of the campaign.

In 1915 the French began bombing German towns, in reprisal for some outrage or other. For a while their *avions* flew over the Rhineland and laid their eggs pretty much as they liked, but after a month or

so the Germans organized a defence of anti-aircraft artillery and pursuit airplanes. The French attackers lost heavily on several occasions, and finding the game not worth the candle, left the German towns in peace for nearly two years.

In the last year of the war, the British formed what was called the Independent Air Force, which was stationed at aerodromes near Nancy for the purpose of attacking munition factories and railway centres in Lorraine and the Sarre. The nine bombing squadrons of the force, from the end of June 1918 until the Armistice, made 301 raids, and dropped 1,073,671 pounds of bombs, a large proportion of which was unloaded on German Army and Air Service establishments in the fighting zone.

After the war was won, a commission was set up to visit the towns in Germany which had been subjected to this sustained frightfulness, and which, according to the sincere belief of the airmen, had been pretty well reduced to smoking ruins. The findings of this commission have not been broadcast by the air power enthusiasts. The evidence was that the material damage and casualties were, considering the effort expended, quite negligible. For instance, the Badische Anilin und Soda Fabrik near Mannheim was bombed on 26 occasions, about 34 tons of bombs being dropped. The manager stated that the material damage done was small, the majority of bombs having burst between buildings. On the other hand, directors and workmen alike were exceedingly frightened, the nerves of some of them, so it was said, being ruined for life.

Throughout the districts attacked, the tale was pretty much the same. When there was an alarm—and there were many false ones—everyone who could do so dived into a cellar. The mayors reported that the most unpleasant consequence of the raids was

the uproar raised by those whose property had been damaged, and who wanted the government to recompense them for it.

There was, of course, a mighty howl for protection, which the High Command had to attend to, with the result that about 240 airplanes (twice the average strength of the attacking force) were disposed to defend the homeland. The German air services at the front could ill afford to make this detachment. Similarly, the 50 German aircraft threatening London caused 270 British machines to be detailed for home defence.

II

But the Great War is now thirteen years behind us. Aviation was then only in its infancy, and for the future propagandists threaten us with terrors a hundredfold greater than any it saw. It is hinted that aircraft are ever so much more powerful now, and that new and more dreadful explosives and gases have been or will be invented. What truth is there in this?

In 1918, in the Western theatre, the French had 3600 airplanes in front line formations, the Germans had 2500, the British about the same number, and the Americans about 800. The British had some 22,000 airplanes in stock, but, it is important to remember, having a manufactured airplane is a far cry from having it as part of an effective fighting organization.

What are the numbers of airplanes in the first line formations of the air forces of the nations now? It is not very easy to find this out. All members of the League of Nations, and the United States as well, make yearly returns which are incorporated in the Armaments Year Book, but this information is given in such an obscure manner that it is impossible to dis-

cover the actual numbers of aircraft, which is the only common factor for comparison. The number of units is given, however, also their average strength, and from this it is possible to determine limits within which the actual strength may vary. It is fairly safe to assume that the nations represent their armaments on the low side, whenever they can, as a tribute to the ideal of disarmament, towards which this collection of information is a preliminary step.

On the other hand, statements for propaganda purposes are often made which credit foreign nations with more aircraft than they really have, or misleading comparisons are made. For instance, it was lately stated in the British House of Commons that in 1930 the leading nations' strength in first line aircraft was: France, 1910, Italy, 1100, the United States of America, 950, and Great Britain, 780. But in these totals Great Britain's naval air arm has been left out, and the naval aviation of other countries apparently has been added in.

For purposes of calculation later on, I shall assume that the number of airplanes possessed by the strongest air power today, which is certainly France, is 1700, exclusive of naval aviation.

Whatever the exact strengths of air forces now are, they approximate half of those of 1918. As the world was not bombed loose from its foundations then, why should we fear that the present-day air forces will ever be able to accomplish such enormous destruction? Because of the improvement of the airplane, say the air power boosters.

But a careful study of the comparative performance of airplanes of 1918 and those of today will reveal that there is little in this claim. In 1918 a good day bomber, such as the British-American D.H.9a

could carry about 400 lbs. of bombs to an objective 200 miles distant, unload them and return to its base. The best present-day machines of this class are about half as fast again, and have perhaps one and a half times the D.H.9a's radius of action. Day bombers must fly high and fast, to avoid anti-aircraft fire. They attack in formations of six machines and upward, for mutual protection against the faster and more manœuvrable single-seater fighters, to which they would otherwise fall easy victims.

Night bombers are much bigger and slower birds. They usually have a crew of three or more, and several engines. Darkness is their protection, and their usual tactics are to attack singly, from various directions and at various times, and so bewilder the defence and keep the nerves of the bombees in continual tension. Night bombers are now built which can carry a ton of bombs to an objective 300 miles away and return. The German Riesen planes in 1917-18 discharged about the same weight of bombs, though their radius of action was considerably less.

Single-seater fighters have about the same margin of superiority over bombers that they had in 1918. They can climb much faster, manœuvre quicker, and have 20 to 30 miles an hour greater speed.

III

To gain an idea of what present-day air power could effect, let us consider a war situation, imaginary as to belligerents, but actual as to geography and types and numbers of aircraft.

Let us suppose that instead of peaceful Canada, with her ten war planes, the United States had for a neighbour Northland, a nation whose population, armament and warlike traditions were similar to

those of France. Let us suppose that this Northern neighbour entertained toward the Americans the same sentiments that France entertains towards Germany. In such circumstances, the United States would of course increase its army and air forces to equality with Northland's. Then we will imagine that an American coast-guard boat shoots up an honest Northern rum-runner outside territorial waters, and war is declared.

Northland has some 1700 airplanes, and her rulers are convinced that by striking prodigious blows by air at the great centres of population of the United States, the Americans can be brought to terms. New York is the most shining mark, although more distant from Northland air bases than is desirable. However, it can be reached, and it is decided to reduce it to ruins first. Chicago, Philadelphia and so on will receive attention later.

Half an hour after the Northland ambassador has handed in the declaration of war, the air raiders are crossing the border. Of the total of 1700 Northland aircraft, 470 are single-seater fighters, 230 are day bombers, 140 are night bombers, and 860 are classified as observation and reconnaissance machines. However, the performance of the last category is little inferior to that of the day bombers, and despite the violent protests of the Northland army, 300 of them have been withdrawn from their normal task of coöperating with the ground troops and have been attached to the air force that is to attack New York. This force thus consists of 140 night bombers, and 530 day bombers.

Although the Northern attack is immediate, it does not find the Americans entirely unprepared. The need for providing an effective anti-aircraft defence has been recognized, but as it was not thought that Northland's whole effort would be

concentrated on New York, the guns and searchlights are scattered throughout several States, and the defences around the mouths of the Hudson are inadequate. When American Air Headquarters learns that enemy raiders are in the air, fighting squadrons are sent up, but intelligence collection and communications are faulty, and most of the American aircraft see nothing of the enemy. A few encounters take place, in which both sides lose machines.

The result of the first day and night's operations is that 80% of the attacking Northland aircraft drop their bombs on New York, the remaining 20% failing to reach the objective because of engine trouble, faulty navigation, and the action of the defence. (The figure of 80% is probably too favorable to Northland: it is certainly much over the average of raids in the Great War. However, aircraft has improved considerably in reliability since then, more is known about air navigation, and at the outbreak of war aircraft and engines should be in first-class condition, and airmen well-trained.)

Eighty per cent of the total raiding force gives 112 night bombers and 424 day bombers. Let us assume that they all carry 100-pound bombs. The night bombers will drop 20 each, or 2240 in all, and the day bombers will drop 4 each, or 1696 in all, a grand total of 3936 hundred-pound bombs dropped in the day and night. Let us try to estimate what effect they would produce.

We will suppose that the frightfulness is concentrated on Manhattan and the Bronx. The total area of these boroughs is 41,474 acres. Parks, streets and railways make up just over 40% of this area. The probability, then, is that of each 100 bombs discharged from the planes, 30 will fall in an open space too far from buildings to do any structural damage, except by flying

splinters. This will reduce the effective number of bombs to 70% of 3936, which is 2755.

An air bomb contains roughly one third of its total weight in explosive. This proportion is somewhat exceeded in the bigger ones, and is lower in the smaller sizes, such as the 100-pounder. However, we will say that there are 33 pounds of high explosive in the hundred-pound bomb.

From well-known formulæ used in calculating demolition charges in military engineering, one finds that a charge of 33 pounds of high explosive would make a crater 15 feet in diameter in average soil, or, if placed inside it, would destroy a one-story building of rather poor construction, 18 feet square. Let us exaggerate these effects somewhat, and assume that each effective bomb will demolish whatever stands on an area 30 feet by 30 feet—900 square feet, which equals .0206 of an acre. Our total of 2755 effective bombs will then destroy what stands on 56.8 acres.

Now, we have calculated that of the total area of Manhattan and the Bronx some 24,884 acres are vulnerable, that is, are covered with or closely contiguous to houses. Thus the result of the first day and night's raids is that 56.8 acres out of 24,884, that is, about .23% (less than one quarter of one percent) of the city, has been destroyed. Beside the total destruction of this proportion of the city's buildings, there would be, of course, a great deal of such damage as window breakage, scarring of buildings by bomb splinters, and possibly breakage of water, gas and electric mains.

To estimate casualties is more difficult. One bomb has been known to kill two hundred and injure a hundred more. Most of them kill nobody. Let us base our calculations on the effects in London in the Great War. About 50 tons of bombs were dropped, so far as I can discover from the

records, and they killed 670 and injured 1962. The density of population in the county of London is 60.7 persons to an acre, while in the five principal boroughs of New York it is but 28.5 persons to an acre. Applying a correction for the difference, it is found that a ton of bombs dropped in New York would probably kill 6.3 persons and injure 18.1.

The total weight of bombs dropped is 393,600 lbs., or 197 tons. Therefore the casualties would be about 1240 killed, and 3560 injured. The disgust which anyone must feel in thinking of such a slaughter of defenceless people should not blind us to the fact that casualties on that scale are insignificant when compared with those of modern battles, and would have much less direct effect on a nation's power to wage war than the same casualties in fighting men.

History has told us that the moral effects will be out of all proportion to the material. What the reaction of the New York populace to an attack such as I have sketched would be, I leave to some more skilled mass psychologist or bolder guesser than myself to elucidate. I hazard the opinion that there would be a great exodus, perhaps amounting to most of the better-off 30% of the inhabitants, that the cellars and subways would be extremely crowded, and that everyone would be very frightened. I also venture to predict that there would be little response to the inevitable Northland propaganda leaflets setting forth that the visitation was due to the wickedness of the government of the United States, and that the American people could have peace by deposing the President and accepting Fourteen Points. Instead, the people and their representatives would yell for more airplanes, guns and searchlights to protect them, and for the retaliatory bombing of Northland cities.

IV

But this is only one raid. What is to prevent the raids being repeated until New York actually is entirely destroyed, even if it requires four or five hundred visits?

There is, first of all, the action of the defense, which I will describe presently. But even without this, aircraft cannot raid every day. Rain, snow, and, above all, mist and fog call a halt to their operations, particularly at night. Navigating to an objective three hundred miles distant in hostile country and returning is an extremely difficult undertaking, and only highly trained pilots under good conditions could succeed. In France in 1918 there were on the average only nine nights a month suitable for flying, and day operations were frequently stopped for considerable periods. Weather conditions on this continent are more stable, but it is unlikely that long distance raids could be carried out on more than fifteen days in the month.

While personnel, aircraft and engines would be at the top of their efficiency at the beginning of the war, it would not be long before casualties would play havoc with the organization. Air leaders have often estimated that 50% of casualties, or over, are to be expected in the first month of an air war. If a bombing squadron gets caught by superior numbers of pursuit aircraft, and is attacked with determination, it may lose three-quarters of its strength, or more. That squadron will probably be unfit for any serious operations for a month at least.

The German airplane campaign against London lasted roughly from May 25, 1917, until March 8, 1918, and in these 286 days there were 28 raids which reached England, and 16 which reached London. The meagre results attained, and the eventual abandonment of the operations were due to

the defence that was developed. Of course, in the war which we are contemplating, the attacking force would be very much greater than the fifty odd Gothas which composed *Bogohl*, but, on the other hand, New York is in a much more defensible position than London. Let us consider the organization of defence against bombing aircraft.

The first necessity, as in all military operations, is information. A zone of observing posts, equipped with electrical listening apparatus for night, would be placed on an arc of about 150 miles radius from New York. Supplementary observation posts would be placed nearer to New York, and all would be in communication with Air Defence Headquarters. The sector enclosed by the arc would be the Air Defence Zone. When an enemy bombing formation or single aircraft entered the zone, reports would flash into headquarters, and its movements would thenceforward be kept track of on a plotting board. Orders would be issued immediately to the interceptor fighters to take the air. They would probably get to the height of day bombing aircraft in less than half an hour, during which time the enemy would approach to within 60 to 75 miles of his objective.

In the Great War the defending fighters could only patrol the skies, and had to find their enemies by their own observation, helped sometimes by indications of searchlights and anti-aircraft fire. While it is easy to see an airplane against the sky from the ground, aircraft in flight will often not notice each other even when quite close together. The most important change in air fighting conditions since 1918 is that now aircraft can receive orders from the ground by radio. The Air Defence commander in his headquarters knows from his observers where the enemy are, and

can direct his fighters to them. Radio communication to airplanes is not fully efficient yet, but it is being improved, and would be perfected rapidly under the stimulus of war. By this method of control the defence has gained enormously in power, and raiding aircraft will find themselves overwhelmed by a concentration of fighters more often than not. In 1918 they were seriously attacked only when their luck was out.

Fighting aircraft will be the most effective means of defence, but there is also anti-aircraft artillery. This branch of the gunner's art had its beginning in 1914, and developed throughout the war, though more slowly than aircraft did. The anti-aircraft gunners' apparent inability to hit anything was a standing joke with the troops, but statistics show that they were getting better all the time. Since the war very great improvements have been made in instruments for the control of their fire. Some archie enthusiasts have exaggerated their powers, claiming that they will get one hit in a hundred shots. This seems most improbable, but it is safe to say that anti-aircraft guns will be much more feared by the airmen in future than they were in the World War. If an airplane keeps on a straight course and at a fixed height for more than a minute at a time, very good shooting may be made. Aircraft will hence be forced to change course and height often. This will make it difficult for bombers to remain in formation, and if they get in disorder they are less able to resist attack by single-seater fighters. The accuracy of their bombing will deteriorate greatly also. However, to bomb a city no very exact aim is needed.

Defence against night raiders is more difficult. The enemy plane is invisible, hence it must first be located by the sound of its motors. Though this is not easy, gen-

eral indications are obtainable, and from these searchlights can be directed into the probable sky areas. Searchlights are disposed in zones concentric to the place to be defended, so that the raiders must pass through them in attacking. There are lighted zones where the defending fighters operate, and others where the archies fire: this is necessary so that defending planes will not be shelled by their own guns.

Possibly two attacking planes out of three will escape the searchlight beams, but the one that is picked up becomes a target for anti-aircraft fire, and can be seen by the patrolling fighters, who can machine-gun the dazzled raider with little fear of reply. It greatly heartens the earth-worms to see a raider caught in the ray, hear the exultant drone of a fighter swooping upon him, see the deadly sparks of the tracers flying out of the darkness, watch the first flame break out on the stricken craft, and applaud its final roaring descent to earth, blazing like Lucifer and a slice of Hell.

V

To return to our imaginary war situation: once Northland bombers had laid their eggs, they would have three hundred miles of enemy territory to traverse on the return journey. In daylight they could be attacked anywhere along this route, and would have to fight in unfavorable circumstances, in that if any of their aircraft should be disabled and forced to land, they would be a total loss, whereas disabled American aircraft, if they could land without crashing, might fight another day.

A proper air defence of New York would take some time to organize, but it would not be long before Northland raiders would have to discount a loss of from 5 to 10% of their strength on each raid. In this connection the conclusions drawn

from the last British air manoeuvres are interesting. One hundred and twelve bombers attacked London. The umpires estimated that about 55 tons of bombs would have been dropped in three days and nights, but in achieving this result, 84 machines out of the 112 would have been destroyed or put out of action. Great attention has, of course, been devoted to the perfection of the air defence of London, which is by situation the most vulnerable target in the world.

So far I have only discussed what may be described as the passive defence. Counter-attack on enemy air establishments would also be put in hand. To reach New York conveniently, Northland's raiders must have their airdromes close to the border, where they could easily be attacked by the American air forces.

It was only toward the end of the Great War that effective operations by aircraft on the airdromes were carried out. The tactics were for one or two day-bombing squadrons to attack from a medium height, from which they could make good practice. Then a squadron of fighters would fly in very low, bombing and machine-gunning. One or two squadrons of fighters would meanwhile patrol high overhead, to protect those attacking the airdrome from interference from enemy machines that happened to be up. Neumann, in "The German Air Force in the Great War," speaks of this kind of operation with great respect, and mentions one case where three formations of fighting machines were completely destroyed.

A counter-offensive of this nature by the American air force would be very effective. Although it is impossible to make numerical predictions, it seems perfectly obvious that if Northland persisted in her effort to destroy New York by bombing, she would soon be placed in a position of definite in-

feriority in the air. The American counter-offensive would extend back of the air-dromes to aircraft repair and supply parks, lines of communication, and finally to aircraft and engine factories. Unless such operations were offset by a Northland offensive against similar American establishments, the power of the Northland air force must decline relatively to the American.

What would be the effect of continued raiding on New York? It is plain that in the face of such a defence as I have described, a progressive diminution of the effect must take place. Let us assume that the Northland effort will be equivalent to a raid every three days with her total available bombing force. I think it will be favouring the raider's chances to estimate that each raid, on the average, will be five percent less effective than the preceding one. Summing up the effects of a series of raids over two months, we find that the total effect would be about 12.8 times the effect of the first raid, in which .23% of New York's buildings were destroyed, 1240 were killed and 3560 injured. The total effect may be estimated as 2.94% of New York destroyed, 15,900 killed, and 45,600 injured. Such losses would plainly be insufficient to bring about the nation's surrender.

What would be the result if, instead of concentrating on New York, and so allowing the Americans to perfect their defences of that city, Northland adopted the policy of raiding several different important cities in such a way that it could never be predicted where the next blow would fall? Obviously, the task of the defenders would be made much more difficult, and the total effect obtained by Northland would be considerably in excess of the figures I have given. Conversely, the effect in any one locality would be much less, and in sum

the punishment would certainly not be enough to make the eagle scream for peace.

Let us now consider what the result would be if a proportion of the bombs were filled with noxious gas instead of high explosive. The wiping out of whole populations by lethal vapors is a favorite vision of those who think peace may be ensured if people are sufficiently frightened. Unfortunately, no expert in the use of toxic gases can be found to support their hair-raising speculations. J. B. S. Haldane has treated the subject in his "Callinicus". He points out that the Germans put about 450,000 lbs. of gas into the Cambrai salient, and caused 4500 casualties, 50 of whom died. He estimates that the same amount of gas would have caused ten times the number of casualties if dropped on London, whose area is about the same as that gassed. This assumes that the population would have gas masks, and works out at ten pounds of gas to every casualty.

I estimated above that the Northland air force could discharge 4000 bombs in one day and night. If these bombs each had 30 pounds of liquid gas, a total of 120,000 pounds would be dropped, and on the above basis would cause 12,000 casualties, of whom perhaps 120 might die.

Haldane comes to the conclusion that gas, provided the civil population had respirators, would be much less effective as a terrorizing agent than high explosives, which I think is true. Still, a nation deliberately resorting to air frightfulness would probably mix gas bombs with the H.E., hence all town-dwellers in the next war will be well advised to provide themselves with a good pattern of respirator before hostilities commence. The Russians are already putting this precaution into practice.

Haldane furthermore states that it is highly improbable that any substance for chemical warfare will be discovered whose

noxious effects will greatly exceed those in use in 1918. It is also true that high explosives of greater power are an extremely remote possibility. So far as I am aware, no chemist of reputation has ever rebutted this testimony.

VI

I think that the above calculations as to the effect which air power could produce, if directed against the civil population, will convince most reasonable people that the fabric of the civilized world is not going to be disrupted from this cause. In fact, such operations would be, militarily speaking, ineffective, and hence air power in the next war will be directed towards some other object. The reader can be sure that similar calculations have been made by the staffs of all nations whom air warfare on a large scale might possibly concern, and that the ultimate futility of a policy of air terrorism has been perceived.

This does not mean that no bombs will be dropped on cities. The committee of jurists which drew up rules for air warfare at the Hague in 1923 classified munition factories and "lines of communication" as legitimate targets for bombing. What city in an industrial country would not contain such targets? If the bomb aimed at a railroad station or an airplane factory hits an orphan asylum or a church, it will be just too bad. Air commanders will be quite aware that a few raids into populous areas will cause dispersion of the enemy air force, in response to cries for protection, and so will incorporate some such operations into their strategy.

But in the last analysis, air warfare will evolve in line with warfare on land and on sea, that is, the airmen will find their primary task in defeating and rendering powerless the enemy air force. They may

start operations with the notion that while they bomb the enemy's civil population, the enemy air force will bomb *their* civilians, with victory going to the nation whose civilians turn out to be most durable, but the war will not be in progress a week before this policy will be reversed by order of the government, and by popular outcry. A bombed populace which perceives that its air force has not taken direct protective measures will not be consoled by the fact that the enemy people are getting it just as badly. They will probably express their opinion of the air strategy by lynching any of their own airmen they can lay hands on.

Will disarmament give security against the air terror? Not while there are civil airplanes in existence, for any large transport plane could be rapidly turned into a bomber of a sort, and there would be no specialized air fighters to render the bomber's tasks difficult. Moreover, these converted civil planes would only be suitable for promiscuous bombing, as special types, special apparatus and much training are necessary in order to obtain the accuracy necessary to bomb specific (and legitimate) targets. So a war between two nations with no military air forces, but with important civil aviations, could result in far worse harm to the civil population than if air forces with a war technique and tradition had been maintained. Wars waged by amateurs are always more horrible than those whose conduct is in professional hands.

The conclusion is that man must pay for his conquest of the air mainly in peace of mind. Never again will civilians sleep safe in their beds while the boys watch in the trenches. But on the other hand, air forces by themselves will never do to great cities what Rome did to Carthage, or what the Assyrians did to Jerusalem.

AMERICANA

ARKANSAS

BROTHER J. L. BROWN, the new and gifted editor of the *Baptist and Commoner* of Little Rock, disposes of the hypothesis of evolution:

Some claim that facts prove evolution. They claim you can inject the blood of a monkey into the veins of a man, or the blood of a man into the veins of a monkey without any evil results; that they have the same kind of blood and are therefore related by nature to each other. On the same basis of reasoning, we might claim that because you can inject the milk of a cow into the stomach of a woman, or the milk of a woman into the stomach of a cow without bad results that they belong to the same family and are milk relatives. Which accounts for someone calling his wife a heifer and also accounts for some women bawling sometimes and kicking sometimes, while girls chew their cuds of wax and flappers roll their stockings down to show their calves.

Yes, or we might say, because you can inject gunpowder into a dog's mouth or dog hair into the muzzle of a gun without bad results that they are members of the same family, which accounts for a dog's attachment to a gun, because he is some kind of a son-of-a-gun.

CALIFORNIA

THE UNITED PRESS on the joys of life in Los Angeles:

Police tossed 125 tear bombs and threw the business district into turmoil while battling 500 men and women who were trying to hold a massmeeting in the Philharmonic Auditorium last night. Thousands of pedestrians and motorists were gassed when a light wind spread the fumes throughout the district. Traffic was stalled as motorists abandoned their automobiles.

Hotel guests, patrons of picture shows, restaurants and other places of business fled to the streets. Men, women and children ran in all directions to escape the gas, which became so thick that the manager of one of the city's most fashionable hostels ordered all windows sealed.

The trouble started when a crowd gathered with the intention of holding a meeting in the auditorium. Police refused permission, saying it had been arranged by Communists.

DISCREET and delicate notice to art-lovers in the *Union* of Sacramento:

If You Are a Prude, Stay Away

If your eyes are shut to the Facts of Life; if you do not know about the bees and flowers and the low down regarding the stork, keep away from the Plaza Theater this afternoon and tonight.

The Nine o'Clock Revue makes no bid for the patronage of morons. It is an entertainment entirely for that portion of the public that read newspapers and know about Santa Claus. It has been presented for weeks in Los Angeles, cradle of intolerance, in San Francisco and other large cities, without one word of civic censor. The great majority of the public can be assured that it will neither corrode nor corrupt their morals.

The stars and players of the Nine o'Clock Revue offer you a lot of laughs, some splendid tunes and lively dancing by pretty girls. You will hear nothing that is offensive to the sophisticated.

MATINEE TODAY TONIGHT

ANOTHER new science is added to the California list of marvels.

DO YOU WANT SUCCESS,
HEALTH, HAPPINESS?
A Higher Rate of VIBRATION?

RADIO-THERAPY will help you get what you want whatever it may be. It's most uncanny what RADIO-THERAPY can do for you. It will stir the fire of ambition in the very depth of your being. The information and the mental help that you will receive from our club will stimulate into action your latent faculties. Most amazing results obtained through our CO-OPERATIVE mental RADIO club.

Join Our Club for peace, love, wisdom and power, success, health, wealth, prosperity. Investigate. Write for free booklet. BROSSEAU SYSTEM, Box 2, Berkeley, Calif.

COLORADO

THE perils of public life in Canon City, as reported by the Associated Press:

Guy James, mayor of Canon City, was knocked down and bitten severely on the left arm and hand Thursday by a 500-pound hog.

ILLINOIS

SCIENTIFIC announcement:

MANUFACTURED AUSPICIOUSLY

ACCORDING TO ASTROLOGY.

Restores, Nourishes and Beautifies the Hair.

Ingredients are compounded by a well known astrologer according to both ancient and modern astrological doctrine.

That the moon has much to do with the growth of hair is a well known fact; from ancient days to the present, it has been demonstrated thousands of times and with our Planetary Hair Grower any one can test the matter to their satisfaction.

Not only are the ingredients of this tonic made from the purest herbs, etc., but it is carefully prepared by us under *proper benefic planetary influences at their auspicious times.*

As a further assurance of its merits and productive qualities we prepare and furnish you with the dates of proper signs of the moon and the proper days in the periods, showing when to use our tonic for best results. Price, including information, \$1.25 per bottle. Carriage charges prepaid by us to your address.

The preparations of the *Druid Supply Company*, 5740 Dakin Street, Chicago, Ill., are carefully compounded and prepared only under the favorable influence of the moon, according to astrology, which is an innovation that appeals to progressive people who are making an effort to work *with* nature and obtain the most beneficial results possible under all circumstances. Our goods are being highly recommended by satisfied customers everywhere. Read our price list, and remember that with each order we furnish free a list of best planetary days for using.

Planetary Hair Tonic, with list of dates for using, \$1. Planetary Hair Shampoo with instructions for using 25c. Planetary Healing Salve for colds, catarrh, cuts, bruises, etc., 25c.

Postpaid in the U. S., Canada, Mexico and Great Britain; elsewhere postage extra. Address

DRUID SUPPLY CO.,

5740 DAKIN STREET, — — CHICAGO, ILL.

KENTUCKY

THE Hoover Prosperity comes to Harlan and breaks into the classified columns of the *Daily Enterprise*:

WANTED—A master. Able-bodied man; ✓ good references; willing to work; will sell himself into slavery for his keep; have got to eat; state best price. Write or ask for Smith, care *Enterprise*.

LOUISIANA

SOCIAL life in the Christian town of Hammond, as described by the indignant *Vindicator* thereof:

SUCH DANCES SHOULD BE SUPPRESSED—

DISGRACEFUL AFFAIR LAST SUNDAY NIGHT

The disgraceful affair of last Sunday night, under the guise of a dance, is calling for parish-wide condemnation.

We do not know who is responsible for giving a permit for such a dance, but in common with the law abiding people of this section, we are frank to state that in the future such dances should be suppressed.

With no regard whatever for the Holy

Sabbath Day, this dance, held at a place sacrilegiously named Half Way to Heaven, proved to be one of the most disgraceful affairs ever held in Tangipahoa parish. We do not know, but it is reported that bad liquor flowed as free as water. We are told that the Sunday night revelers reeled in their orgy of debauchery, with razors drawn, knock down and drag out fights, and with women screaming as they left the scene hurriedly. One fellow had a finger almost bitten off and rushing to a car of a respectable citizen, while yet wielding a drawn razor, begged to be rushed to a doctor for treatment.

To cap the climax—after the drunken revelry had ceased—the building caught fire and was burned to a crisp. Singularly, the sign, Half Way to Heaven, was partially burned. The words "To Heaven," burned away, leaving "Half Way" standing boldly out.

This newspaper regrets to publish information regarding such affairs as that of last Sunday night, but we were prevailed upon by many leading business men to say something for the sake of the decent, law-abiding citizenship.

God forbid that this country is coming to the low ebb where the Sabbath Day is considered no more than any other day and where such disgraceful affairs of last Sunday night are tolerated.

MARYLAND

THE *Evening Sunpaper* of Baltimore on the joys of jail life in the Maryland hinterland:

A few weeks ago the chief of police posted a notice at the Havre de Grace jail that any officer placing a prisoner there would have to pay the prisoner's board bill.

In Ellicott City a few months ago it developed that the warden of the Howard county jail and his wife were on such excellent terms with their prisoners that they were known as Ma and Pa. The rear door of the jail was kept open in order that the prisoners might take their ease beneath the shade of spreading elms and stroll through nearby fields. Ma served the best of food, a typical menu being roast veal with stuffing, stuffed peppers, stewed tomatoes,

corn on the cob, mashed or fried potatoes, and pie.

Down in Denton, on the Eastern Shore, the Choptank river, well stocked with fish, flows near the Caroline county jail. Such was the spirit of *camaraderie* that existed between jailer and jailed a few years ago that the prisoners were frequently released to ply rod and reel along its grassy banks. They were also allowed to disport themselves on the jail lawn.

Sheriff Duffy, at Salisbury, once admitted that four prisoners took an automobile ride with him down to Ocean City, though he emphasized the fact that they were well guarded.

MORAL remonstrance in the *Maryland Conservationist*:

Out of a clear sky, on Sunday evening, Chief Deputy Game Warden Charles F. Smith was shot down in his tracks by a member of his family, very uncalled for.

MINNESOTA

ONE of the able town constables of Fari-bault takes advantage of the hospitable columns of the *Daily News* thereof to set himself right with his public:

To the Editor of the *Daily News*:

Am now letting the public know just what happened to my eye. Reports have been going around that I got a black eye from some one that I tried to arrest, and others that some woman's husband gave it to me. There are also many other reports going around.

I received an injury to my eye while riding the motorcycle, and when I did not have any glasses on and some object hit me in the eye. The doctor at first thought that I would lose my eye. Am under the doctor's care at the present time. Have made two trips to St. Paul to see Dr. Burch, an eye specialist and my eye is getting along nicely.

ADAM ROEHRICH.

NEW JERSEY

ADVERTISEMENT in the *Hudson Dispatch*, the pride of Union City:

PRICELESS RELICS OFFERED
AT A SACRIFICE

These relics have been held priceless by a family whose priest relation used them in giving solace and cure to the afflicted more than 100 years ago.

To commercialize these heirlooms so sacred to the memory of the ages seems sacrilegious, but their disposal is the only salvation of the present holder, who has suffered terrific loss in the present depression.

The issuance and sale of 7% cumulative preferred stock in a new merchandising corporation to rehabilitate a sound business is the problem of the present heir of these precious relics, and to realize cash for the purpose he will present these heirlooms to any Catholic organization, society or individual who will purchase 500 shares or more of 7% preferred stock in his new corporation.

All inquiries will receive my careful personal attention. Box 795, *Hudson Dispatch*, Union City.

NEW MEXICO

ADVERTISEMENT in the *New Mexico State Tribune*, the jewel of Albuquerque:

CAUGHT BOOTLEGGING INCOME STOPPED MUST SELL TO RAISE CASH

Gas station at 1224 N. Fourth st. \$9,500, has a mortgage of \$8,000. A real bargain.

A beautiful home in Heights at 204 N. Carlisle; \$3,000 mortgage will sell for \$3,500. You will have to hurry on this.

House in Stronghurst, a good buy, and no foolin'.

GEO. KRONMEYER
3010 N. EDITH IN STRONGHURST

NEW YORK

THE staff necromancer of the *Evening Graphic* comes to the aid of troubled readers of that great family newspaper:

Q.—Will I ever recover my stolen jewelry? A. M.

A.—*Your jewelry was taken to New Orleans and sold. You can recover it in part.*

Q.—My children made me break up my home and come to New York from Massachusetts and now I am so lonesome and can't pay my room rent. What can I do?

E. T.

A.—*You will get a position as nurse to three small children in Pelham, N. Y. It will give you a source of income, and something easy to do. I see you will marry again later and go back to Massachusetts.*

Q.—Is my husband, Charles W—, alive?

A. W.

A.—*No, he is not. I see him drowning in deep water.*

Q.—Will it be advisable for me to go into the laundry business with my boy friend before we are married? F. I. B.

A.—*Yes, the two of you will be very successful. I see you will marry very soon.*

Q.—Will I ever have any children? I have been married nearly two years.

A. F. W.

A.—*You will have three children, the first one in about two years. That is plenty of time.*

NOTICE to the literati in the *Author & Journalist*:

The *Casket & Sunnyside*, 487 Broadway, New York, is in the market for business articles dealing with the funeral directing profession—management, sales, collections and business building schemes—accompanied, if possible, by photographs or office forms suitable for reproduction as line cuts. Stories should be written from the mortician's viewpoint. Care should be taken in terminology; *coffin* should not be used for *casket*, or *hearse* for *funeral car*.

THE lovely village of Bronxville lets the world know just what it thinks about high-brow music:

The application of D. Patrick Kearney, manager of the Bronxville Theatre, for permission to hold six Sunday concerts with nationally known artists was denied by the Village Board because patrons coming from outside might cause traffic congestion.

"We don't care to be known as a music centre any more than we would care to be known as an industrial centre," said Trustee Roland J. Hamilton.

FROM the classified columns of the *Herald Tribune*:

PARENTS seek for daughter a dance escort for occasional social functions. Should be college man above junior rank, professional student or young unmarried business man with college training, New Yorker or commuter, 5 feet 9 inches or taller, moral, Protestant, good dancer, have tuxedo. The daughter is good looking, refined, eighteen, dances remarkably well. State qualifications and references. R 105 *Herald Tribune*.

PENNSYLVANIA

THE celebrated Pottsville *Journal's* report of the substance of a lecture delivered by a learned professor of Bucknell University before the sixty-ninth annual Teachers' Institute of Schuylkill county:

Every human being is entitled to its joy of win. Every teacher should keep themselves fit.

GENERAL

THE New York *Times* supplies raw material for the epic of America:

Passengers who returned yesterday from the four-day cruise to Halifax on the Cunarder *Mauretania* said they were amazed and amused at the extraordinary quantity of food eaten daily by a middle-aged couple and a woman friend, who spent the greater part of the cruise in the dining saloon. The record kept by the stewards for last Saturday reads:

"Breakfast, 8 A.M. to 10:20 A.M.: Six grapefruit, six honeydew melons, six pair kippered herrings, six grilled mutton chops, six portions lyonnaise potatoes, six portions poached eggs on toast, six portions grilled tomatoes, six portions English breakfast bacon, nine portions griddle cakes, six portions American bacon, twenty-one rounds of buttered toast, two and a half pounds of Oxford marmalade, one large bottle of milk and nine pots of coffee."

For luncheon, which lasted from 1 to 3:40 P.M., the hungry trio ate: "Three one-pound jars of Russian caviar, six grapefruit, three Welsh rarebits, six whole-

grilled chickens, twelve corn on the cob, twelve broccoli, six large Idaho baked potatoes, three Waldorf salads, three portions of cold chicken, three baked apples, three double portions of ice cream, three apple pies, cheese and crackers, and nine pots of tea."

The dinner, eaten from 7 to 10:10 P.M., consisted of:

"Three pound jars of Russian caviar, three grapefruit, three Waldorf salads, twelve sticks of celery, six portions of peas, six portions of spinach, six portions of cauliflower, six whole-grilled chickens, six plates of cold roast turkey, three portions of lettuce and tomato salad, three double portions of ice cream, three portions of Swiss rolls and sweet cakes, four pots of tea, cheese, crackers and fruit."

The three did not stay up to partake of the midnight supper but had a plate of sandwiches each, grilled sardines on toast and cakes sent to their cabin.

Yesterday was the last day and the three tourists ate until 4:15 P.M. The liner docked at 4:30 P.M.

The trio had three table stewards to wait on them and gave a tip of \$2 to divide among them for the four days' cruise. These tourists had no deck chairs, no drinks and paid \$65 each for the trip. The cost of the caviar alone was \$60.

CANADA

FROM the celebrated Ottawa *Journal*:

James Chausse and William Taule, of the Maniwaki Reserve, in company with their wives, were far north on their annual hunting expedition. The two wives remained in camp while the husbands took off in a boat which struck a hidden log in mid-stream, breaking the boat in two and throwing the men into the water, where they were drowned.

Witnesses of the tragedy, the heart-broken wives remained on the scene in an effort to locate the bodies. When a two-day search failed to bring any results, Mrs. Chausse nailed two pieces of wood together and put a small crucifix on the float, which was placed in the river. The frail craft followed the current for a few minutes and came to rest over the spot where the bodies eventually were recovered.

MEMBER OF BOTH CLUBS

BY OWEN P. WHITE

As I look back over the few short decades of New Mexico's history which separate the reign of Billie the Kid, who ran things with a six-shooter, from the over-lordship of the State's present dictator, Senator Bronson Cutting, who rules it with golden silence, I am really moved to tears. But I am not ashamed of them, because, having known New Mexico for many, many years as a colorful land whose citizens were as gaudy as its sunsets, and having participated actively in the gayety of quite a few of its old time political orgies, I am naturally somewhat distressed when I go back there today to note the depressing effect which civilization, reform, and the new brand of political control have had upon the dress, manners and thoughts of the entire population.

Numerically speaking, that population, of course, doesn't amount to a great deal. Compared with Senator Cutting's home State of Massachusetts (I should add that he was accidentally born on Long Island), the huge empire over which he now holds sway is practically an uninhabited wilderness. Massachusetts, from whose oppressive atmosphere the Senator escaped in 1910, supports suffocatingly a population of 514.6 people to the square mile, whereas the best that New Mexico, where he finally came up for air, could show after the last national round-up, even though it combed its canyons for moonshiners and counted all its jail-birds twice, was a bare 3.5.

Until comparatively recent years, how-

ever—that is, until the State came under the debilitating influences above mentioned—those widely scattered New Mexicans, who have a State fourteen and a half times as large as Massachusetts in which to do their stuff, were able to kick up more rumpus and get more fun out of everything in life, from emptying a *tequila* bottle to filling the Governor's mansion with a new sufferer, than any other people in this vast and incomparable nation.

But now look at them! The glorious freedom and happy abandon that once were theirs are gone. Instead, on every side all that one observes is a deadly desire to conform—to be, to act, to live and to look like other people. Where the State's leading males once wore spurs, it's now spats; chaps have been superseded by plus fours; six-shooters have given way to golf sticks; hard liquor, openly absorbed with an openly announced jag at the end of it, has been supplanted by coca-cola with a dash of moon; and good old draw poker with the sky as the limit has been replaced by bridge with the ladies at a fortieth of a cent a point.

All of this disheartening transformation, brought about in the name of Progress, so that Albuquerque, except for its subsidized cowboys and its scenic Indians, might look exactly like Cedar Rapids, and so that Roswell might take on a twin-like resemblance to Somerville, N. J., is of course very pathetic. It certainly is, but if we want to gaze upon a picture that is actually

heart-breaking we must look at the sad condition of the poor old State's politics. Here, indeed, is a spectacle that is causing the majority of New Mexico's stalwart older citizens, regardless of party, to weep and wail.

But why? The answer is very simple. Going far back into territorial days, even to the time when Albert B. Fall, down in Doña Ana county, was beginning to pry his way into fame by corralling Mexicans in an adobe stockade, and then on election day voting them, for himself of course, at so much per, and coming clear on up to the national election of 1924, when the Republicans, in order to keep the Democrats of McKinley county from exercising their right of franchise, put the county in charge of a whole flock of deputy United States marshals, and when the Democrats, in retaliation, put Las Vegas under martial law and kept the Republicans away from the polls—through all that period politics in New Mexico was always a source of belligerent delight and financial benefit to its naturally up-and-coming citizens.

But now it isn't. I know because only last Summer I spent some months down there, roaming over the old campaign grounds, consorting with my erstwhile political *amigos*, and sympathizing with most of them, either in Spanish or in English, over the sad, sad change which, as they see it, has come into their lives. From their point of view it is sad indeed. I asked a good many of them to tell me about it and from nearly everyone, from ex-Governors on down to ex-constables, I got about the same story. Briefly, their tale of woe is that there are no longer any good Democrats or good Republicans left in the State. Regardless of party lines, so I was unanimously informed, all of New Mexico's voters are either for or agin' the Hon.

Bronson Cutting, and as most of them at the present reading are for him, this "foreigner from Massachusetts", as one old warrior tearfully testified, "is as completely the boss of his huge and glorious State as Quay or Penrose ever were of their peewee Pennsylvania."

Nor does Senator Cutting himself deny the practical truth of the above statement. In fact, taking into consideration his past political record and his present political positions, he couldn't deny it if he wanted to, although it must be admitted that the mantle of the dictatorship which he now wears so gracefully is a garb that has gradually enveloped him rather than a costume that he suddenly reached out and grabbed. His rise to power, in fact, was in the nature of the gradual evolution of a student into statesman, and the longer some of the old-timers contemplate it in that light, and the more poignantly they realize, as they now do, that they could have headed off the process if they had only taken note of it in time, the madder they get. They could have saved themselves, but they didn't. Here is what happened.

II

Some twenty odd years ago, when Mr. Cutting, then a serious-minded youth of but twenty-one, descended upon New Mexico, bringing with him a slightly impeded Harvard accent, an almost unlimited amount of hereditary cash, and a desire to be left entirely to his own devices so that he might study New Mexico's archæology, its Indians and its fifty-seven different varieties of language, he fitted into its uncouth political environment just about as neatly as a square peg fits into a hexagonal hole. But at first, and for quite a few years thereafter that didn't bother

him any. Absorbed as he was in resurrecting the relics of a defunct civilization, with which he embellished the interior of his rambling, one-story home, and devoting his remaining time to contemplating drowsily the drowsier activities of the Pueblo Indians, it made little difference to him that the most fascinating game of politics ever played in the United States was going on around him.

Cracked pots and flea-bitten Red Men, however, are not calculated to keep a man of keen intellect immersed forever, and so it happened that after Mr. Cutting had exhausted their amusing possibilities, and had incidentally acquired a far better knowledge of the languages, habits and history of his adopted country than most of its oldest inhabitants had ever had, he came out of his shell and began to peer around him.

What he saw must have been highly diverting. New Mexico had just come into statehood, and as its birthright it had adopted a constitution which, written in two languages, provided that until 1940 all its judicial and legislative proceedings should likewise be bi-lingual. Under cover of that constitution its political situation, which had always been brilliant enough, was now rendered suddenly scintillating by the fact that State elections for such potentates as Governors, Congressmen, Senators, etc., would take the place of the old presidential appointments. Thus, just as Mr. Cutting began to poke his head up over the skyline, New Mexico's leading citizens came into the fullness of their own political power, while at the same time an ancient trait of the vast majority of the voters of the new Commonwealth pushed itself strongly to the fore.

In those days probably 70% of the State's citizens, calling themselves Spanish-Americans, were of Mexican ancestry, and hence

were traditionally bound to a sort of progressive feudalism wherein the father bossed the family, the community leader bossed the father, the head man of the county bossed the community boss, and the big man of the State bossed all the county bosses. Annex to this the further good old Spanish custom, which still prevails among the mass of New Mexico's hyphenated voters, of gratefully accepting election-time gratuities, and it is easy to see how a system of what might almost be called corrupt politics soon developed.

To be exact in a matter of such outstanding importance, ever since statehood was attained the only thing that has ever qualified either major party for victory in New Mexico has been the possession of the heavier war-bag. Naturally, as this is a condition which prevails also in many of our more highly civilized States, it alone would not give Mr. Cutting's realm any real preëminence, but another element did. It was this: Politically New Mexico has always been very unstable. It has paid the astute Aztec county bosses, many of whom cannot speak English, but all of whom are lightning calculators in American money, to keep it that way. By preserving narrow majorities, and swinging their support first to the Republicans and then to the Democrats, they have been able to keep the bidding lively, and hence it has always happened that whichever party could afford to pay the most for the control of the State for two years has had that control.

Furthermore, as an additional incentive to the candidates to dig up, these bosses could never be depended upon to stay put. Under the old order of things they would sell out at the last minute, and therefore neither party was ever sure of winning until the vote was counted. For example, a few years ago when I was doing my best, as a publicity man, to elect a gentleman for

whom I have a very high regard to the United States Senate on the Republican ticket, two different county bosses, who had already collected for their allegiance to the Democrats, came to us, and for so many smackers, cash down on the barrel head, offered to transfer their support.

I remember those gentlemen very distinctly. One of them, who wore a calf-skin vest with the hair on it, was just personally sordid and made no bones about it. He could control his county, he said, and therefore anything we paid him was going into his own pocket. But the other fellow, who sported a heavy brass watch-chain and a flat-topped brown derby of the Spanish War era, was really communistic. His excuse for being willing to flop was that the standard price for votes in his county was \$3 each; that the Democrats had given him only enough money to distribute on a basis of \$2 a round, and that if we would come across with three he and all his constituents would loyally support us. But we didn't do it. We just didn't have the money, that was the only reason, and in the end it was the same lack of money that kept my Republican friend from going to the United States Senate.

Thus for many years New Mexico's leading politicians recognized the fact, although I don't know that they ever openly admitted it, that just as soon as any man came along who had a large appetite for trouble, and enough money to gratify it, he could, by just spending it, become the practical owner of two seats in the United States Senate, one in the House of Representatives (because New Mexico has only one Congressman) one Governor, one Lieutenant-Governor, and, below them, a whole set of lesser State officials. But as time drifted on, and as no one appeared who had both the cash and the inclination to acquire any such leadership, the State, until

recently, remained divided into two hostile camps composed of "Democrats" and "Republicans", which were always so closely matched as to financial responsibility that almost without exception victory went first to one side and then to the other.

This, of course, was bad, for in addition to creating a State-wide political shake-up every two years, it made it necessary for the beneficiaries of each administration, no matter whether they were operating fancy-houses in Gallup under the protection of high State officials, manufacturing moonshine in the basement of the Santa Fé court-house, or building highways under a split contract with a road commissioner, to get theirs, and as much of theirs as possible, within a prescribed time limit.

I have said enough, I think, to make it clear that in such a State an "independent" newspaper: one which could do as the voters did, that is, flop hither and yon and support any candidate it wanted to, would not be a bad thing to own. Such a paper might not make anybody a whole lot of money; on the contrary, its owner might have to cough up an annual deficit of no mean proportions, but in view of New Mexico's constantly turbulent condition, there would be a lot of fun in running it. Mr. Cutting, it appears, came to some such conclusion. As I have said, he had by this time exhausted the hilarious possibilities of archeology and philology, and as he had more money than he could conveniently spend, or cared to store away in the vaults of the State's sometimes shaky banking institutions, he bought a paper called the Santa Fé *New Mexican* and proceeded to enjoy himself. He became, in fact, in a land which was still in a large measure living in the age of chivalry (in that its leading citizens shot one another with happy abandon whenever they felt like it, and Castilian was the tongue of the people), a

regular journalistic Don Quixote, who, clothed in the armor of independent thought and with a pen in each hand, jostled merrily with whomsoever he met who happened to be traveling along the political highway in an opposite direction.

Finally, however, in 1924, and when he himself had arrived at the mature age of thirty-four, Mr. Cutting, from a political standpoint, began to take himself and his paper seriously. Up to that time nobody else had, because, although the paper, which had only a small circulation, was easily the best edited in the State, there was too much of the Harvard manner about it to allow it to become very successful. It spoke of a lie as an untruth, and referred to the utterer thereof as a misinformed gentleman, and hence never made much headway against New Mexico's other, and rather numerous, rough and tumble publications. Nor even in 1924, the year of its owner's political baptism so to speak, did the Santa Fé *New Mexican* develop any real pep. But its owner did. In other words, Mr. Cutting didn't change the make-up of his paper, but the paper changed the make-up of Mr. Cutting. For by this time, having amused himself, at an annual cost of some \$20,000 more or less, in publishing a daily in the State capital, Mr. Cutting had absorbed a vast amount of the spirit of the State's politics. He knew exactly what was going on everywhere in New Mexico, and hence, in 1924 when two candidates appeared for the United States Senate he was well enough posted as to their past performances to know exactly which one he wanted to support. He made his choice by throwing his paper in the ring in behalf of Sam Bratton, a Democrat, as against H. O. Bursum, a Republican, and later on, when it was found that his paper wasn't doing his candidate much good, he likewise, so I was

informed (and I was then working in the State), heaved in his pocket-book.

That settled it. The circulation of Mr. Cutting's paper hadn't cut much ice in the fracas, but it was very different with the circulation of his cash. At least it was said to be his cash, and as he is reputed to be the richest man in the State, and as a New Mexican voter's reverence for properly distributed wealth is deep and wide, the Democratic candidate was elected by a healthy majority. For this result the New Mexico Democrats were, of course, very grateful to Mr. Cutting. The defeated Republican candidate, Bursum, who had begun his life as a sheep-herder and then climaxed it by serving out the unexpired term of the Hon. A. B. Fall in the Senate, was a power to be reckoned with, and hence the Democrats were mighty glad to get rid of him.

In the last national campaign, however, their gratitude to Mr. Cutting changed to something else. New Mexico, you see, is strongly Catholic, and when the Smith-Hoover combat was at its height a rumor suddenly swept the State that on election day Al was very likely to carry it on the purely religious issue. But that rumor didn't last long. From somewhere there appeared almost miraculously a flood of Hoover money, and as the New Mexico voters have never been known to hesitate in such situations, the predicted landslide for Al was turned into an avalanche for Herbert. A Republican governor, named Dillon, was swept into office along with Mr. Hoover, and as it was again said that it was Cutting money that had turned the trick, this time for the Republicans, and as one of the Democratic Senators, Mr. Jones, died shortly after the election, Governor Dillon showed his gratitude to Mr. Cutting by appointing him to fill out the unexpired Jones term.

Thus at one touch of the political wand Mr. Cutting became two things he had never been before: a Republican, because he had been appointed by a Republican, and a United States Senator, while, conveniently enough, as his colleague in that body he had with him Mr. Bratton, a Democrat, for whose election he himself was said to be largely responsible.

III

This mixed-up state of affairs naturally made the old-line party leaders slightly dizzy. The very thing that for a long time they had believed could happen was actually happening. A man with a keen appetite for trouble and plenty of money had appeared on the scene. First he had elected a Democrat to the United States Senate, then he had put a Republican in as Governor, and now, as a rather doubtful Republican, he was in the Senate himself. "What in the whoopin' hell will he do next?" was the query that the puzzled New Mexicans began to propound to one another. Mr. Cutting soon showed them.

When he entered the Senate as a Republican filling out the unexpired term of a Democrat he didn't know whether he would want to stay or not. It all depended on how well he liked it. He is a quiet, studious, cultured gentleman: one for whom the clownishness, bunk and ballyhoo of the Senate would seem to have but little attraction, and yet they must have fetched him, for when the next election day rolled around he stepped out and offered himself as a candidate before his people.

He was elected of course. During the two years of his appointed incumbency in Washington, it seems, he had made arrangements for just that happy result, because when the campaign started it was at once apparent, so I was informed, that

all the leading papers of the State, papers printed in both languages and papers which had theretofore been on both sides of the fence, were all for him. To me, however, there is nothing to get het up about in that. New Mexico's newspapers, like its voters (as I know because in a small way I have distributed benefits myself down there), are quite prone to lean toward the candidate who can buy the most advertising space, and hence it was no great surprise to anyone that Mr. Cutting was elected.

But that he should have carried Mr. Arthur Seligman, the *Democratic* candidate for Governor, through to victory with him was a horse of another color. And how the old-time party leaders on both sides do rave about that! Having always been bitter partisans themselves they don't believe in any such indiscriminate mixing up of ideals. The Democrats are mad because, so they tell me, *their* Governor Seligman, since his election, has filled about 60% of his appointive offices with Cutting Republicans, while the Republicans, as they say in the cow country, are on the prod because, so *they* claim, *their* candidate for the senatorship spent a huge sum of money to defeat his own running-mate, his own party's gubernatorial nominee!

They tell a gaudy story about how a huge sum was brought from back East, put away in a tin box in Arthur Seligman's bank in Santa Fé, and drawn on for campaign purposes without any records in the way of checks or charge tickets ever having been made against it. Sad to say, so the story goes on, the tin box was finally emptied, and charge tickets against the bank's cash had to be resorted to to such an extent that when the campaign was over the vacant tin box owed the elected Democratic Governor's own bank something in the neighborhood of \$30,000,

which shortage it was up to the elected Republican Senator and his friends to make good.

They even told me the name of the Spanish-American gentleman who is supposed to have gone back East, got the cash in the tin box and carried it to Sante Fé, but when I asked Senator Cutting about it he merely seemed amused. "Such statements", he said, "are utterly absurd. If they are true they can be proved by an investigation, and I'm perfectly willing that they start one."

The Senator didn't, however, deny that he had supported the Democratic nominee for the governorship, and neither did he do much more than smile comprehendingly when I suggested that the position which he occupies, that of a Republican Senator who is in control of both the major parties in his State, is, to say the least of it, unique.

And it *is* unique, and it is a fact. Senator Cutting does dictate, and since 1924, when it is said that he sent a Democrat to the Senate, has dictated to both parties. How he does it is for the old-timers to say. They say it too, and with no flowers. They use fireworks instead. They claim that he has just bought up the press and the hyphenated vote and that hereafter, or at least for some time to come, the race question is going to be the deciding issue in New Mexico's campaigns. According to them, the strife of the future is going to be between the Spanish-Americans, with Senator Cutting and his bank account at their head, and the Anglo-Saxons.

But suppose it is that way, what difference does it make? Ever since New Mexico has been a State the more prehensile voting element has always been the deciding factor in its elections. Senator Cutting's opponents, if they had the money, would be only too happy to round up as many votes

as they claim he rounds up, and hence the opposition to him would seem to boil itself down, not so much to an opposition to the man himself as to a jealousy of his cash.

Now, whether or not he has used that cash as is charged against him I have no idea. But in any case he is not to be criticized. He may have done so and he may not. If he has, he but runs true to the long-established custom of his adopted Commonwealth, while if he has not he has simply done what any wise, poker-playing New Mexico politician would do under the circumstances. Having more money in front of him than any other player around the table he has merely raised the ante until he has scared them all out before the draw, and then raked in his own chips and put them back in his pocket. He is a clever enough politician to do that very thing, and color is lent to the suspicion that such may have been his proceeding by a remark he made to me. He said: "The purchasable vote in New Mexico is not nearly as large as most people think it is." This remark leads to the assumption that his experiences along that line have been more gratifying to him than otherwise.

IV

In regard to Mr. Cutting's activities as a Senator it can be said in high praise of him that, since he entered the Upper Chamber, he has had very little, publicly, to do with the indecencies normally practised in that august house of political ill fame. He is, in general, a Progressive. When he first reached Washington he made that clear by stating that, in his opinion, political subservience to Big Business had merged the two major parties beyond differentiation, and that a division of Congress along Liberal-Conservative lines was necessary to intelligent voting.

That he is himself the most intelligent and most cultured man in the Progressive group is generally admitted by the gentlemen of the press whose sad fate it is to have to handle, annually, millions of words of senatorial trash. To these men Senator Cutting is a great relief. In fact, in comparison with Senator Brookhart, for example, who behind a set of the most massive false teeth in America, has built up for himself a magnificent pomposity as a defensive mechanism against his own inferiority complex, the gentleman from New Mexico is a God-given blessing to the newspaper world.

Thus far his record in the Senate brands him as being entirely free from any taint of hypocrisy. He is wet; he has openly advocated recognizing Russia; he has been so sacrilegious as to assert that large chunks of the Holy Constitution should be cast forthwith into the junk pile, and he believes that the campaign expenditures of Senators and Representatives should be restricted by law to \$25,000 for the larger and \$10,000 for the lesser banditti.

That he hasn't got very far with most of his ideas bothers him not at all. He is young, he can stay in the Senate as long as he wants to, and hence he can afford to take his own time about things. In the meanwhile he is enjoying himself. To the utter bewilderment of his colleagues, most of whom boast of having received their education between the plow handles, and prove it every time they open their mouths, Mr. Cutting can unroll Shelley by the yard, quote whole passages from the French and Spanish classics, and also, as Smoot the Mormon found out to his discomfiture, discuss modern literature intelligently.

Bishop Smoot, in connection with the preposterous tariff bill which bears his name, advocated a customs censorship of "indecent and obscene literature." On the

ground that obscenity and immorality are pretty difficult abstractions to define, Senator Cutting offered an amendment providing that a jury, and not a gang of customs officers, should pass on the purity, or lack of it, of imported books brought into question. Using "Lady Chatterly's Lover" as an illustration of what he was talking about, Smoot roared his objections to the Cutting amendment, whereupon Cutting brought the discussion to a close, and incidentally secured the adoption of his amendment, by suggesting to the flabbergasted Smoot that it might be a good thing for him to examine the Bible.

Tilts of this kind on the floor of the Senate are, however, infrequent occurrences in Mr. Cutting's life. Presumably he has too much sense to indulge too often in debate, and neither does he care for the cheap publicity which his associates pine for and to gain which they are so constantly on their feet. Behind the scenes, though, he may be pulling a great number of wires. In fact the report is current down in New Mexico that that is exactly what he is doing, and as the New Mexicans who make the charge seem to hold that the squeamishness of a United States Senator is no greater than that of many of their own voters, they freely assert that by merely opening his pocket-book Mr. Cutting has gained an almost complete ascendancy over several members of the Progressive bloc.

If so, more power to him! Let us hope that he has, and let us also devoutly pray that should financial disaster ever overtake the Hon. William E. Borah, Mr. Cutting will be able to help him out with a well placed loan. It would do the nation's heart good to see the quiet, refined gentleman from New Mexico slip a ring into the proboscis of the Wild Bull from the Idaho pampas.

PLAIN CHANT

BY MAXWELL BODENHEIM

THE river tore the levee—
Sing, my brothers, sing for water,
Formless purity of water.
Flow . . . seep . . . wash . . . heave
All the formless purity of water
In a trickle, in a deluge,
Undermining, understanding
Abattoir and church.
The river tore the levee.
Break this wall of water
To the Devil's own cascade.
Planks, chimneys, rocking-chairs,
Negro shanties, free from God,
Drifting to the ocean—what is God
But land and water always moving?
River tore the levee.
Drag the sand-bags, fill the breach
Where the poetry of water
Found a weakness, always weakness
In this prose construction.
Black men throw,
Black men pile,
Black men lift the sand-bags higher.
Frantic men,
Stake this flesh
Against the flood, and lose, and go
Tossing down the river on a board.
Faces embryos of light
In the chaos of the water.
River tore the levee.
This is incomplete—the river
Tore the levee, always tearing,
Always incomplete.

EXIT THE 5.15

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

FIRST it was the noon local—that nice old train, beloved of tradition upon our branch for the past thirty-five years—that went so quietly slipping off the schedule. Its removal is now somewhat vaguely connected in our minds with the job of winning the war. Next the mid-afternoon local was to feel the headsman's axe. Further economies. The nasty competition of riding on rubber showing itself—busses and private motor-cars on the newly paved highway that now parallels the branch all the way up to the county-seat, and beyond.

And just last month, it was the 5.15. That was a blow. No one around our town is old enough to be able to remember when the friendly whistle of the up evening-train was not heard, just as one began to think of closing up shop for the night and getting home for supper. Twenty years or more ago it was a train to be reckoned with—never less than four coaches (counting in the smoker) and frequently five or six or seven. In addition to a parlor-car up from the city and handled on the main line as far as the junction. Two colored porters, one to handle the grips and dust off the passengers, and the other to make the corned-beef hash out of cans from the headquarters out at Chicago. . . . A train to be reckoned with.

The parlor-car said good-bye to the 5.15 during the McAdoo overlordship of the rails—they said it went to help win the war. God knows how! Then the coaches

began to disappear one by one. Finally there were but two, the smoker and the day-coach. And then but one. Some smart young man down at headquarters had figured out a plan of putting a partition across the staunch old car and so making a little cubicle for smokers at one end of it.

The great god of efficiency drives hard indeed. Car-mileage is one of his favorite yardsticks. The 5.15 with but one coach instead of two was saving 50% on car-mileage every day. Great stuff. That it was a sorry looking contraption, in no way inviting to prospective travelers who were to choose between it and its sharp young competitor, the gaily painted and well-seated motor-bus, did not seem to matter to the folks down at headquarters. It did not even get a fair break in the fight. Its dwindling patronage still further dwindled. And last month some kindly and observant soul down at headquarters did the decent act and completely decapitated the 5.15. The morning train could handle the mail, the newspapers, the express and the milk, and the few remaining passengers (most of them railroad employés, riding upon passes) on the branch. It is all that the branch, once so busy, has left now.

All over America the 5.15's are going—and going rapidly. They are licked. Their business is gone. Not alone to the motor-busses, but to the private automobiles, so-called—the individual vehicles of the individuals of a highly individualistic nation

who long since have found that a car in the garage, ready to go anywhere at its owner's bidding, at any hour of day or night, is worth more to them than a lot of cars down at the railroad station, which move only when some distant power at headquarters so ordains. Thirty per cent of the rail mileage of the country last year brought in less than two per cent of the gross revenues. That is the answer. More decapitation. In many cases, actual abandonment.

Against political and other strong pressures, this last is not always easy to accomplish. A good many small communities begin to appreciate their railroads when they are about to be taken from them. Then comes the hue and cry. The Milwaukee road cut a short branch-line out of service running up to a small Wisconsin county-seat, and prepared to abandon it entirely. Then it was that that small county-seat first realized that the branch road, upon which it had turned its back contemptuously for nearly a decade past, was a large source of its school taxes. It shrieked to the high heavens. Too late. The last train made its last trip—and the county-seat was left to the glories, and the occasional vagaries, of the highway alone.

In other years these branches, long and short, were apt too often to excite only the contempt of the big railroaders down at headquarters. Like the townspeople, they were prone to forget the real necessities of those little roads, or their possibilities. Running-times upon them became a joke, a sorry joke. Such a thing as bettered speed seemed to be out of the question. Along came the automobile and the motor-bus and snapped into energetic quickness. The branch-line local train was abandoned by most folk. . . . When it came to the locals on the longer branches the situation became far more serious.

II

What are the essential points of advantage of the modern motor-bus over the day-coach of the average local passenger-train in America? How could that local passenger-train be improved to compete properly with the modern motor-bus?

These were the questions that the wise rail operators of the land—and there still are a lot of them—began to ask themselves, sometime since. One of the wisest of all is Daniel Willard, of the Baltimore & Ohio. One day Mr. Willard walked around the corner from his office in Baltimore and there he espied, in front of the Southern Hotel, a highly modern motor-bus all poised and ready to go to Wilmington. The president of the B. & O. took a good look at this bus. One specific thing came at once to his attention: the comfortable, individual seats. He caught the point. Within a week the car-shops of his road were ripping out the old straight benches in some of its most modern coaches and installing individual seats in their places. In the parlance of the railroaders, bucket-seats. God knows why! What man would really want to ride from New York to Philadelphia, or anywhere else, seated in a bucket?

Willard's new seats were so successful that other railroaders, who are inclined to be a little sheeplike in their following of new ideas, once they have been adopted by some outstanding road, began installing them everywhere. The head of the B. & O. did not stop there. He ordered six-wheel trucks—the same as he has in his own private-car—under every passenger-coach on the system. He did more. He began placing rubber paddings in those trucks. His most recent step was placing two air-cooled trains in service between New York and Washington.

This last idea has been used for some years past in the gaudiest moving-picture palaces in New York and elsewhere; the highly modern barber-shop which I honor for my daily shave has it and advertises it mightily; the newest and showiest of New York hotels emblazons to the world that its lobbies and public rooms are, all of them, air-cooled. Human beings go into a huge refrigerator, stay there for hours, and enjoy the experience. If it is not overdone: folk have been known on a very hot day to catch a fine case of pneumonia. Willard's road has been careful not to overdo the cooling. If the outside thermometer in the somewhat fetid Free State of Maryland in a pleasant broiling July day flirts around ninety-five degrees, the inside one in his star Washington train registers about eighty. That is cool enough. Also, warm enough. Moreover, the practical sealing-up of the train reduces the noise, especially when added to the rubber-padding of those heavy trucks. People in a car of these new trains can talk to one another without lifting their voices.

Last Summer was a sumptuous one to test the efficacy of an air-cooled train between New York and Washington. People flocked to the new fast train of the B. & O. between those cities until the road was forced to add another in each direction each day. Because of its somewhat difficult terminal arrangements in the city of New York, the Baltimore & Ohio heretofore had not figured very heavily in the New York-Washington passenger business, but this past Summer things were different. The afternoon train from Washington kept getting heavier and heavier, longer and longer. From an average of from 50 to 90 passengers a day it increased to from 150 to 225 each day (earning a comfortable \$7.50 a mile); while the proudest train of its powerful competitor began dropping to

35 and 40 passengers a day; on one sizzler it made its way out of the Washington station with but three paying passengers. People liked those new air-cooled trains so well that it was hard to induce them to leave the cars for the broiling pavements of the national capital.

The result of this enormously successful experiment has been that almost every road in America which has to fight for its passenger traffic—and there are mighty few that do not now have to fight for it—is going to be compelled to adopt the air-cooled coach—or something that is a good equivalent. To the Pullman Company, with its great fleet of six or seven thousand cars, the prospect is a rather appalling one, for it costs from \$3000 to \$5000 a car to install the new device.

Therefore, some of the wiseacres in railroad offices are asking themselves if there is not a better way of solving the problem. Why not go to the root of the matter and find out why it is necessary to close the windows at all in an American train? You can ride all day long in a good British train and never close the window once, and still emerge, to all extents and purposes, as clean as you entered the carriages. Why not something of that sort in America?

The answer is—American coal.

British trains burn a quality of coal far superior to that used in the United States. We possess that quality, in certain fields, but it can be obtained only at a cost that is rather staggering to the average railroad operating head. For some years the Lackawanna Railroad, operating the shortest line between New York and Buffalo, used an anthracite coal only in its passenger-locomotives, brought Phoebe Snow to the fore as the only gal that could ride across York State from end to end in a railroad train without getting her white costume soiled,

and (although also hampered by poor passenger terminals in New York) picked up a lot of traffic. Since then the Lackawanna has abandoned the use of anthracite as fuel, although it still remains a clean road on which to travel.

In the past ten or twelve years large progress has been made in the intensive development of the steam locomotive upon the American railroad. For a time electricity was widely heralded (with the aid of expert propagandists) as the coming motive-power. It has come into use—to a very large extent—and it has done almost all of the fine things predicted for it. It is swift, clean, noiseless. But it also is very expensive to install. To find unexploited and inexpensive original sources of water power to create the electricity is alone beyond the abilities of many of our most extensive railroads.

Some progress has been made lately in the development of gasoline and oil-burning coaches adapted to the rail, but it has not been a very large progress. To adapt the automotive engine to a railroad unit seemed, at first shot, easy indeed. Men began tinkering with the idea twenty years since.

But no one has ever tinkered with it very successfully. Some of the roads have used, are still using, these gasoline-units, but as a rule they are extremely noisy, vibrate greatly and are particularly hard riding—perhaps due in part to foolish economies in their construction. Hard-headed railroad operating departments, accustomed by this time to pinching the dollar pretty closely, have made the coaches just as cheaply as they could be built, and, as a rule, with a maximum of seating capacity, when that was just the thing *not* necessary. Seats too often are hard, small and unnecessarily crowded. The vehicle is not inviting. And this

despite the experience of the builders of the most modern type of motor-busses, who long ago announced that for an additional sum, represented by the revenue from one additional passenger only, a long-distance bus could be transformed from a plain and ugly and uncomfortable vehicle into one really justifying the use of the phrase, that lingers long and lovingly upon the lips of the average traveler, *de luxe*.

To compete with these *de luxe* busses, the railroader offered on his branch-lines—and sometimes for local services on his main one—gasoline-motor-units, poorly arranged and poorly seated, in every way hard riders, and then wondered why patronage did not leave the motor-busses and come flocking his way for a change. In his almost childlike simplicity he did not seem to realize that he had failed to create a properly competing unit. A few roads saw the light. Up on the Chicago Great Western a handsome, two-car, motor-unit train was evolved for service between Minneapolis and St. Paul and Rochester, and almost from the beginning it was a real hit. Its seating arrangements were well studied and were made completely satisfactory. Its entire operating plan, adapted largely to the movement of sick folk from the Twin Cities to the hospital of the Brothers Mayo, and (generally) back again, was the result of much careful thought.

III

Some of the roads, notably the New York Central and the Canadian National, have been making extensive experiments in a type of locomotive wherein the gasoline or oil-burning engine does not directly communicate its power to the movement of the unit, but simply serves to operate a

dynamo, whose current is used, almost immediately, to move the wheels upon the rails.

Cumbersome as this plan may seem in the first telling, it really has something to recommend it. The transformation of the power, through electricity, gives a vast facility in the quick and easy movement of the locomotive, and apparently more than justifies the large additional cost of installation and operation. If this engine can be brought to a high state of perfection its advantages will be obvious. Through it, electric installation, heretofore limited in careful economic practice to well-congested lines, can be extended to those of comparatively light travel. Each locomotive is its own power-house, its own generating-station. The unit being entirely self-contained, can run without the added equipment of extensive power-houses and transmission lines.

But these oil-electric locomotives have not as yet come to perfection. They are not yet economical to operate. The question comes squarely back again to the steam locomotive. This established mechanism—now considerably more than a hundred years old—within the past ten or fifteen years has been remarkably developed and perfected. Up to that time about the only progress made with it was (the limits of height and width long since having been reached) to make it longer. Eventually this last limit also was reached—at something like an even hundred feet. So the locomotive builders finally began to improve the *quality* of their product. In rather rapid succession there was evolved the superheater, the hot-water feed, the fire-box arch, the stoker, the booster and an adaption of the marine water-tube fire-box to railroad needs.

As often happens, the Germans led in much of this mechanical progress. They

were the first to see the folly of keeping steam pressure at the traditional low maximum of about 250 pounds. They began to step up the old boiler. That highly picturesque American railroader, Leonor F. Loree, got into line with them. Up in the Albany shops of his Delaware & Hudson he built first one, then two and then three locomotives where the boiler pressure finally came to the 400-pound mark. And efficiency was increased, more than in proportion.

That was a start. Recently two American roads (the Canadian Pacific and the New York Central) have doubled this figure. Each has built an experimental locomotive (carrying in different cylinders from 800 to 1300 pounds steam-pressure), for freight service, which is expected to haul a 10,000-ton freight train across level stretches at a rate of sixty miles an hour, if need be. That is one of the American railroad's answers to the real menace of truck competition upon the highways. Allowing ten tons to the truck, which is about all that is legally permitted, and permitting trailer-trucks of the same size, five hundred men would be required to haul the same train as six men operate upon the steel rail, at a greater rate of speed. Even admitting illegal overloading of trucks, the preponderance remains vastly in favor of the railroad. Sooner or later, economic law is going to work out a few of these problems—in favor of the railroad.

Yet in all their improvements the builders have as yet failed to accomplish one highly desirable thing—making the locomotive clean in its operation. In fact, one of its most modern devices, the stoker, has definitely added to the filth that trails out of the low smokestack. In order that the automatic stoker may function it must be fed a finely powdered coal, which in turn

sends an infinite number of small cinders back over the train. The sharp wits of modern locomotive designers must yet be brought to the problem of making an efficient smoke-consuming device within the locomotive itself. Several attempts already have been made to solve the problem, none of them successful. Up to the present time almost any device that succeeds in proper smoke consumption slows up the energy of the locomotive, and to a most unfortunate degree. One very large American road has, however, within the past few months succeeded in installing an experimental device of this sort upon one of its largest and swiftest passenger locomotives that so far has proved a complete success. This may yet be a real solution of the problem.

Another device is the use of oil instead of coal as fuel. This is done almost everywhere west of the Rocky Mountains. But with the exception of a few stretches of the Adirondacks and elsewhere, where forest preservation has been a determining factor, we still use coal in our locomotives—and a rather poor grade of coal at that. The costs of installing and operating oil-burning locomotives in the Central and Eastern portions of the land have not been very appealing to hard-headed railroaders.

Yet the clean train must be accomplished—nothing less—if the railroad is to continue to get anything like its fair share of the passenger business. American passenger trains must be clean—inwardly and outwardly. One of the stronger arguments in favor of a lighter color upon the outside of passenger-coaches has been the fact that then a proper maintenance would compel them to be kept reasonably clean. The average American passenger train today consists of a trail of grimy, hearselike, chariots propelled by a grimy locomotive. Poor salesmanship. The bus people long

ago learned the value of a bright and attractive vehicle upon the exterior. The smart shopkeeper places a gay front upon his place of business. The lesson to the railroader should be obvious.

Some day, somehow, it is going to be possible to ride upon the average American passenger train on a hot Summer day with the windows wide open, and in comparative cleanliness. And back of a steam locomotive. The day of universal use of electric locomotives—or even of the gas- or oil-electric substitutes—is still a long distance off.

IV

Running-time is a tremendous factor in the successful operation of the modern railroad in America.

A 75-mile run between two cities—an average condition in this country—should be covered today, with improvements in motive-power, rolling-stock, track and signalling, in considerably less than two hours, but outside of the main lines of the more important roads it is rarely ever done. The running-time between New York and Washington, under stress of sharp competition between two excellent roads, has recently been reduced to four and one-quarter hours for the 225 miles. On the other hand, between New York and Boston, where there is virtually no rail competition, the crack Yankee Clipper of the New Haven road takes a full thirty minutes more for a run just four miles longer; the other two famous (and historic) *de luxe* trains of the New Haven, the Knickerbocker and the Merchants Limited, require an even five hours for the trip.

The New Haven never will be in a really strong position against airplane competition with its New York-Boston all-rail traffic until somehow it manages to

make a non-stop run in four hours flat. To do this it probably would have to cut out its somewhat tenuous Shore Line by way of New London and Providence and develop and improve the so-called Air Line from New Haven to Boston by way of Willimantic. By this move a number of miles of actual running would be saved; the road would be rendered immune from highway competition, as far as speed is concerned, and, because of the remoteness of the airports from the centers of the two terminal cities, in a strong position against the competition, present and future, of the airplane.

A similar situation exists between New York and Chicago.

More than a quarter of a century ago the two chief roads operating between those cities installed trains to make the run in a flat eighteen hours. A depressing number of wrecks ensued and these were charged, rightly or wrongly, to the excessive speed, as it then was termed. By mutual agreement the two roads then lengthened the running-time of their star trains to twenty hours, at which it has since remained. Modern conditions—once again, improvement in train and track mechanisms, particularly the automatic train control which arbitrarily stops any train that runs past a danger signal—have now rendered it possible to make the New York-Chicago run in eighteen hours, with no trouble or danger whatsoever. Perhaps in seventeen. But eighteen, certainly.

Left by themselves the two roads in question probably would continue to hold to twenty hours as their minimum running-time between New York and Chicago. It involves less strain upon the structure, both physical and human. Eighteen hours, or even nineteen, would be much better, because this would permit a slightly later departure from New York

(permitting more of a full business-day there), while continuing the early morning arrival at the terminals in the western city. This saving becomes more apparent—and more valuable—on the eastbound trips. The difference of one hour between the standard times of the two cities, operating in favor of the west-bound traveler, obviously operates against the man bound east. . . . Here it is that the airplane becomes a factor of increasing importance. The past year it averaged some twenty passengers daily in each direction between New York and Chicago; next year the figure may easily become fifty.

An eighteen-hour train would be an immediate answer to this situation. By the introduction of such a really swift express—entirely practical upon one, and probably upon both of the two chief railroads between New York and Chicago—a business man would be able to leave Manhattan at 5 o'clock in the afternoon and touch foot in the Loop at ten the next morning (Chicago Standard Time). Allowing for the time handicap of the return trip, a four o'clock departure from the Windy City would still bring the traveler into Gotham at eleven the next morning, washed, bathed, breakfasted, and in ample time for practically a full day's work in the metropolis. This is the thing that will have to be done—and that eventually will be done—if the railroads that connect the two cities are to protect themselves properly against the inroads of air competition.

Progress already is being made along this line of bettered speed. The Canadian roads are large factors. The Canadian National, under the highly progressive Thornton, more than two years ago cut down the run over its main line (between Montreal and Toronto, 333 miles) from an all-day drag of eight hours to an even six. Later it brought its running-time from Montreal

to Chicago to eighteen hours. The Canadian Pacific then joined the fray. With highly modern passenger motive-power at its command, it began last Autumn the swiftest long-distance running yet known in America—from Toronto to Montreal, by way of Smiths Falls, Ontario, over a straight line, for many miles practically gradeless.

Recently the British railways have picked up the glove. Never particularly noted for their slowness—for years past their London-Edinburgh services have been notable for high-speed luxury—the roads of England and of Scotland, facing very much the same competitive situation as our roads upon this side of the Atlantic, have begun new spurts of speed. Last October one of the most distinguished of the four British systems—the Great Western, began the daily operation of what is today probably the fastest train in the world, the Cheltenham Flyer, which makes the run of 77.3 miles from Swindon up to Paddington, London, in exactly 67 minutes, or at the rate of 69.3 miles an hour. Seventy-seven miles is not a particularly impressive rail distance over here—not at least in the eyes of the American top-of-the-rail boy. He knows that for many years past those crack trains of the Pennsylvania and of the rival Atlantic City Railway have been clipping off fifty-six miles across the billiard-table top of New Jersey from Camden, on the Delaware to Atlantic City on the Boardwalk at sixty miles an hour or better, and making no great bones of it at that.

“What’s fifty-six miles—or seventy-seven?” he asks. “Give us a real distance run.”

Two hundred and twenty-seven miles is more like it. That is the distance from Plymouth to London. For some years past the Great Western has been making it

with its non-stop boat trains in from 237 minutes down to 224. A mile a minute or better. The 185-mile run between Paris and Calais is done by the Golden Arrow at that average; in long stretches at a much better figure. The German Reichsbahn snaps its best Berlin-Hamburg flyers over a 178-mile line—also fairly straight and level—in 194 minutes, which is at the rate of 55.6 miles an hour.

German track and French, in these after-war days, are inferior to that of our best lines; British track is not superior. Therefore, eighteen hours between New York and Chicago (seventeen even) is not a wild dream for railroad progress here in the Western world. Rather is it a goal toward which our American railroads must set themselves, and probably will. Two roads already can make it, and when Daniel Willard perfects his consolidation plans and establishes for the Baltimore & Ohio another short line across Northern Pennsylvania between the two chief cities of America he also will be able to enter into the eighteen-hour race; perhaps his new line will be the very means of bringing it to pass.

Similarly, the running-time between Chicago and California points should be reduced to fifty hours, or better. The lines from Chicago to the Pacific Northwest may need two or three hours more for a similar run. A deal of progress has been made by the Western roads since the World War and the railroad débâcle that followed here in the United States. Minimum running times of sixty-three hours (practically three days and three nights) between Chicago and Pacific Coast points have been brought down to fifty-six hours (three days and two nights), or an average for a very long run of a little less than thirty-nine miles an hour. This is not bad, but it may be made better. At fifty hours

the average rate per hour between Chicago and Los Angeles would not greatly exceed forty miles. Which, with the large stretches of double-track already existent between Chicago and California—one route already is double-tracked all the way through to Oakland, another more than 60% of the distance to Los Angeles—is not by any means a wild dream.

A few wild dreams like this, come to realities, may be necessary to stave off this menace of the airplane to long-distance rail-passenger travel. Track and the steam locomotive in America today may be relied upon for far better sustained speeds than we are making today, even upon our best-operated roads. Some interesting experiments are being made at this moment in Europe in very high-speed automotive units, adapted to steel rails. One hundred miles an hour seems to be an easy mark to reach. Twenty years hence may see short unit-trains of this type being dispatched every ten or fifteen minutes from New York to Boston, to Buffalo, to Washington, just like rapid-transit trains in our largest cities, or better still, like a swift succession of airplanes.

This may be one solution of the future of the American railroad. The factors of safety, security and stability that it has to offer against air competition are not to be lightly passed aside. In connection with comfort, reliability in all conditions of weather, favorable or unfavorable, and a proper degree of swiftness, they should ensure it at least its own fair proportion of the vast long-distance passenger traffic of the continent.

The greater part of the short-distance rail passenger traffic may perhaps be counted upon as fairly lost—forever. The

individuality and the flexibility of the privately-owned and operated automobile are hard, and maybe impossible, to match. The motor-bus also presents difficulties, but they are not so great as some railroad operators see them, in their bad dreams late at night. For fairly short-distance hauls—say fifty to seventy-five miles or more—it might be successfully met, in most parts of the country, by a properly designed and operated local train upon the steel rail.

Again, the fundamental safety of the steel rail and the flanged wheel designed to operate upon it should count for much, particularly against the adverse conditions of bad weather in a good part of the land for a good part of the year. *The 5.15 is not yet dead—beyond all hopes of resuscitation.* It may yet come back; in an amended and far better form. Whether it so does or not, is, to no little extent, in the hands of the railroaders themselves.

In its last analysis, then, the best solution of the railroad problem today must be in a bettered salesmanship of rail transport. The deadly competition of motor-trucks and motor-busses and other highly modern forms of carrying can, and eventually will, be regulated, to a large degree at least. Consolidation can and perhaps will come to do its part in the solution of the present crisis. But in the long run the American railroad can only thrive—can only survive—by selling itself to the American public. This does not mean the beating of tom-toms, wild splurges in advertising, or the antics of professional press agents. It means the intelligent use of a much abused word—service—bettered service. That is the salvation, not only of the 5.15, but of the railroad that operates it.

CENTAUR IN BRASS

BY WILLIAM FAULKNER

IN OUR town Flem Snopes now has a monument to himself, a monument of brass, none the less enduring for the fact that, though it is constantly in sight of the whole town and visible from three or four points miles out in the country, only four people, two white men and two Negroes, know that it is his monument, or that it is a monument at all.

He came to Jefferson from the country, accompanied by his wife and infant daughter and preceded by a reputation for shrewd and secret dealing. There lives in our county a sewing-machine agent named Suratt, who used to own a half interest in a small back-street restaurant in town—himself no mean hand at that technically unassailable opportunism which passes with country folks—and town folks, too—for honest shrewdness.

He travels about the county steadily and constantly, and it was through him that Snopes's doings first came to our ears: how first, a clerk in a country store, Snopes one day and to every one's astonishment was married to the store owner's daughter, a young girl who was the belle of the countryside. They were married suddenly, on the same day upon which three of the girl's erstwhile suitors left the country and were seen no more.

Soon after the wedding Snopes and his wife moved to Texas, from where the wife returned a year later with a well-grown baby. A month later Snopes himself returned, accompanied by a broad-hatted

stranger and a herd of half-wild mustang ponies, which the stranger auctioned off, collected the money, and departed. Then the purchasers discovered that none of the ponies had ever had a bridle on. But they never learned if Snopes had had any part in the business, or had received any part of the money.

The next we heard of him was when he appeared one day in a wagon laden with his family and household goods, and with a bill-of-sale for Suratt's half of the restaurant. How he got the bill-of-sale, Suratt never told, and we never learned more than that there was somehow involved in the affair a worthless piece of land which had been a portion of Mrs. Snopes's dowry. But what the business was even Suratt, a humorous, talkative man who was as ready to laugh at a joke on himself as at one on anyone else, never told. But when he mentioned Snopes's name after that, it was in a tone of savage and sardonic and ungrudging admiration.

"Yes, sir," he said, "Flem Snopes outsmarted me. And the man that can do that, I just wish I was him, with this whole State of Mississippi to graze on."

In the restaurant business Snopes appeared to prosper. That is, he soon eliminated his partner, and presently he was out of the restaurant himself, with a hired manager to run it, and we began to believe in the town that we knew what was the mainspring of his rise and luck. We believed that it was his wife; we accepted

without demur the evil which such little lost towns like ours seem to foist upon even men who are of good thinking despite them. She helped in the restaurant at first. We could see her there behind the wooden counter worn glass-smooth by elbows in their eating generations: young, with the rich coloring of a calender; a face smooth, unblemished by any thought or by anything else: an appeal immediate and profound and without calculation or shame, with (because of its unblemishment and not its size) something of that vast, serene, impervious beauty of a snowclad virgin mountain flank, listening and not smiling while Major Hoxey, the town's lone rich middle-aged bachelor, graduate of Yale and soon to be mayor of the town, incongruous there among the collarless shirts and the overalls and the grave, country-eating faces, sipped his coffee and talked to her.

Not impregnable: impervious. That was why it did not need gossip when we watched Snopes's career mount beyond the restaurant and become complement with Major Hoxey's in city affairs, until less than six months after Hoxey's inauguration Snopes, who had probably never been close to any piece of machinery save a grindstone until he moved to town, was made superintendent of the municipal power plant. Mrs. Snopes was born one of those women the deeds and fortunes of whose husbands alone are the barometers of their good name; for to do her justice, there was no other handle for gossip save her husband's rise in Hoxey's administration.

But there was still that intangible thing: partly something in her air, her face; partly what we had already heard about Flem Snopes's methods. Or perhaps what we knew or believed about Snopes was all; perhaps what we thought to be her shadow

was merely his shadow falling upon her. But anyway, when we saw Snopes and Hoxey together we would think of them and of adultery in the same instant, and we would think of the two of them walking and talking in amicable cuckoldry. Perhaps, as I said, this was the fault of the town. Certainly it was the fault of the town that the idea of their being on amicable terms outraged us more than the idea of the adultery itself. It seemed foreign, decadent, perverted: we could have accepted, if not condoned, the adultery had they only been natural and logical and enemies.

But they were not. Yet neither could they have been called friends. Snopes had no friends; there was no man nor woman among us, not even Hoxey or Mrs. Snopes, who we believed could say, "I know his thought"—least of all, those among whom we saw him now and then, sitting about the stove in the rear of a certain smelly, third-rate grocery, listening and not talking, for an hour or so two or three nights a week. And so we believed that, whatever his wife was, she was not fooling him. It was another woman who did that: a Negro woman, the new young wife of Tom-Tom, the day fireman in the power plant.

Tom-Tom was black: a big bull of a man weighing two hundred pounds and sixty years old and looking about forty. He had been married about a year to his third wife, a young woman whom he kept with the strictness of a Turk in a cabin two miles from town and from the power plant where he spent twelve hours a day with shovel and bar.

One afternoon he had just finished cleaning the fires and he was sitting in the coal-bunker, resting and smoking his pipe, when Snopes, his superintendent, employer and boss, came in. The fires were clean and the steam was up again, and the safety

valve on the middle boiler was blowing off.

Snopes entered: a potty man of no particular age, broad and squat, in a clean though collarless white shirt and a plaid cap. His face was round and smooth, either absolutely impenetrable or absolutely empty. His eyes were the color of stagnant water; his mouth was a tight, lipless seam. Chewing steadily, he looked up at the whistling safety valve.

"How much does that whistle weigh?" he said after a time.

"Must weigh ten pound, anyway," Tom-Tom said.

"Is it solid brass?"

"If it ain't, I ain't never seed no brass what *is* solid," Tom-Tom said.

Snopes had not once looked at Tom-Tom. He continued to look upward toward the thin, shrill, excruciating sound of the valve. Then he spat, and turned and left the boiler-room.

II

He built his monument slowly. But then, it is always strange to what involved and complex methods a man will resort in order to steal something. It's as though there were some intangible and invisible social force that mitigates against him, confounding his own shrewdness with his own cunning, distorting in his judgment the very value of the object of his greed, which in all probability, had he but picked it up and carried it openly away, nobody would have remarked or cared. But then, that would not have suited Snopes, since he apparently had neither the high vision of a confidence man nor the unrecking courage of a brigand.

His vision at first, his aim, was not even that high; it was no higher than that of a casual tramp who pauses in passing to

steal three eggs from beneath a setting hen. Or perhaps he was merely not certain yet that there really was a market for brass. Because his next move was five months after Harker, the night engineer, came on duty one evening and found the three safety whistles gone and the vents stopped with one-inch steel screw plugs capable of a pressure of a thousand pounds.

"And them three boiler heads you could poke a hole through with a soda straw!" Harker said. "And that damn black night fireman, Turl, that couldn't even read a clock face, still throwing coal into them! When I looked at the gauge on the first boiler, I never believed I would get to the last boiler in time to even reach the injector.

"So when I finally got it into Turl's head that that 100 on that dial meant where Turl would not only lose his job, he would lose it so good they wouldn't even be able to find the job to give it to the next misbegotten that believed that live steam was something you blowed on a window pane in cold weather, I got settled down enough to ask him where them safety valves had gone to.

"Mr. Snopes took um off," Turl says.

"What in the hell for?"

"I don't know. I just telling you what Tom-Tom told me. He say Mr. Snopes say the shut-off float in the water tank ain't heavy enough. Say that tank start leaking some day, and so he going to fasten them three safety valves on the float and make it heavier."

"You mean —" I says. That's as far as I could get: "You mean —"

"That what Tom-Tom say. I don't know nothing about it."

"But they were gone. Up to that night, me and Turl had been catching forty winks or so now and then when we got caught up and things was quiet. But you can bet we

never slept none that night. Me and him spent that whole night, time about, on that coal pile, where we could watch them three gauges. And from midnight on, after the load went off, we never had enough steam in all three of them boilers put together to run a peanut parcher. And even when I was in bed, at home, I couldn't sleep. Time I shut my eyes I would begin to see a steam gauge about the size of a washtub, with a red needle big as a shovel moving up toward a hundred pounds, and I would wake myself up hollering and sweating."

But even that wore away after a while, and then Turl and Harker were catching their forty winks or so again. Perhaps they decided that Snopes had stolen his three eggs and was done. Perhaps they decided that he had frightened himself with the ease with which he had got the eggs. Because it was five months before the next act took place.

Then one afternoon, with his fires cleaned and steam up again, Tom-Tom, smoking his pipe on the coal pile, saw Snopes enter, carrying in his hand an object which Tom-Tom said later he thought was a mule shoe. He watched Snopes retire into a dim corner behind the boilers, where there had accumulated a miscellaneous pile of metal junk, all covered with dirt: fittings, valves, rods and bolts and such, and, kneeling there, begin to sort the pieces, touching them one by one with the mule shoe and from time to time removing one piece and tossing it behind him, into the runway. Tom-Tom watched him try with the magnet every loose piece of metal in the boiler-room, sorting out the iron from the brass: then Snopes ordered Tom-Tom to gather up the segregated pieces of brass and bring them in to his office.

Tom-Tom gathered the pieces into a

box. Snopes was waiting in the office. He glanced once into the box, then he spat. "How do you and Turl get along?" he said. Turl, I had better repeat, was the night fireman; a Negro too, though he was saddle-colored where Tom-Tom was black, and in place of Tom-Tom's two hundred pounds Turl, even with his laden shovel, would hardly have tipped a hundred and fifty.

"I tends to my business," Tom-Tom said. "What Turl does wid hisn ain't no trouble of mine."

"That ain't what Turl thinks," Snopes said, chewing, watching Tom-Tom, who looked at Snopes as steadily in turn; looked down at him. "Turl wants me to give him your day shift. He says he's tired firing at night."

"Let him fire here long as I is, and he can have it," Tom-Tom said.

"Turl don't want to wait that long," Snopes said, chewing, watching Tom-Tom's face. Then he told Tom-Tom how Turl was planning to steal some iron from the plant and lay it at Tom-Tom's door and so get Tom-Tom fired. And Tom-Tom stood there, huge, hulking, with his hard round little head. "That's what he's up to," Snopes said. "So I want you to take this stuff out to your house and hide it where Turl can't find it. And as soon as I get enough evidence on Turl, I'm going to fire him."

Tom-Tom waited until Snopes had finished, blinking his eyes slowly. Then he said immediately: "I knows a better way than that."

"What way?" Snopes said. Tom-Tom didn't answer. He stood, big, humorless, a little surly; quiet; more than a little implacable though heatless. "No, no," Snopes said. "That won't do. You have any trouble with Turl, and I'll fire you both. You do like I say, unless you are tired of your job

and want Turl to have it. Are you tired of it?"

"Ain't no man complained about my pressure yet," Tom-Tom said sullenly.

"Then you do like I say. You take that stuff out home with you tonight. Don't let nobody see you; not even your wife. And if you don't want to do it, just say so. I reckon I can get somebody that will do it."

And that's what Tom-Tom did. And he kept his own counsel too, even when afterward, as discarded fittings and such accumulated again, he would watch Snopes test them one by one with the magnet and sort him out another batch to take out home and hide. Because he had been firing those boilers for forty years, ever since he was a man. At that time there was but one boiler, and he had got twelve dollars a month for firing it, but now there were three, and he got sixty dollars a month; and now he was sixty, and he owned his little cabin and a little piece of corn, and a mule and a wagon in which he rode into town to church twice each Sunday, with his new young wife beside him and a gold watch and chain.

And Harker didn't know then, either, even though he would watch the junked metal accumulate in the corner and then disappear over night until it came to be his nightly joke to enter with his busy, bustling air and say to Turl: "Well, Turl, I notice that little engine is still running. There's a right smart of brass in them bushings and wrist pins, but I reckon it's moving too fast to hold that magnet against it." Then more soberly; quite soberly, in fact, without humor or irony at all, since there was some of Suratt in Harker too: "That durn fellow! I reckon he'd sell the boilers too, if he knowed of any way you and Tom-Tom could keep steam up without them."

And Turl didn't answer. Because by

that time Turl had his own private temptations and worries, the same as Tom-Tom, of which Harker was also unaware.

In the meantime, the first of the year came and the city was audited.

"They come down here," Harker said, "two of them, in glasses. They went over the books and they poked around everywhere, counting everything in sight and writing it down. Then they went back to the office and they was still there at six o'clock when I come on. It seems that there was something wrong; it seems like there was some old brass parts wrote down in the books, only the brass seemed to be missing or something. It was on the books all right, and the new valves and things it had been replaced with was there. But be durn if they could find a one of them old pieces except one busted bib that had got mislaid under the work-bench someway or other. It was right strange. So I went back with them and held the light while they looked again in all the corners, getting a right smart of soot and grease on them, but that brass just naturally seemed to be plumb missing. So they went away.

"And the next morning early they come back. They had the city clerk with them this time and they beat Mr. Snopes down here and so they had to wait till he come in in his check cap and his chew, chewing and looking at them while they told him. They was right sorry; they hemmed and hawed a right smart, being sorry. But it wasn't nothing else they could do except to come back on him, long as he was the superintendent; and did he want me and Turl and Tom-Tom arrested right now, or would tomorrow do? And him standing there, chewing, with them eyes like two gobs of cup grease on a hunk of raw dough, and them still telling him how sorry they was.

"How much does it come to?" he says.

"Three hundred and four dollars and fifty-two cents, Mr. Snopes."

"Is that the full amount?"

"We checked our figgers twice, Mr. Snopes."

"All right," he says. And he reaches down and hauls out the money and pays them the three hundred and four dollars and fifty-two cents in cash, and asks for a receipt."

III

Then the next Summer came, with Harker still laughing at and enjoying what he saw, and seeing so little, thinking how they were all fooling one another while he looked on, when it was him who was being fooled. For in that Summer the thing ripened, came to a head. Or maybe Snopes just decided to cut his first hay crop; clean the meadow for reseeding. Because he could never have believed that on the day when he sent for Turl, he had set the capital on his monument and had started to tear the scaffolding down.

It was in the evening; he returned to the plant after supper and sent for Turl; again two of them, white man and Negro, faced one another in the office.

"What's this about you and Tom-Tom?" Snopes said.

"'Bout me and which?" Turl said. "If Tom-Tom depending on me for his trouble, he sho' done quit being a fireman and turned waiter. It take two folks to have trouble, and Tom-Tom ain't but one, I don't care how big he is."

Snopes watched Turl. "Tom-Tom thinks you want to fire the day shift."

Turl looked down. He looked briefly at Snopes' face; at the still eyes, the slow unceasing jaw, and down again. "I can handle as much coal as Tom-Tom," he said.

Snopes watched him: the smooth,

brown, aside-looking face. "Tom-Tom knows that, too. He knows he's getting old. But he knows there ain't nobody else can crowd him but you." Then, watching Turl's face, Snopes told him how for two years Tom-Tom had been stealing brass from the plant, in order to lay it on Turl and get him fired; how only that day Tom-Tom had told him that Turl was the thief.

Turl looked up. "That's a lie," he said. "Can't no nigger accuse me of stealing when I ain't, I don't care how big he is."

"Sho'," Snopes said. "So the thing to do is to get that brass back."

"If Tom-Tom got it, I reckon Mr. Buck Conner the man to get it back," Turl said. Buck Conner was the city marshal.

"Then you'll go to jail, sure enough. Tom-Tom'll say he didn't know it was there. You'll be the only one that knew it was there. So what you reckon Buck Conner'll think? You'll be the one that knew where it was hid at, and Buck Conner'll know that even a fool has got more sense than to steal something and hide it in his corn-crib. The only thing you can do is to get that brass back. Go out there in the daytime, while Tom-Tom is at work, and get it and bring it to me and I'll put it away somewhere to use as evidence on Tom-Tom. Unless maybe you don't want that day shift. Just say so, if you don't. I reckon I can find somebody else that does."

And Turl agreed to do that. He hadn't fired any boilers for forty years. He hadn't done anything at all for as long as forty years, since he was just past thirty. But even if he were a hundred, no man could ever accuse him of having done anything that would aggregate forty years net. "Unless Turl's night prowling might add up that much," Harker said. "If Turl ever gets married, he won't need no front door a-tall; he wouldn't know what it was for. If he couldn't come tom-cattin' in through

the back window, he wouldn't know what he come after. Would you, Turl?"

So from here on it is simple enough, since a man's mistakes, like his successes, usually are simple. Particularly the success. Perhaps that's why it is so often missed: it was just overlooked.

"His mistake was in picking out Turl to pull his chestnuts," Harker said. "But even Turl wasn't as bad as the second mistake he made at the same time without knowing it. And that was, when he forgot about that high yellow wife of Tom-Tom's. When I found out how he had picked out Turl, out of all the niggers in Jefferson, that's prowled at least once (or tried to) every gal within ten miles of town, to go out to Tom-Tom's house knowing all the time how Tom-Tom would be down here wrastling coal until seven o'clock and then have two miles to walk home, and expect Turl to spend his time out there hunting for anything that ain't hid in Tom-Tom's bed, and when I would think about Tom-Tom down here, wrastling them boilers with this same amical cuckoldry like the fellow said about Mr. Snopes and Colonel Hoxey, stealing brass so he can keep Turl from getting his job away from him, and Turl out yonder tending to Tom-Tom's home business at the same time, sometimes I think I will die.

"It was bound to not last. The question was, which would happen first: if Tom-Tom would catch Turl, or if Mr. Snopes would catch Turl, or if I would bust a blood vessel laughing some night. Well, it was Turl. He seemed to be having too much trouble locating that brass; he had been hunting it for three weeks already, coming in a little late almost every night now, with Tom-Tom having to wait until Turl come before he could start home. Maybe that was it. Or maybe Mr. Snopes

was out there himself one day, hid in the bushes too, waiting for it to get along toward dark (it was already April then); him on one side of Tom-Tom's house and Turl creeping up through the corn patch on the other. Anyway, he come back down here one night and he was waiting when Turl come in about a half hour late, as usual, and Tom-Tom all ready to go home soon as Turl got here. Mr. Snopes sent for Turl and asked him if he had found it.

"Find it when?" Turl says.

"While you was out there hunting for it about dusk tonight,' Mr. Snopes says. And there's Turl, wondering just how much Mr. Snopes knows, and if he can risk saying how he has been at home in bed since six-thirty this morning, or maybe up to Mottstown on business. 'Maybe you are still looking for it in the wrong place,' Mr. Snopes says, watching Turl, and Turl not looking at Mr. Snopes except maybe now and then. 'If Tom-Tom had hid that iron in his bed, you ought to done found it three weeks ago,' Mr. Snopes says. 'So suppose you look in that corn-crib where I told you to look.'

"So Turl went out to look one more time. But he couldn't seem to find it in the corn-crib neither. Leastways, that's what he told Mr. Snopes when Mr. Snopes finally run him down back here about nine o'clock one night. Turl was on a kind of a spot, you might say. He would have to wait until along toward dark to go up to the house, and already Tom-Tom had been grumbling some about how Turl was getting later and later about coming to work every night. And once he found that brass, he would have to begin getting back to the plant at seven o'clock, and the days getting longer all the time.

"So Turl goes back to give one more go-round for that brass evidence. But still he can't find it. He must have looked under

every shuck and thread in Tom-Tom's bed tick, but without no more success than them two audits had. He just couldn't seem to find that evidence nohow. So then Mr. Snopes says he will give Turl one more chance, and if he don't find that evidence this time, Mr. Snopes is going to tell Tom-Tom how there is a strange tom-cat on his back fence. And whenever a nigger husband in Jefferson hears that, he finds out where Turl is at before he even sharpens his razor: ain't that so, Turl?

"So the next evening Turl goes out to look again. To do or die this time. He comes creeping up out of the woods about sundown, the best time of day for brass hunting, specially as there is a moon that night. So here he comes, creeping up through the corn patch to the back porch, where the cot is, and pretty soon he can make out somebody in a white nightgown laying on the cot. But Turl don't rise up and walk even then; that ain't Turl's way. Turl plays by the rules. He creeps up—it's dust-dark by then, and the moon beginning to shine a little—all careful and quiet, and tom-cats up on to the back porch and stoops over the cot and puts his hand on nekkid meat and says, 'Honeybunch, papa's done arrived.'"

IV

In the very quiet hearing of it I seemed to partake for the instant of Turl's horrid surprise. Because it was Tom-Tom on the cot; Tom-Tom, whom Turl believed to be at the moment two miles away, waiting for Turl to come and take over from him at the power plant.

The night before, on his return home Tom-Tom had brought with him a last year's watermelon which the local butcher had kept all Winter in cold storage and

which he had given to Tom-Tom, being himself afraid to eat it, and a pint of whiskey. Tom-Tom and his wife consumed them and went to bed, where an hour later she waked Tom-Tom by her screaming. She was violently ill, and she was afraid that she was dying. She was too frightened to let Tom-Tom go for help, and while he dosed her as he could, she confessed to him about herself and Turl. As soon as she told it she became easier and went off to sleep, either before she had time to realize the enormity of what she had done, or while she was still too occupied in being alive to care.

But Tom-Tom wasn't. The next morning, after he convinced himself that she was all right, he reminded her of it. She wept some, and tried to retract; she ran the gamut of tears to anger, through denial and cajolery back to tears again. But she had Tom-Tom's face to look at all the while, and so after a time she hushed and she just lay there, watching him as he went methodically about cooking breakfast, her own and his, saying no word, apparently oblivious of even her presence. Then he fed her, made her eat, with the same detachment, implacable and without heat. She was waiting for him to leave for work; she was doubtless then and had been all the while inventing and discarding practical expedients; so busy that it was mid-morning before she realized that he had no intention of going to town, though she did not know that he had arranged to get word to the plant by seven that morning that he would take the day off.

So she lay there in the bed, quite quiet, her eyes a little wide, still as an animal, while he cooked their dinner and fed her again with that clumsy and implacable care. And just before sundown he locked her in the bedroom, she still saying no word, not asking him what he was about,

just watching with her quiet, still eyes the door until it closed and the key clicked. Then Tom-Tom put on one of her night-gowns and with a naked butcher knife beside him, he lay down on the cot on the back porch. And there he was, without having moved for almost an hour, when Turl crept on to the porch and touched him.

In the purely reflex action of Turl's turning to flee, Tom-Tom rose, clutching the knife, and sprang at Turl. He leaped astride of Turl's neck and shoulders; his weight was the impetus which sent Turl off the porch, already running when his feet touched earth, carrying with him on the retina of his fear a single dreadful glint of moonlight on the blade of the lifted knife, as he crossed the back lot and, with Tom-Tom on his back, entered the trees—the two of them a strange and furious beast with two heads and a single pair of legs like an inverted centaur speeding phantomlike just ahead of the boardlike streaming of Tom-Tom's shirt-tail and just beneath the silver glint of the lifted knife, through the moony April woods.

"Tom-Tom big buck man," Turl said. "Make three of me. But I sho' toted him. And whenever I would see the moon glint that butcher knife, I could a picked up two more like him without even stopping." He said that at first he just ran; it was only when he found himself among the trees that it occurred to him that his only hope was to rake Tom-Tom off against a tree trunk. "But he helt on so tight with that one arm that whenever I busted him into a tree, I had to bust into the tree too. And then we'd bounce off and I'd catch that moonglint in that nekkid knife, and I could a picked up two more Tom-Toms.

"'Bout that time was when Tom-Tom started squalling. He was holding on with

both hands then, so I knowed that I had done outrun that butcher knife anyhow. But I was good started then; my feet never paid Tom-Tom no more mind when he started squalling to stop and let him off than they did me. Then Tom-Tom grabbed my head with both hands and begun to haul it around like I was a runaway bare-back mule, and then I seed the ditch. It was about forty foot deep and it looked a solid mile across, but it was too late then. My feet never even slowed up. They run far as from here to that door yonder out into nekkid air before us even begun to fall. And they was still clawing that moonlight when me and Tom-Tom hit the bottom."

The first thing I wanted to know was, what Tom-Tom used in lieu of the butcher knife which he had dropped. He didn't use anything. He and Turl just sat there in the ditch and talked. Because there is a sanctuary beyond despair for any beast which has dared all, which even its mortal enemy respects. Or maybe it was just nigger nature. Anyway, it was perfectly plain to both of them as they sat there, perhaps panting a little while they talked, that Tom-Tom's home had been outraged, not by Turl, but by Flem Snopes; that Turl's life and limbs had been endangered, not by Tom-Tom, but by Flem Snopes.

That was so plain to them that they sat there quietly in the ditch, getting their wind back, talking a little without heat like two acquaintances meeting in the street; so plain that they made their concerted plan without recourse to definite words on the subject. They merely compared notes; perhaps they laughed a little at themselves. Then they climbed out of the ditch and returned to Tom-Tom's cabin, where Tom-Tom unlocked his wife, and he and Turl sat before the hearth while the woman prepared a meal for them, which they ate as quietly but

without loss of time: the two grave, scratched faces leaned to the same lamp, above the same dishes, while in the background the woman watched them, shadowy and covert and unspeaking.

Tom-Tom took her to the barn with them to help load the brass into the wagon, where Turl spoke for the first time since they climbed together out of the ditch in Harker's "amical" cuckoldry: "Great God, man, how long did it take you to tote all this stuff out here?"

"Not long," Tom-Tom said. "Been working at it 'bout two years."

It required four trips in the wagon; it was daybreak when the last load was disposed of, and the sun was rising when Turl entered the power plant, eleven hours late.

"Where in hell you been?" Harker said.

Turl glanced up at the three gauges, his scratched face wearing an expression of monkeylike gravity. "Been helping a friend of mine."

"Helping what friend of yours?"

"Boy named Turl," Turl said, squinting at the gauges.

V.

"And that was all he said," Harker said. "And me looking at that scratched face of hisn, and at the mate of it that Tom-Tom brought in at six o'clock. But Turl didn't tell me then. And I ain't the only one he never told nothing that morning. Because Mr. Snopes got there before six o'clock, before Turl had got away. He sent for Turl and asked him if he had found that brass and Turl told him no.

"'Why didn't you find it?' Mr. Snopes said.

"Turl didn't look away, this time. 'Because it ain't no brass there. That's the main reason.'

"'How do you know there ain't?' Mr. Snopes says.

"And Turl looked him straight in them eyes. 'Because Tom-Tom say it ain't,' Turl says.

"Maybe he ought to knew then. But a man will go to any length to fool himself; he will tell himself stuff and believe it that he would be downright mad with a fellow he had done trimmed for believing it. So now he sends for Tom-Tom.

"'I aint got no brass,' Tom-Tom says.

"'Where is it, then?'

"'It's where you said you wanted it.'

"'Where I said I wanted it when?'

"'When you took them whistle valves off the boilers,' Tom-Tom says.

"That's what whipped him. He didn't dare to fire neither one of them, you see. And so he'd have to see one of them there all day long every day, and know that the other one was there all night long every night; he would have to know that during every twenty-four hours that passed, one or the other of them was there, getting paid—paid, mind you, by the hour—for living half their lives right there under that tank with them four loads of brass in it that now belonged to him by right of purchase and which he couldn't claim now because now he had done waited too late.

"It sure was too late. But next New Year it got later. Come New Year's and the town got audited again; again them two spectacled fellows come down here and checked the books and went away and come back with not only the city clerk, but with Buck Conner too, with a warrant for Turl and Tom-Tom. And there they were, hemming and hawing, being sorry again, pushing one another in front to talk. It seems how they had made a mistake two years ago, and instead of three-hundred-and-four-fifty-two of this here evaporating brass, there was five-hundred-and-twenty-

five dollars worth, leaving a net of a hundred-and-twenty-five dollars. And there was Buck Conner with the warrant, all ready to arrest Turl and Tom-Tom when he give the word, and it so happening that Turl and Tom-Tom was both in the boiler-room at that moment, changing shifts.

"So Snopes paid them. Dug down and hauled out the money and paid them the hundred-and-twenty-five and got his receipt. And about two hours later I happened to pass through the office. At first I didn't see nobody, because the light was off. So I thought maybe the bulb was burned out, seeing as that light burned all the time. But it wasn't burned out; it was just turned out. Only before I turned it on I saw him, setting there. So I didn't turn the light on. I just went on out and left him setting there, setting right still."

VI

In those days Snopes lived in a new little bungalow on the edge of town, and, when shortly after that New Year he resigned from the power plant, as the weather warmed into Spring they would see him quite often in his tiny grassless and treeless side yard. It was a locality of such

other hopeless little houses inhabited half by Negroes, and washed clay gullies and ditches filled with scrapped automobiles and tin cans, and the prospect was not pleasing. Yet he spent quite a lot of his time there, sitting on the steps, not doing anything. And so they wondered what he could be looking at there, since there was nothing to see above the massed trees which shaded the town itself except the low smudge of the power plant, and the water tank. And it too was condemned now, for the water had suddenly gone bad two years ago and the town now had a new reservoir underground. But the tank was a stout one and the water was still good to wash the streets with, and so the town let it stand, refusing at one time a quite liberal though anonymous offer to purchase and remove it.

So they wondered what Snopes was looking at. They didn't know that he was contemplating his monument: that shaft taller than anything in sight and filled with transient and symbolical liquid that was not even fit to drink, but which, for the very reason of its impermanence, was more enduring through its fluidity and blind renewal than the brass which poisoned it, than columns of basalt or of lead.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Language

THE SIGN LANGUAGE OF RAILROAD MEN

BY CHARLES CARPENTER

THE operating rule-books of the American railroads, based on the American Railway Association Standard Code of Rules, show seven hand signals. They are for starting, stopping and regulating the speed of trains. But these seven are only a beginning of the hand signals actually used by railroad men. There are really scores, and many of them, to the laymen, look very complicated and are quite unintelligible.

Let us suppose that a number of men are working on a stretch of track. A freight train approaches on the schedule time of a passenger train. As the freight passes, the foreman of the track gang holds up his right hand with three fingers out. The engineer sees the sign, and holds out both of his own hands with the fingers spread, withdraws them, and then holds out his right hand only, with the fingers spread.

The foreman of the track gang is asking how No. 3, the passenger train that is due, is running, so that he can regulate his work to be prepared when she comes through. The engineer is telling him that No. 3 is fifteen minutes late—two hands have ten fingers and one hand has five. It is all plain to these men.

Most of the hand signs in use on the railroads originated in a natural work-a-day way. You can see this from the following. A coal train is plodding along.

Two miles from Elm Grove, on an up-grade, it comes to a halt. The flagman in the caboose goes back to protect the rear of the train, and the conductor starts toward the head end to find out why it has stopped. It has come to a halt on straight track and the conductor can see the head-end brakeman in the distance, uncoupling the engine from the train. The brakeman observes the conductor coming forward and is aware that he wants to know the cause of the delay. So the brakeman closes his fists, holds the right one over the left, and then lifts his right hand upward about ten or twelve inches; then he puts his right hand to his face, with the thumb to his mouth, and tilts the hand up, as if he were drinking from a cup.

"Cuttin' for water! Why didn't those fellows take water at Glendon if they didn't have enough to make Elm Grove?" the conductor says to himself as he sees the signs and watches the engine hurry forward toward Elm Grove.

Another hand sign that shows a natural origin is the hot-box sign. If a track worker, towerman, or station agent observes a hot journal in a passing freight train he will give those on the caboose this sign, and the bearing will be looked after at the next stopping place. The sign is given by holding the nose with the thumb and index finger, and then pointing ahead along the train. The smoldering waste in a hot journal-box gives forth a terrible odor, and the holding of the nose is to show that this odor has been noticed. The nose detects a hot journal when no smoke

or blaze is visible, and long before there is any danger of accident.

Very simple hand signs sometimes convey a great deal of information. Say the engineer on a freight train entering a yard, where the train is to be put away, toots the whistle four short blasts—universally understood as the question: "What are we to do?" A yardmaster standing on the little side porch up on the tower at the end of the yard touches his head with the fingers of one hand, then raises his hand with the fist closed twice above his head; finishing this, he rubs the palms of his hands together, and then crosses his arms between the wrists and elbows. What he has replied to the engineer's whistle question is this: "Head in No. 2 track with your train and pull down far enough to clear the crossover".

Had the yardmaster wanted the train to go to the other end of the yard and back into No. 4 track, he would have given a proceed signal, and then touched the back of his left hand with the tips of the fingers of his right hand, and then raised his hand above his head four times.

There are signs for such things as coupling up a train and proceeding, for coupling a helper engine to the rear of a train, for saying that a certain train is on time, for throwing a certain switch, and for many similar things. A couple-up-and-proceed sign is made by curling the fingers of both hands to a half-closed position and hooking the hands together, followed by a go-ahead wave of the hand. For coupling on a helper engine, the same couple sign is given, supplemented by ramming a fist into the palm of the other hand. (A helper engine is called a rammer.) To give an on-time sign the arms are held in a circle with the finger tips touching, making the letter O, followed by holding one arm vertical from the elbow, and letting the

other arm rest above it, making the letter T. This sign is usually preceded by holding up a certain number of fingers, or by the shooting up the arm a number of times, to indicate the train number.

The sign language often works a considerable saving of time in the operation of trains. Say a freight train arrives at a station where some switching is to be done. The conductor goes to the office to get his train orders and to find out what the switching instructions are. He is told by the station agent that two cars on the siding are to be picked up—the second and third cars. He goes outside and gives his crew, which has just finished taking water at the tank below the station, a pull-up sign. Then he makes the couple sign and raises his hand above his head three times; after that he touches the back of his left hand with the fingers of his right hand, and then holds a hand above his head one time. He has told his crew to pick up three cars on the side track, to put two in the train, and to return one to the siding. By the time the train orders are received and the conductor leaves the office the switching may be completed.

While most of the railroad sign language is a working code, it is not all that. Sometimes it has a connection with the social amenities. Now and then a friendly comment is even made on the weather, say between the crew of a passing freight train and the operator at a lonely telegraph station. In Summer, when the thermometer is soaring, one has but to wipe one's fingers across one's brow and then toss a little make-believe sweat off them to say: "Some hot day! You bet it is!"

It is natural for every railroad man, from the general manager down, to keep track of his superiors. This propensity has been the origin of two or three peculiar signs. When the baggageman in a bag-

gage-car at the front of a passenger train places his thumbs in the armholes of a real or imaginary vest and swells his chest out and points back along the train, those who are looking on know that he is saying: "The big boss is back on the train". Another sign for saying that officials are in a certain direction is to hold the fingers five or six inches from the head and work them up and down in a motion like

scratching the head, and then point in a certain direction. This signifies "big heads" in the direction indicated.

Some hand signs are originated to suit peculiar local conditions and do not become widely disseminated, but those that I have described are all very widely known. One may see them in use, indeed, on railroads from Maine to California, and as well understood in one place as in another.

Farming

THE CASE AGAINST LARGE-SCALE FARMING

BY RONALD A. DAVIDSON

DURING the current frantic search for antidotes for the woes of American agriculture there has been a trend among economic theorists to point out the success of mass production and distribution in industry and business, as against the apparent inefficiency of individual farmers. What these theories fail to consider is that farming is not a manufacturing or chain-store business: it is *farming*, an enterprise, which, as a New Englander is credited with saying, "the Lord has altogether too much to do with".

A recent article pointed out that if Ford automobiles were produced in the same manner that the farmer produces his crops, that is, a few at a time, by individual mechanics in their own small buildings, the cars would probably cost around \$10,000 each. Certainly; but let us look at the comparison from another aspect. Suppose Ford cars were produced by their present methods, but under the natural conditions imposed upon the farmer? Under such conditions Mr. Ford's problem would be something like this:

His yearly output would have to be produced in an average time of from fifty to

one hundred days, and the equipment needed for this output would lie idle the rest of the year. The men trained in specialized work would be discharged, with the prospect of having to break in a large proportion of new men the next year. During the rush period any inclemency of weather would stop all operations for an indefinite time, yet all the men would have to be in their places and all the machinery ready to operate again on a few hours' notice. Instead of a uniformity of raw materials, the automatic equipment would be called upon to handle innumerable variations, such as soil of different physical characteristics and moisture content, and crops of variable sizes and different degrees of maturity. Now add to these difficulties the fact that the gross output might vary 100% or more, solely on the whims of the weather. Under such conditions it is hard to see how even Ford efficiency could produce automobiles for anything like their present price, yet these are the conditions which must be met by any organization attempting to coöperate with Nature in agricultural production.

It is this fact, that farming is fundamentally the operation of natural forces instead of the utilization of inorganic material by human effort, which is seemingly overlooked by the advocates of industri-

alized farming. Nature alone produced all mankind's food for many centuries before any kind of farming was practiced. Under the direction and selections of man this production has been increased and improved, but natural forces are still, and always will be, the dominating factors in growing things. Of course, the farmer has been aided immeasurably by different forms of mechanical power, but the problems he has to face are far too variable to be handled entirely by mechanical means or inflexible organizations.

Large-scale power farming is not a new idea. Combine harvesters were operating in California when Henry Ford was still tinkering with bicycles. The farm lands of that State are practically all included in the old Spanish Grants, large tracts of land which were, and in many cases still are, owned by one family. This condition naturally called for large-scale operations, and ranches of from 10,000 to 50,000 acres under one management were not uncommon here twenty-five years ago. In the San Joaquin Valley one company farmed to wheat and barley the entire district around Lake Tulare, using steam-powered combine harvesters, each cutting a thirty-six-foot swathe. The plowing and seeding were done by steam tractors and teams of eight to twelve mules in a string. Of course, such power was not as efficient as the gasoline tractors of today, but the principle of mass production was the same. Today this same area is split up into ranches farmed by individual tenants, because the company found that mass production could not return in net profits as much as the tenants could afford to pay in the form of rent.

This particular ranch is no exception. Practically all the land grants in California which still remain intact have been divided up among tenants, as the most efficient means of operating them. In many

cases the large ranch-owners have had to lend financial aid and supervision to their tenants, but they still find that the smaller unit of production under self-interested management produces the best results.

This same trend to smaller units of production is plainly evident in farm machinery. The first gasoline tractors put out were practically all large units, the sixty and seventy-five horse-power models being the original standards. The same companies have gradually developed smaller models, and their sales show a steady increase. In combine harvesters the immense thirty and thirty-six foot types of twenty years ago have practically all been replaced by models cutting only from ten to twenty feet. This change has not come about because the smaller machines are more efficient per unit, for they are not. The actual operating expense of a sixty horse-power tractor in plowing a given acreage is considerably less than that of a ten horse-power doing the same amount of work. Why is it, then, that farmers tend increasingly to demand smaller units of land and power? One reason, especially forceful now, is the difficulty of financing large units. Says Dr. R. L. Adams, professor of farm management at the University of California:

Great strides have been made in the perfection of large power units, such as tractors, trucks, multiple plows and combine harvesters. Also, numbers of labor-saving devices have been invented to increase the output per man and so reduce the cost of production. But these advantages are largely offset by the large amounts of capital needed to finance the securing of the land and equipment, to meet payrolls and carry on the enterprise. Present returns from agriculture do not lend encouragement to capitalists to finance large-scale farming operations.

Even under normal conditions there is a very large element of risk in any farm in-

vestment. But where an individual farmer might be justified in gambling the \$1,000 necessary to seed 500 acres of grain on the prospect of double or nothing for his money, a corporation could hardly be expected to invest \$40,000 of its stockholders' money to plant 20,000 acres with similar prospects. To the investing public farming corporations can offer neither the spectacular chances of oil or mining, nor the conservative returns of industry. An investment where the risk is heavy and the returns, at best, can only be moderate, will hardly compete in a financial field offering more desirable issues.

But to the individual farmer his investment is more than the utilization of idle funds; it is the creation of his job, and hence his means of livelihood. He may realize that he is taking a long chance, but take it he must if he is to continue in business, and he always has the prospect of *some* return for his personal labor and management, in food and shelter, even though the actual investment may pay no dividends. The owner of a large ranch once remarked:

The corporations had to quit farming because they kept books. The tenant farmer doesn't know enough to figure overhead and investment costs; he doesn't realize he's losing money all the time, so he keeps on farming.

Facetious as this remark may seem, it undoubtedly covers a great many actual cases. The point is that the individual can, and does, keep going, even though his only return may be a poor wage in kind for his personal services. He can keep on farming where a corporation with hired labor and management, and the necessity of paying dividends on capital, would soon give up.

In considering the relative operating efficiency of small and large farms, the former term may be misleading, in that

small farms may be considered to be merely small acreages, regardless of the crop raised. A better term to employ would be individual unit farm. This may be defined as the amount of land in a given crop which will give sufficient scope for the economical use of the machinery required, and still be small enough for the operator to handle all the work of management and a variable amount of the actual labor. Five or ten acres of truck-garden equipped with a single horse and appropriate implements might be considered the right unit for vegetable farming, whereas a wheat farm, requiring larger types of equipment and less detailed supervision, would have to contain 500 to 1,000 acres. Of course, these figures would vary widely under different conditions, but for any given crop and locality there is a fairly definite acreage which can be set as the unit of operations. This means that a corporation farm, to be large enough to justify itself, must be a chain of these units rather than a centralized industrial plant.

On many corporation farms the area is actually divided into such units, each with its own buildings, equipment, and management. Even where there is only one central base of operations, and the equipment is moved *en masse* to different fields, the farm is still a multiple of units, though the management may be more centralized. The comparison resolves itself into the question of the relative operating efficiency of a chain of units as against a single unit.

The chief advantage of the corporation is in the quantity buying of material and supplies. However, the farmer's principal raw materials are soil, sunlight, and moisture, and the price of land is not generally subject to any substantial quantity discount. The largest item among farm purchases is usually fuel for tractor operation, but even this is a relatively small part of

the total expense. From my own accounts I find that fuel accounted for but 12% of my operating costs (not including interest on land) in raising a crop of barley, and for but 5% on a crop of irrigated beans. In the more specialized work of citrus farming, where fertilizers, spray materials, and frost protection materials must also be purchased, a recent summary compiled by the California Citrus League shows an average of 35% of the operating costs spent for purchaseable items. In this latter case the saving from quantity buying would be an appreciable item. In California, however, practically all of these purchases are actually made in bulk by the farmer's co-operative associations, thus enabling the individual to enjoy almost the same advantages as the corporation.

It is in the item of efficiency and flexibility of labor that the individual farmer has his greatest advantage. A corporation is forced to keep a fairly large permanent crew, even though the work does not warrant it for months at a time, in order to be certain of having dependable men on hand when they are needed. Of course, extra men are hired for the rush seasons and then dismissed, but this type of help is relatively undependable and inefficient, and must be backed up by a nucleus of reliable and experienced workers, as well as overseen by competent foremen. While the individual farmer must also hire a certain amount of labor during busy seasons, the extent of his work is small enough to

allow him to personally oversee each man. Consequently, he can achieve satisfactory results with less efficient help, and during the slack seasons his only labor costs are his personal expenses.

In my opinion labor efficiency is the most important, and least considered, factor in farming. General farm labor requires very little technical knowledge, but it does require considerable practical experience and unflagging attention to detail. The pruning of a tree, the proper depth of a tillage tool, or the adjustment of a thresher cannot be worked out on a blue print, and the directions handed to the worker. Every tree and every acre of ground presents a different problem, and the farm laborer must not only be capable of adapting his work to these varying conditions, but he must also be willing to take the trouble to do it. The superintendence of this type of work, done on a large scale by itinerant laborers, is a difficult problem.

It is undoubtedly true that the majority of farm operators, both individual and corporation, are not, under present conditions, receiving a proper return for their investments and services. If prices continue at their present level it will simply be a case of the survival of the fittest. But there never seems to be a dearth of farmers to keep up the uneven battle, and so long as such men can stave off starvation and the instalment collector they will keep going, and the corporations which try to compete with them are due for a tough fight.

A DAY WITH THE RADIO

BY ROBERT LITTELL

AT SIX-THIRTY on a Winter Thursday the sun rose in a murky and dispirited East, and I rose with it, and sat down in front of a small black metal box with knobs and wires. There I remained practically without stirring for the next seventeen hours, turning the knobs on the black box, and listening, in a spirit of impartiality, show me, and what have you, to as many as I could catch of the sounds, intentional or unintentional, that invisibly throng the American air, and have given us one of the most significant and marvelous inventions of this mechanical age. And here, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, is the log of that long day spent in the presence of the Tenth Muse.

6:45 A.M. This is the hour of the daily dozen. A cymbalon in the back-ground, and a man's voice, brisk and confidential. "Now let's do the Russian dance, the gazotski, the flippity-flop . . . one, two; one, two . . . On your backs everybody . . . All ready, Daddy boy? All ready, Mamma? Now standing up in front of the open window—of course your windows are open . . . Try to radiate a little cheer and joy into the hearts of others today . . . Don't forget your morning smile; this is Cheer Day . . ." I turn the knob. "The temperature this morning was 47 degrees at six o'clock . . ." Another voice, deep and devotional: "Lord, be our guide, that by Thy power no foot may slide."

Back to the gym class. "All together for the upper and lower lobes of the lung." The class leader is talking to people in the room with him, as well as to the invisible horde in pajamas. "Somebody sent Bill a gorgeous box of chocolate bonbons . . ." We are let in on the joke. Now he talks to us again. "You're good this morning, Mother . . . Oh, very wonderful, Mother; very wonderful! Every day in every way you're getting better and better . . . Sit on the heels and raise the arms. Now begin . . . There you are, Poppa, old boy . . ." From another station come a bugle, reveille, and a military march, followed by a chorus of crooners, very faint and happy . . . "At the next stroke of the bell it will be exactly 7 A.M. Eastern Standard Time . . . Ping!"

More calisthenics. What a voice—soothing, persuasive, snappy and facetious! The bedside- and Elk's-Convention-manner combined. Like a magician, his patter never stops. "Now we're going to lie down on our cerise rug . . . Bill selected a cerise rug . . . Number 18—the jack-knife . . . Now we'll take a bicycle ride from Hartford to Albany and over to Schenectady . . . Schenectady, we're here, and we're glad we're in your splendid town."

7:13. Violin music, sensuous and sad, a gypsy tune, the right thing just before breakfast . . . I turn the knob. "Oh, boys, this is Station WOR in Jersey and here comes the cuckoo." (The cuckoo goes "Cuckoo".) "Out of bed, please! Remem-

ber Clements Clothes look better because they *are* better." While the millions in pajamas pause to rest there are jokes. "Doctors live on Park avenue, don't they?" "Yes." "Don't you think it would be more appropriate if they lived on Madison avenue . . . Now let's do Number 14."

At ten minutes of eight, the knob, flitting from station to station, reveals (1) the sounds of a cuckoo, of trotting horses, of gongs, bells and chimes, suddenly drowned by the blare of a big orchestra; (2) distant voices singing a hymn; (3) a passionate matutinal tango; (4) a muffled crooner's voice and a slow trickle of piano, and (5) "Goodbye, Sweetheart," very mournful and very soft.

With a coffee cup in one hand I use the other to reach Jolly Bill and Jane. A man's voice. Something about a magic glass. "I see a little girl way out in Pennsylvania . . . she wants you to sing Micky Mouse in Scotch . . ." Woman's voice, as full of r's as my mouth is of toast: "Dinna worry, dearr." Then something about a Farmer, and a Dwarf, and Captain Hop Toad. "They're hopping all over Squeaky Town . . . I want you to fly over to my friends in Maryland and bring back some Magic Powder . . . And now goodbye until Cream of Wheat time tomorrow . . ."

Somewhere there is a military march, brassy and gay. From somewhere else come pious, meringue voices, singing "I Am Trusting in the Lord."

Still more calisthenics, for late risers. "One—two—three—four. B e n d—a n d—touch-the-floor." These boys are good. They croon the commands tunefully, skilfully, they are extraordinarily expert, peppy, and infectious. It would be hard to remain grouchy while listening to them. "You've gotta bend—*down*, Sister, bend—*down*, Sister, if you wanna keep thin . . ." Some non-athletic singers take their place.

"I'm crazy about your kisses—They thrill me through and through—The more I get the more I want—I can't get enough of you . . . All I need is you, kissable Ba-by, kissable Ba-by!—Where'd you learn to kiss?—You weren't born like this—kissable Ba-by!"

By eight-fifteen I have settled down. Breakfast helped a lot. I enjoyed not doing the exercises, and I have learnt which stations are which on the dial. The sun is high above the horizon and new stations keep coming in. Bits from the papers. "New Brunswick man drops dead after parade . . . Bernard M. Baruch [pronounced Barouche] says America is . . . Finger of Fate points at Ritchie . . ." This is serious, clear, well presented—but I can read . . . Respighi's "Fountains of Rome" floats in on muted strings . . . The Lord's Prayer . . . Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" . . . Jokes. He: "A doctor says kissing should be abandoned on hygienic grounds." She: "I don't care, I never go to such places." Other jokes about golfers (gawlfers), with hilarious studio laughter . . . "Good Morning to New York from the Old Almanac Man . . . A year ago today General Ludendorff . . . This is the birthday of Jack Oakie . . . Today's horoscope: a day of conspicuous achievement, a time for pushing to high goals, a day for inviting the help of elders . . . A child born on this day should rise through the favoritism of those in power . . . Weather cloudy, warmer in the interior." A poem by Nixon Waterman: "A rose to the living is more—Than sumptuous wreaths for the dead." Twittering of canaries all through the poem.

A woman's voice: "Keep the system clean. If you don't know what I mean by the system, it is the stummick, kidneys and so forth . . . Now just why do I tell you these things? It is not solely for personal

gain . . . Fat people do not enjoy long life . . . Sylph Tea . . . Drink Sylph Tea, spelt S-y-l-p-h . . . It removes gas and bloat instantly . . . A combination of nature's herbs taken from the four corners of the earth and skillfully blended . . . One dollar per package . . . Send your orders to me, Miss Sylph, spelt S-y-l-p-h." Jazz: "Here Today and Gone Tomorrow . . ." Slow violin . . . A trio, with Gilbert and Sullivan patter: "I'm only a consumer, and it really doesn't matter." The last gasp of the calisthenics: "One—two—class—halt . . . And now, soldiers of health, your commander must depart . . . Just exercise in the morning, marching to happiness . . . Mr. Glick will be back with us tomorrow . . ."

II

Nine o'clock. Here's something about Egyptian beauty secrets. A man's voice, low, strong, convinced, possibly foreign: "I have been offering par-fumes at special prices . . . This morning I am offering Gypsy Bo-quet . . . Twenty-six dollars an ounce . . . If you have been putting off the purchase of a real par-fume, try Gypsy Bo-quet, which is so romantic, so fiery, so impulsive . . . I want the ladies who have the *Wanderlust* to send for this Gypsy Bo-quet . . . Five dollars an ounce . . . Tomorrow you cannot get Gypsy Bo-quet at five dollars an ounce . . ." "Children, do you drink enough water . . ." "Slenderizing tablets," with black-voice Amos and Andy imitations . . . A woman. "I know you're going to be interested in this pink gown" . . . A manly chorus singing "The Maine Stein Song" . . . Dance programme through the courtesy of Coward Shoes . . . A plaintive accordion . . . "The bath mats are the sweetest things you've ever seen, and your college girl will

simply *thrill* over them" . . . Alice Foote MacDougall, a cultivated, slightly superior voice, "Take two pounds of the neck of the beef and cut it into squares . . ."

There seems to be, hiding behind the others, a station I cannot reach. It blares out no matter where I turn the knob. I shut the juice off entirely, and still it blares. It is out in the street; it is a German band. Pleasant to get something through the eyes once in a while. The puerile, lazy music, always on the point of snoring and breaking down, falls on grateful ears. The trombone player, with the end of it filling his mouth, and the wind of it filling his cheeks, looks up at the apartment-house windows, hoping for nickels, or even pennies . . . I turn back to the invisible world again . . . "Introduce to you Senator Royal S. Copeland." Deep, certain, Senatorial voice: "Good morning, everybody. This morning I want to tell you about ulcer of the stomach . . ."

This guitar is good, and the lazy voice beside it has color, and a kind of genial contempt. "Brothers and Sisters—My sermon today: Is Boop-a-doop-doop and vude-o-do . . . A-men, a-men . . . Sing, you sinners." He stops singing and says, in the tone of a driver addressing a favorite mule, "Sing, durn you, sing."

Next comes a rich Jewish accent speaking "a few words on behalf of the National Home for Jewish Children at Denver . . ." Turn the knob! "A person has an eruption . . . phenolphthalein occurs in chewing-gum laxatives . . . Let me read this letter: 'About four years ago I noticed a small red spot on the side of my face and my physician treated me for ringworm . . .'" Fortunately, though some of the stations are only two or three notches apart, the ringworm is not catching, and I switch quickly to the "Traviata" *prélude*, done by an excellent orchestra . . .

A throaty contralto swoops into an old Maori tribal song . . . "Two tablespoonfuls of sugar" . . . "If your grocer does not have Libby's Hawaiian Pineapple . . ." "Hey there, ho there! . . ." "So many ladies have been to see me lately regarding scars on their faces . . ." "This religious fervor does not die as the years go on." Phonograph record of rich, melancholy, juicy spirituals . . . Another sound hovers over the air, like a ghost, like the ghost of the whistle of a peanut stand . . . The static is gone, and I shift the scene to a broadcast from the National Museum in Washington, where old John Bull, a hundred years old today, and the first locomotive ever to carry paying passengers in this country, is being put through his aged paces with the aid of compressed air. The ancient wheels roll and rumble, the old axles clank, the whistle's high toot spans a century, while Jack Dorsey, dressed in a tail coat and a high hat—so we are told—pulls the levers.

10:30. Jazz, jazz . . . "And then the cheese to go with the salad . . . cocoa is not soluble under any circumstances . . ." A melody from Peter Arno's "Here Goes the Bride," by special permission of the copyright owners . . . An organ drips noble molasses, and makes me think of screen presentations and uniformed ushers hurrying up and down the dark aisles of a movie cathedral . . . "If at the apex of one or more of the teeth should be found a pus-y condition . . ." "O Sole Mio" from a gifted and conceited tenor . . . The "Coppelia" ballet . . . "How the Mystery Chef prepares the turkey is just too thrilling for words" . . . A woman's octette, with harp and wordless humming . . . Cute, confidential, sugary voices talking of sweet potato puffs . . . Kathleen Norris, a hard, sensible, clear voice: "Begin today to tell the children stories of courage"

. . . "The right kind of a foundation garment might make all the difference . . ." "Hark, Hark, the Lark!" by Brahms . . . "Butter and Sugar" . . . (Brahms and butter) . . .

Little Miss Gossip, a shrill and silly voice: "So now you've heard the dirt—About every gent and skirt . . . This is Franky Bash, razzing the news. Tootle-ooh, girl *and* boy friends . . ." Slow ordinary jazz, which makes me feel slightly tired, as if I were being dragged to a night club where this sort of thing is played . . . Speech on Children's Speech. Not bad. Good advice. "Just suppose your child is a thumb-sucker . . . Lots of rabbit-jawed children are self-made . . ." (Am I self-making myself a pair of rabbit ears? Courage! On to the end! . . .) "We offer expert re-upholstering service . . ." Hill Billy, in old ballads—"The Rosewood Casket," "The Drunkard's Child . . ."

Noon. Whistles in the air. For a moment I look the real world in the face. Puffs of steam from tug-boats on the river. A truck is unloading bathtubs in crates. Owners have their dogs out for a walk. But I mustn't miss what the paper's radio column calls Midday Massage . . . Only it's a message, not a massage. Rabbi Cohen it is, vigorously attacking a "lustful group of militarists" and the "morasses of our day . . ."

Next door is the *Air Journal*: "That's the Presidential situation in a nutshell . . . Ritchie as spearhead of new movement . . . They found six hundred-gallon stills going full blast" . . . Violin, jazz, a trio . . . "Other lamps eat current like a horse in an oat bin" . . . "Do you know what neckband worry is?" . . . "What is love but a helping of Angel Cake?" . . . A thoroughly common sense lecture on "Education for Leisure . . ." "Inspect the new Buick for 1932."

12:30. I've been at it for nearly six hours, yet here comes the first of what the radio page calls the "Bright Spots For Today." The American Academy of Arts and Letters is about to award its gold medal to the radio announcer with the best diction. Hamlin Garland talks about American speech, and how we must develop a good, clear, standardized speech of our own, without importations. The award this year goes to John Holbrook of the N. B. C., New York. He was, says Mr. Garland, born in Boston, educated in Canada; speaks French, German and Spanish; has studied music . . . Here is Mr. Holbrook himself. Good sensible talk—"the art of stimulating the imagination through the ear is still in its infancy" . . . I'll say it is . . . It's still mewling and puking . . . Mr. Holbrook speaks simple, correct American, not distinguished, perhaps, and lacking in the personal fire that makes Holmes, Edison, Al Smith memorable on the radio, but natural, clear, and cultured without the affectation of culture . . .

Applause from the unseen audience. The clapping of a hundred hands sounds like the liquid clatter of large drops of wooden water.

One o'clock. Station WEVD—named after Eugene V. Debs—is on the air. Mrs. Eliot White, an earnest, rather anxious voice, talking of Birth Control . . . "Every baby has a right to be wanted . . ." I feel sorry for Station WEVD. It has its foot valiantly in the door to the air, it tries to squeeze into the narrow crack between two or three other stations, but Mrs. White's plea to consult your family doctor suffers from a piano obbligato which drowns out the babies with its merry chords. Representing, quite accurately, the place that Socialism (and the Higher Things generally) occupy in the consciousness of the nation.

III

From now on I sink into miscellany, fiddling, fiddling with the little black knob, trying to find something, something—I no longer know what. I wonder how many radio listeners have knob disease and are unable, as I am now, to listen to anything for very long, always fiddling and turning and turning back again the knob . . . "All we have to be sure is that he feeds his hen a mash rich in vitamins . . . Good Old Mother Hen and Bossy Cow . . . Pratt Food Company" . . . The Academy again: "Channing had a thoroughly independent mind" . . . "On the Beach at Waikiki," with ukuleles . . . "What am I going to do without a bluebird?—What am I going to do when you're gone? . . ." The Brahms lullaby . . . Jazz . . . Light Spanish piece . . .

Recipes: "One third of a cup of fine chopped pineapple." This lady has sense enough to pause so the housewives can get it down. Sudden vision of a hundred thousand housewives seated with pencil and pad at the kitchen table . . . The weather . . . Recitation: "Life is just a ringlet of smoke" . . . Tschaikowsky . . . A saxophone, moaning from underneath its tin derby . . . Sport Talk: "It looks as though the winner is the one who will land the first hard smack" . . . "Zwei Herzen im Drei-Viertel Takt" . . . Argentine tangoes . . . One of two crooners says that the other "uses his ukuleles for snowshoes when the snow is deep" . . .

Musical comedy: woman's voice, mucker-slow and saloon-sad . . . Third movement of Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata. A breath of fresh air, a draught of wine, but the piano tinkles, and sounds like a cymbalon, like barbed wire . . . "Lady, Play Your Mandolin" . . . "You simply apply Polymol to the hair each

morning" . . . A brightly foolish voice reciting A. A. Milne: "A lion had a tail, and a very fine tail" . . . Robert Underwood Johnson, slightly lachrymose (this is the Academy again), praises Timothy Cole: "The old days of the *Century Magazine* . . . It was a veritable epoch of delight . . ." WEVD manages to open the door an inch wider: "Winnipeg taxi-drivers earn thirteen cents an hour" . . .

I am becoming a little mad, and must shut it off for a few minutes and think. In my despair I tune in on a Still Small Voice, or Voice of Reason. Sounding as if it were speaking from underneath a sofa, it says to me "Do not laugh, do not squirm. Control, for a moment, your personal prejudices and your private horror. Think of what this all means to millions of those fellow beings to whom at this moment you feel so superior. This wonderful little black box tells them to open their windows and brush their teeth. It tells them how to cut turnips into cubes and what to do when their hair falls out. It sells them, to be sure, a certain amount of rubbish, but on the whole they are the better for it. The fact that, æsthetically, it gives you a pain, should not prevent you from realizing that the increase in American knowledge, spirits and health due to the radio would, if placed end to end . . ."

I tune out on the Voice of Reason. It may be true, but my insides cry No. I look for proof of what my insides feel to be true . . . "Miss Edna W. Hopper is going to tell you how she managed to have all her teeth, at sixty . . . Miss Hopper . . ." A voice, brutal, merciless, aggressive, like a whip, like a machine-gun, like a revivalist, crashes upon the air. No one who tuned in on it would fail to stop and listen. It roams up and down a staircase of inflection, charges round corners, and chins itself on a significant word. "I spoke over the-

air about my own TEETH . . . I have all my own TEETH . . . I'll tell you how you can have a dazzling SMILE . . . I not only have white sparkling teeth but I have kept all my own TEETH . . . the way to have white teeth is QUINDENT . . . TEETH . . . QUINDENT . . . TEETH . . ."

Again I appeal to the Voice of Reason, which, this time, sounds as if it were talking to me through the hole in the bottom of a flower pot. "Use your imagination," says the Voice; "think of the millions of people for whom the radio means companionship, and travel, and a window into the great world from which they are dismally cut off, and a filling up of the void that would otherwise be their lives. Millions are listening who would, of course, be better employed working at something of their own or reading a book, but there are other millions. Think of the old people in the poorhouse hospital, the crippled children left at home, the rheumatic farmer on a mortgaged farm forty miles from town, the rancher shut up all Winter with his bleating sheep, the ugly girl alone in the great city. Think of those whom life has passed by, those who are waiting for death, the insulted and injured and alone, the poor in spirit and weak in body, the sick and the old and the afflicted, for whom this black box is the sole whisper of friendship, the only hand on a defeated shoulder . . ."

Three o'clock. American Ice is quoted at 15½ . . . In the Gypsy camp they are playing something like a *csardas*—not a real *csardas* . . . Herr Kirchoff sings, lustily and well: "Du, Meine Seele! Du Mein Herz!" . . . A series of ills beset a scalp . . . Down Reminiscence Road: "H-a-double r-i- . . ." and "The Girl in the Heart of Maryland" . . . A lecture on backgammon . . . "Some very fine analyses of intermittent health systems" . . . Father

Walsh trounces Bernard Shaw, quoting the Devil against himself: "Shaw went off the gold standard long ago" . . . Grieg's "Wounded Hart" . . . Some bouncing Italians roll out "Viva! Viva! Tra-lallala-Viva!" . . . From a greater distance, and as if speaking at us down a long rain-pipe, comes the voice of the Right Hon. Leopold Amery, M.P., of London, on "What I would do with the world". Mr. Amery leans across the ocean to tell us that "the problem of war and peace is not as simple as it seems at first sight" . . . (Isn't it in England that the government controls all the air, and all broadcasting, and prohibits advertising completely, and takes a small tax from the owners of the radio? And shall we ever have half as much sense?)

Teatime. Let's get back to America, as long as I have set out to do this up brown . . . Dr. Eddy, consultant for *Good Housekeeping*, is talking about scurvy . . . Mr. Tom L. Masson, the expert in humor, is reviewing children's books for Bamberg-er's; he is not trying to be funny and is quite sensible and interesting . . . Someone touting the Marie Harriman Galleries says that John Marin "vibrates like a sensitive violin" . . . "Subject for next week," says an unidentified voice, "What is the Effect of Illuminating Gas on Carnations?" . . . Here come the Jungle Man and his Animal Alphabet. The announcer, a little nervous, says that the Jungle Man is evidently still in the jungle and that while waiting for him we are going to hear "Purv" Somebody, who will imitate all the animals he can think of whose names begin with H . . . Purv, who himself says "vury, vury wee'urd", thereupon makes noises somewhat resembling, successively, the Laughing Hyena, the Hoptoad, the Hog, the Hen, the Hawk, the Hummingbird, the Hoot Owl, the House Wren, the Hare, the Hound, the Hippo and the

Horse Fly . . . The Jungle Man, however, never turns up, and the animals beginning with I and J are postponed.

5:30. The Children's Hour. A roomful of hysterical, confused voices seems to be trapped in a cave on Mystery Island . . . They find some chewing-gum under a rug . . . "Say, that must have been Walter's chewing gum." Scrambling, and whispers . . . Announcer: "And still the rescue party worked to get the Lady Next Door" . . . Another station: Woman's voice: "Mrs. MacDonald of Newark is having a birthday party and she's asked you to sing 'Dancing Dominoes.'" Man's voice: "Sure, Aunt Betty, here's a happy birthday and here's your song: 'A box of dominoes were in despair—Double six, doing tricks—Number four, got sore . . .'" Little Orphan Annie and her pals sneak across the tracks to steal a ride in an empty box car on the train. The choo-choo and the puffing and whistling are very realistic. It all leads up to Ovaltine. "A glass of Ovaltine with every meal . . ."

Six fifteen. Football from a son of Fordham: "Now, in the backfield we have a much different situation" . . . Session of a post of the American Legion, beginning with a recital of "In Flanders Fields" . . . Next door, tribute to Justice Brandeis, who "stands out as an inspiration . . . a guiding beacon . . . a fearless fighter for truth and justice . . . added lustre . . . high and inspiring ideals . . ." Prudence Perine, and the Little Woolly Lamb and the Horse that was Painted Blue . . . The sharp, sudden dignity of Mrs. Sabin, speaking for the unemployed . . . A Spanish lesson, Berlitz method. Lady with a cutting, accurate, strident accent, alternating with Mr. Berlitz: . . . "Open your books at Page 40: *claro*, light; *oscuro*, dark; *la luz*, the light; *la luz? la luz!*" . . . Song by cheerful quartette, very skillful: "I'm going

where onions get their strength—Out where men are men.” . . .

And now, between seven and eight o'clock, come the headliners. Amos and Andy. Black-voice dialogue, admirably natural and soporific, saying, so far as I can see, nothing in particular, pushing lazily ahead a story on the development of which hang, nightly, millions of American ears. A drug, a sleeping potion, something to which one cannot help listening, something to keep you in that safest of places, the armchair. There seems to be a third party, who is called Lightnin'. He sounds different from Amos or Andy—though he may be one of them; he has caught the rich tired, naïve accent of the Negro. The real plot is Pepsodent, which is useful for a “condition as stubborn as dandruff.”

Morton Downey, said to be as high in the radio heaven as Rudy Vallee, and rising much faster. Almost a falsetto, like a high, high tenor who got caught in a door. He's the rage. Anemic, candied, tenuous, and yet somehow vaguely pleasing. The usual foolish words and tune. Close upon him comes a more robust, a malign and secret voice, which says that Camels have “never been parched or toasted . . . Switch over to Camels for just one day . . .”

Rudy Vallee, with Nancy Carroll as the guest star. She has much less voice than most of this day's radio women, but somehow one likes her . . . Of the great Rudy I have nothing to say. Pinkish and neutral, effortless, edgeless, bloodless and thoroughly at ease, the voice of Indoor America, the voice of the Eternal Sophomore, calm now and round with success, he sings “this little piece of sophistication called ‘On The Day I Fell For You’—I fell like a once too often lifted face,” etc. . . . At the end, from the announcer: “Don't let nightly pleasures rob you of your sleep! Try Fleischmann's Yeast . . .”

Somewhere near these three the dial finds a voice from the hard, the real and bitter world. Police alarms. Broadcast of missing persons. “Missing since November 11: Frank Perpito, eighty years old, grey hair, blue eyes, right foot amputated, poor mentally and physically . . .”

8:30. Jewish voice, speaking what is probably Yiddish. “Wir haben all sizes in stock” . . . The Rin Tin Tin Thrillers, on behalf of some Dog Food Supreme; man's voice: “Rin Tin Tin! Action! Camera!” followed by the yapping, excited bark of a dog . . . A military march dies away, and a diction-conscious voice (male) says: “Fields of gently dancing goldenrod . . . busy bees gathering their nectar”—Is this going to advertise some remedy for hay fever? No, it's just plain Art: “Rimsky Korsakoff has caught all this in his ‘Flight of the Bumblebee’ . . .” A stern and rather thrilling woman's voice. It is that of Mrs. August Belmont, speaking to twenty thousand people in Madison Square Garden, urging New York to give all it can to the unemployed. “The courage and the pride of the new poor . . .” There is great feeling and dignity behind this voice, and a reverberation that brings to one's mind's eye the huge space of the Garden, filled with white faces . . .

I turn the knob. “Let me suggest that you give your child a hot cereal . . . Cream of Wheat . . .” Another rich, eloquent flow of Yiddish. “Eier glick . . . Eier glick . . .” It is Reuben's Jewish Matrimonial Bureau, located at 1525 Eastern parkway, Brooklyn, and at 1440 Broadway, New York. Telephone Pennsylvania 6-3075 . . . Some Brahms *Lieder*, very well sung. The announcer says: “Our last tribute to you, Herr Brahms . . . Tonight we offer reverential silence, Herr Brahms . . .” Madison Square Garden again. There is only one voice in the world like this:

"There was an old friend of mine who had a butcher shop up at Henry street . . . I want to make an appeal foist to the woikers . . ." Al Smith, of course . . .

A radio playlet, a love scene in which a young man and a young woman tip over a canoe. "I love you so much, I hate you . . . you, you darling!" . . . Some jokes. "When he sat down at the piano somebody had pulled the stool away" . . . Dialogue between a grumpy, nasal Sherlock Holmes and a foreign villainess. "That seals your fate, Madam" . . . A young business-like voice invites those who want to make money in their spare time to "meet with me personally" at 500 Fifth avenue, room 525, tomorrow morning . . . The Lucky Strike Hour, perhaps the best of all air jazz orchestras, with interpolations by the confidential gutter voice of Walter Winchell . . . The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, playing Brahms. High spot of the day, musically. Delicate soaring violins, strong and frail . . . Not far from Herr Brahms a hurried bass voice declares that "Whatever he does or wherever he goes, his truss is gone."

IV

It is almost midnight. I am humbled, stupefied; I have been sitting in front of this metal box, turning its black dial with the white numbers, for seventeen hours. Mechanically I turn the dial once again. Jazz. From now on everything will be jazz, jazz, jazz. Sissle's Orchestra, and Lombardo's Orchestra, and Cab Calloway's Orchestra, and Tweet Hogan's Orchestra, and Al Katz's Kittens . . . Deep into the night the local crooners will oodle anemi-

cally through their megaphones, the local saxophones will shriek and stutter and bleat and blat and break wind from under tin derby hats, the pitiless, unbroken rhythm will drum on—bump, bump, bump, bump. And when these crooners and this rhythm have gone to bed, there will steal in, from Pittsburgh and Cleveland, from Kansas City and perhaps the Coast, a faint far bump and boop-a-doop, a tiny tinkle—barely audible, gay and mysterious as music heard over a lake.

Toward dawn this too will die, and for a brief hour the air will be alone with its own immortal sounds, and the box will be emptily full of howls and whistlings, and great wings will brush metallically in the dark air, and in all the black empire of static there will be no man-made interference. But only for an hour or two, for as the sun rises out of the Atlantic, warming the wings of little birds and turning the tops of skyscrapers to gold, clean-shaven young men will yawn and step up to the microphone, and millions in their night clothes will yawn with them and step on to the cold bare floor, and all through another long day (which will be called Cheer Day), there will pour invisibly along the air, into willing waiting ears, a flood of music, humor and health advice, of "Lohengrin" and the upper and lower lobes of the lung, of sad tangoes and sliced tomatoes, of kissable babies and Cream of Wheat, of ulcers, ukuleles, trusses and "Traviata," of sylphs, scalps, scurvy, symphonies and stummicks, of Brahms, butter, and boop-a-doop . . .

O my country, my country, the pains are so great you must be growing up at last!

WAR IN THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS

BY STERLING D. SPERO & JACOB BROCHES ARONOFF

HARLAN COUNTY is situated in the heart of the Kentucky mountains. Its villages are shoved in among the hills. Sometimes they actually touch them and run up on to their sides. There are no broad valleys with rolling highlands forming a far background, no familiar restful rural scenes. These mountains seem small at the base and come to sharp points. Some of them are quite high. They are very close together. There is nothing calm or peaceful about the outward aspects of the country. When one goes up to the top of the hills and looks down the prospect is as exciting as a stormy sea. The people who live in these mountains know little of the rest of the world. Their ancestors settled here before the Revolution. Many of their ways and even their language are not unlike those of the Eighteenth Century. Outsiders, even descendants of the Pilgrims, are foreigners, and are regarded with deep suspicion.

Harlan county lives on coal, yet industry has not changed its fundamental character. It is still a frontier mountain community. When coal was found in Harlan, the hillsmen went into the mines, and took with them their arms, and the habits of thought engendered by generations of living in communities where law as we know it did not exist. Even in the most stable communities the miner has always been a fighter. Any worker who risks his life to earn his daily bread, to whom risking life is a matter of routine, is

naturally a fighter. Add to this the characteristics produced by two centuries of feuds, moonshining, and habitual defiance of law and restraint, and you have a group of miners whose militancy is second to none in the land.

The mining industry in Harlan is a microcosm of the whole bituminous coal industry. Some forty companies operate in the county. They range from the largest and most powerful financial interests in America to small local companies hardly more than family affairs. There are the United States Coal & Coke Company mine of the United States Steel Corporation at Lynch, employing several thousand miners, the Wisconsin Steel Company mine of International Harvester at Benham, Henry Ford's Fordson Coal Company mine at Wallins Creek, Insull's mine at Black Mountain, and the mine of the Detroit Edison Company. Then there are dozens of small operations whose stockholders all reside in Harlan county, and which employ hardly more than a hundred men.

There is little tradition of labor organization in the Harlan mines. For the major part of their history the miners have been held in a semi-feudal relation to their employers without the intervention of labor unions.

In 1921 the United Mine Workers of America succeeded in organizing a portion of the field, but conditions were fairly satisfactory and it was not hard for the

Ku Klux Klan, then at the height of its career, to turn the men's interest from the union to the Invisible Empire. When the Klan was at its zenith Harlan was one of its firmest strongholds.

But even in 1921 the great war boom which the coal industry experienced was beginning to deflate and the operators were beginning to pay for their over-expansion. In 1926-27 the strikes which had been going on in the Pennsylvania and West Virginia fields began to affect the county. The United Mine Workers again commenced to show some activity. The then sheriff of Harlan county, now assistant secretary of the Coal Operators' Association, decided that the agitation would have to cease.

"I got my men to join the union," he said. "They came back and told me who the leaders were. I took a number of my deputies and went out to where they were. We brought them in and there was no more trouble with the union."

But unrest continued to increase. When the present general depression began the coal industry, which had been suffering from a decade of depression all its own, sank into the doldrums. In Harlan, as in the other fields, wage cut after wage cut was put into force and one economy after another effected at the expense of the miners. Aside from the United States Steel mines, where wage rates are decidedly higher than at other operations, the men receive from thirty-two to thirty-eight cents a ton. Under these rates, working two or three days a week, few miners make as much as \$40 a month. Out of this they have to pay for their explosives, lamp, tools, the company doctor, the blacksmith, and in many cases, insurance, church, and burial fees. Dead work such as timbering and cutting of slate is not paid for.

Miners will say "we get thirty-five cents a ton—four for three." That means that they must load four tons of coal to get paid for three. Although the law gives the miners the right to have their own checkweighman at the tippie to prevent cheating of this kind, the men, unorganized, are not able to enforce that right. The United States Steel mines excepted, complaints of short weighing of coal are general throughout the county. Many companies, not making money on their operations, do not care whether coal is brought out or not. They keep their mines open because it is cheaper to operate them continuously for a few days a week than it is to reopen them after they had been shut down. Company sabotage under these circumstances is common. By keeping the mines open, enough men are induced to be on hand to keep operations going, but they are not furnished with enough cars to permit them to earn a living. In addition to all this, several companies which were self insurers under the State law refused to pay workmen's compensation for what they considered minor injuries. "You've got a crushed finger? Want compensation money? All right," the superintendent would say. "But then don't come back to work at this mine."

Prices at the company store ran 30 to 50% above those outside. But the operators were not making any money on their coal. Some were selling it below the cost of production. "I know some mines right here in these hills," said a mining engineer, "that have been getting \$1.09 for coal it cost them \$1.36 to mine. A lot of these companies manage to keep going on their houses and stores. You can't blame them, can you, for making their men buy in the commissary and live in the company houses? Who wouldn't do it under the circumstances?"

When a miner's purchases at the commissary fell to a point which indicated that he was buying at independent stores the company sent him a letter. Blue letters the miners called them from the blue paper on which they were written. "We notice," these letters read in effect, "that you have not been patronizing the company store as much as you used to. If there is anything in our policy you object to, if there is anything wrong with our goods or prices, let us know. We want you to be satisfied and we want your patronage."

The colonel of the militia, in making an investigation of the miners' grievances, asked to see these letters. "Compulsion?" he said. "Why, I'm a business man and that is precisely the kind of letter which any business man whose customers weren't buying their former quota would send out." So the miners stopped taking their grievances to the colonel. They knew well that a blue letter not followed by increased purchases at the company store meant discharge.

II

Toward the end of last March, the trouble began. The men at Black Mountain walked out of the pits. The last wage cut had proved too much. The strikers were unorganized. They had no contact with the miners in other fields. It was a spontaneous local walkout—"A starvation strike," some called it. One man called it an "oppression strike." The United Mine Workers of America was little more than a name to most of the men of Harlan but it was the only union of which they had ever heard. They appealed to it for help and William Turnblazer, president of the district theoretically including the Harlan field, began

an organizing campaign. He flooded the county with militant circulars crying out:

You miners have no money. Your wives and children haven't the clothes to shelter them from the elements. You go into the mine without enough to eat in your dinner bucket. Your wife goes to the company store and is refused credit because you've cut no coal. . . . You take the wages out of your pockets. You take the clothes off the back of your wife. You take the food out of the mouths of your babes to pour millions into the coffers of the large Railroad interest—the great Public Utility interest—the Corporations.

Organize Today!

Join the United Mine Workers Now!

Stop these Low Wage Mines!

Quit Working for Companies that Can't Pay You!

You Can Prevent Wage Reductions!

You Can Secure Better Wages!

You Can Have Your Coal Weighed Correctly!

It's Up to You!

Organize!

Before long 3,000 men were organized and perhaps four times that many were in sympathy with the union. The companies answered by discharging and locking out union men and union sympathizers. The United Mine Workers held union "speakin's" and hundreds went to hear their organizers. President Turnblazer went to Pineville and addressed 800 miners. He went, it should be noted, not to Harlan but to Pineville, thirty-five miles away, the seat of another county, where there was no labor trouble.

Harlan was becoming an increasingly dangerous place. The mine guards were sworn in as deputy sheriffs and their number increased by some 150 to 200 men from neighboring counties, whom the sheriff and the operators deemed competent to break the strike and stamp out the Union. They were supplied with bullet-proof vests and armed with revolvers,

rifles and machine-guns. "Thugs" the miners called them and some claimed that the jails were combed to find them.

At the same time rumors went around that gun-men were being brought in from Chicago, a thing which seemed hardly necessary in view of the calibre of the native Kentucky talent. But one Chicagoan there surely was, the deputy sheriff in charge of the group at Insull's Black Mountain Mine. He spoke with a Kentucky accent authentic enough to fool any outsider, but he was born in New York, and he came to Harlan from Chicago. Everyone in the county called him Al Capone.

Among these deputies there were two, Pace and Daniels, whose dispositions were particularly mean, whose triggers were especially quick, and who incurred the exceptional hatred of the miners. One day a group of deputies, Jesse Pace among them, were bringing in some strike-breakers near Evarts. Evarts is twelve miles by a bad dirt road from the city of Harlan, the county-seat. It is a "free" town, free in the sense that it is not the property of a coal company but a municipality governed by its residents. The miners controlled the town. It was, in fact, the only community, in the county with a pro-miner local government.

While Pace and his fellow deputies were bringing in the strike-breakers a group of miners sat around to watch them. They were ordered to move on. They did so. As they were walking away Pace called to one of them, Burnett, and asked where he was going.

"Home," said Burnett.

"No you ain't," said Pace, "you ain't goin' any god-damned place," and a gun battle began.

Pace was killed. Burnett was indicted for murder.

As the strike, lockout, unemployment—the situation was a combination of all three—continued, fights between the deputies and the miners became more frequent. There were shootings on both sides, and many arrests. No picket lines were attempted. An effort to picket would have resulted in bloody battles. In spite of the fact that the organized men were affiliated with the United Mine Workers the union's official representatives never entered the field. Since the union never formally ordered a strike no strike benefits were paid and no relief was forthcoming.

This subjected the men to all the disadvantages of union membership while denying them its benefits. Treated as public enemies by the local authorities, drawing no pay, getting no relief, they began to grow desperate. They ate ham skins, which, said one man's wife, "my mother used to save for soap." They ate boiled dandelion leaves. Their children had to stay home from school because they had no clothes. On April 23, driven by hunger they attacked the Atlantic and Pacific store at Evarts, stripping its shelves of groceries, meat, and bread. The next night the raid was repeated. The following night the company store of the East Harlan Coal Company at Draper was looted. In the course of the week such looting occurred seven different times.

During the same week some fifty strikers exchanged shots with deputies guarding strike-breakers at Black Mountain. The distance between the parties was evidently great, for although the shooting continued for an hour no casualties were reported. As the week wore on the Black Mountain management continued to import strike-breakers in a steady stream, while the striking miners were evicted from their homes on the company patch to make room for them. The men, estab-

lishing a virtual picket line, turned back a number of strike-breakers passing through Evarts on their way to Black Mountain.

Some of these strike-breakers, alarmed at the ugly mood of the strikers, telephoned to the sheriff for help. It was arranged that two details of deputies were to start out, one group to come from Harlan and the other from Black Mountain in the opposite direction. They were to meet the strike-breakers outside of Evarts and escort them over the bridge, through the town to the mine. In a short time everyone in Evarts heard of the plan and a group of miners and their sympathizers, heavily armed, hid in ambush by the bridge and waited.

The sweetheart of one of the deputies, seeing what was happening, jumped into an automobile and drove out to warn the party coming from Harlan. Instead of continuing on their way as arranged, this squad turned back to the city for machine-guns. When the party from the other direction neared the Evarts bridge they paused, surprised that the Harlan party was not in sight on the other side. The ambushed miners opened fire. The deputies returned the fire and a battle ensued which lasted for some time. Deputy Jim Daniels, who had shared with Pace the reputation of being the most brutal of the sheriff's men, was among the dead.

The total casualty list is apparently unknown. Officially, the dead include two deputies, a company clerk, and a miner. The authorities, some say, are concealing the extent of their losses. The ambulance driver says he took away thirteen. James Grace, who represented the Harlan miners at the National Miners' Conference at Pittsburgh in July, declared: "They got one of our men with a bullet in his heart, but thirteen of their worst gun-men were

killed at the same time." The miners in the course of the battle disarmed the deputies to the extent of five machine-guns, nineteen high powered rifles and three hundred pounds of ammunition.

No arrests were made after the battle. When fresh details of deputies arrived on the scene the men had disappeared into the mountains and scattered with no trace of being found.

III

A state of actual warfare descended on the county. All the mines in the vicinity shut down. The strikers, it was feared, might blow them in with dynamite. The schools were closed. Many families fled. The deputies, reports run, patrolled the roads in their cars and swept the hills with machine-gun fire.

Two days later State troops ordered to the scene by the Governor began to arrive. They were given a joyous welcome. They were met by miners carrying American flags, who marched alongside them as they went into the city. The miners expected the soldiers to maintain impartial order and stop the importation of strike-breakers. It soon became apparent, however, that though bloody battling ceased, the scales were now dipped decisively in favor of the companies. Some brawls and clashes took place between the miners and the soldiers, who aided the deputies in their efforts to round up the men suspected of having taken part in the Evarts battle. Arrests were made, sometimes five or six at a time.

Today there are forty-four men under indictment for murder. Among these are Asa Cusic, chief of police of Evarts, his assistant, and Joe Cawood, a school trustee and leading citizen, all of them prominent supporters of the miners. The indict-

ment of the police officers enabled the county authorities to fill their places with pro-operator men, thus turning the police of Evarts, like those of the rest of the county, into a pro-operator force.

The indictment of Cawood is interesting, for he is a political force in Harlan. He ran against J. H. Blair, the present sheriff, and the miners claim that he actually carried the Republican primaries. Blair, however, was declared the nominee. In Harlan the Republican nomination is equivalent to an election.

Many of the men indicted were members of the United Mine Worker locals, but the union made no attempt to defend them until actually stung to action by the bitter criticism of miners everywhere. Then it retained former United States Senator Robsion, but it was too late. The men, dissatisfied from the beginning with the United Mine Workers leadership, had already begun to look elsewhere for support. A few formed an independent organization of their own, the All Workers' Union. Another group, which subsequently grew to about 500, joined the I.W.W. But the rank and file of the miners found the Wobblies almost as incapable of grappling with the industrial situation as the independent union. News of the activities of the new National Miners Union in Ohio and Pennsylvania began to reach their ears. When this union called a national miners' conference in Pittsburgh Harlan sent a delegation of 28. The delegates came back full of enthusiasm and before long the new organization had a membership of about four thousand.

About the same time the troops were withdrawn and Sheriff Blair again assumed complete control. By this time, too, most of the men who were allowed to return had gone back to work. A great many, 1300 it is said, left the county to

seek work elsewhere. At least 2000 were unemployed. The great majority of those who worked got but two to three days labor a week and their earnings at low tonnage rates, with high cuts, short weighing, no pay for dead work, and an inadequate number of cars, were insufficient to support them and their families. The National Miners' Union made no attempt to call the men out of the pits. Its aim was to organize the field. Relief stations were set up through its affiliate, the Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia and Kentucky Miners' Relief.

The entrance on the scene of the National Miners' Union and the I. W. W. spurred the authorities to increase opposition. Every available weapon, the law, the courts, the jails, force, violence and terror, was used to drive them from the county. Houses were searched. Workers suspected of membership in the tabooed bodies were arrested. Meeting places were raided. A relief station which fed some 400 persons was blown up after it had been going for barely a week. But all this failed to have the desired effect.

In August the National Miners' Union called a district convention to meet at Wallins Creek. The authorities made every effort to prevent the meeting. Cars of armed deputies patrolled the roads leading into the village to stop the delegates from reaching the scene. But the meeting was held. Though the deputies succeeded in keeping about two-thirds of the delegates away the remainder climbed into the village over the mountains. The gathering was guarded by fifty of the miners' best riflemen, stationed in the hills in positions where their guns commanded the roads. They were so placed that any car approaching the town would have been caught in their cross fire. This the deputies knew. What they did not know was that

the miners had only six rounds of ammunition.

The raids and searches for radical literature and arms continued. The mere possession of a pamphlet or periodical which the deputies called radical was enough to land one in jail under charges of criminal syndicalism, conviction for which might carry a twenty-one year sentence. Ministers were jailed for remarks from the pulpit sympathetic to the strikers. Representatives of the press were threatened, shot and driven from the county. The automobile of Mrs. Jessie Wakefield of the International Labor Defense was blown up with dynamite. She had been using this car to carry relief. Later Mrs. Wakefield and Arnold Johnson of the Civil Liberties Union were jailed under charges of criminal syndicalism.

On the night of August 30 three miners were shot at a relief pavilion which fed eighteen children a day. One of the three was killed instantly. The second died a few days later. The third was wounded in the shoulder. Women who were present at the time of the shooting say that the attack was cold blooded and unprovoked. The relief station has been closed since the attack.

Today there are 335 persons in jail or under bond on charges of murder, criminal syndicalism, "banding and confederating" and other alleged offenses growing out of the industrial conflict.

The courts and officers of the law hardly pretend to be impartial. They are out to drive unions from the county. When the cases of the first group of men arrested on murder charges in connection with the Evarts battle was before the grand jury, Judge Jones of the Circuit Court addressed the panel. He stated that he came in to advise them on a point of law at the request of the foreman. Others say that he

made a violent speech declaring that no man who belonged to a radical union such as the National Miners' Union or I. W. W., which were seeking to overthrow the government by revolution, could expect justice in his or any other court.

Counsel for the defense asked that the judge retire from the case on the ground that he was not impartial or disinterested. His wife, it was alleged, was a member of the Coal Operators' Association and was interested in several mines. Judge Jones not only refused to retire from the case but proceeded to hold one of the defense attorneys in contempt of court. During the course of these hearings the prosecution one day astonished the defense by suddenly moving for a change of venue. The operators thought that it would be impossible to obtain convictions in Harlan. The motion was therefore granted, and the cases are now being heard by juries of farmers and business men 200 miles away from the coal country. The first case, called in November, resulted in the acquittal of Burnett, who was charged with the killing of Deputy Sheriff Pace. The second case resulted in the conviction and sentencing to life of Bill Jones, secretary of the Evarts local of the United Mine Workers, for his alleged participation in the killing of the deputies in the Evarts battle.

A few days after the second trial 360 miner delegates walked thirty-five miles under the guns of deputies to Pineville in the adjacent county of Bell to attend a convention of the National Miners' Union, at which a general strike of the whole Eastern Kentucky field was called for January 1.

The situation in Harlan is nothing less than a state of war. It is, too, quite consciously a class war in which the county government with its deputies paid by the companies is frankly recognized by both sides as the organization of the operators.

Yet the Harlan miners are not revolutionists.

The four to five thousand of them who have joined the National Miners' Union have done so not because of the avowed Communist character of its leadership but because it is the most militant and effective labor union in the field. The National Miners' Union has not made the Harlan miners Communists. But its coming has put the leadership of the miners into Communist hands, for every National Miner knows that the galvanizing force behind the union are the members of the new Communist Party local.

IV

The war in the hills has caused the word Communism to lose its terrors for the hillsmen, while the operators' unconcealed fear of it has if anything tended to make the term attractive. And this in a community but ten years ago a stronghold of the Klan! With hardly an exception the Harlan County Communist party local is made up of men of colonial ancestry and of Anglo-Saxon stock.

The Harlan miner has little interest in the meaning of Communism as a social

system and he has even less interest in the political and economic theories behind it. He feels vaguely that it is something which will improve his condition. And since whatever he has heard about it has come to him through the National Miners' Union, in which he believes, Communism, despite the Kiwanis Club, can't be so bad.

"But," say the respectable business men, "the Communists would overthrow our institutions by force and violence."

Force and violence—these hardly frighten the Harlan miner to whom both have become matters of daily routine.

"All we need," said one miner, "to settle this thing right and mighty quick is about 600 more guns and we'd wipe 'em off the earth."

Last August a man named Gibbs, an ex-soldier, was arrested and charged with criminal syndicalism. Gibbs was secretary of the Harlan Communist party local.

"Aren't you ashamed," said the judge, "you an ex-service man receiving compensation from the government, joining an organization seeking its overthrow?"

"I'm a Communist and I'm proud of it," said Gibbs. "Do you know what I've done with my compensation money? I bought guns with it. And those guns, Judge, are in the hills."

THE POWER TRUST BUGABOO

BY HAROLD E. WEST

WHAT part, if any, will Power play in the coming national campaign? The spokesmen for the Socialist propaganda organizations and the Progressives of both parties, in and out of Congress, insist that it will be *the* issue. And why? Because, so they answer, the power industry has become so large that it is unmanageable by the public; because its profits are too great; because its influence is such that it is able to, and does dominate State Legislatures and control Congress, and because the Supreme Court, by reason of its long line of decisions establishing "present day fair value" as the rate-base for utilities, has not only enabled the industry to collect from its customers much more money than it should be allowed to have, but has caused the collapse of regulation by State authority. The very fact that power securities have held their position among investors better than those of other corporations, and that the power companies have actually increased their earnings during the depression is taken as evidence that the people are being robbed.

The alleged collapse of regulation by the States is attributed directly and almost solely to the rulings of the Supreme Court as to what constitutes the proper rate-base and what should be allowed as a fair return upon that base. The court, as a matter of fact, has never fixed a definite rate of return for *all* utilities, but, considering each case before it on the merits of that particular case, has allowed returns rang-

ing from 7 to 8%. The quarrel with the court, however, is not so much over the rate of return; it is mainly over its refusal to establish "prudent investment" as the base. Because of this refusal, it is argued, the State commissions must now accept the law as it is laid down by the court, and hence they are no longer of any use. Therefore if the public is to be protected it must itself own the utilities, especially those supplying electricity, or, as a step toward ultimate public ownership, there must be control by a Federal agency with powers as broad as those exercised over the railroads by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

This view that there has been a breakdown of State regulation because of the Supreme Court's rulings is held by a number of newspapers of the so-called Liberal school. For instance, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, in commenting on the address of Governor Ritchie of Maryland before the Public Utility Section of the American Bar Association on September 15 last, in which he opposed public ownership or Federal control, and argued that the States could effectively regulate the utilities, said:

It is well known in the United States, and should be known to Governor Ritchie, that all control over the utilities has passed out of the hands of the States under the various valuation decisions of the Supreme Court. To say that . . . the States have any voice or control in the matter, or that it is not the liveliest of our domestic issues, is to become amusing.

Even the Baltimore *Sun*, usually so sound in its discussion of public questions, expressed a similar view:

He [Ritchie] ignored the fact that the Federal courts have consistently defeated the will of State commissions . . . on questions of valuation and rate of return for public utilities. Just how it can successfully be maintained that the States "can have just as strict a measure of control over rates and services as their people want to have" on the record of Federal court reversals of State action in this field, is difficult to understand.

The overwhelming sentiment of the press, however, was in agreement with Governor Ritchie's position.

The recognized leader of the movement to make Power the dominant issue in the campaign is Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska. He is for public ownership. He is in accord with the Public Ownership League, the League of Industrial Democracy, the National Popular Government League and the People's Legislative Service, all operating propaganda bureaux, and sending out from Washington vast quantities of literature in favor of public ownership. No one questions his sincerity. He is simply misguided. Having inexact information on the subject, his speeches and writings are full of absurdities, extravagances and wild and reckless statements.

With Senator Norris is a small group of Senators and Representatives, mostly from sparsely settled States in which it has always been popular to attack the Interests, whatever they may be from time to time. A generation ago they were the railroads, then they were the banks, ordinarily they are Wall Street, and now, and for several years, they have been the Power Trust. The same people respond to all these battle cries. They are apparently not very numerous, but they have excellent lungs.

The leader and the most active advocate

of Federal control and regulation of utilities, as distinguished from public ownership, is Senator Couzens of Michigan. He has a couple of pet bills, one for the control of communication by wire or radio, another for the control of the power industry. His justification for them is the fact that some communications and some power lines cross State lines and thus invade interstate commerce. Because he believes that such interstate transactions are beyond State jurisdiction, he feels that a Federal commission or commissions ought to control them.

II

The anti-Power forces, during the last few years, have gained two notable converts. The first is Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania, the second is Governor Roosevelt of New York. Each would like to see Power made the dominant issue in the coming campaign.

Governor Pinchot, during his first term, developed his Giant Power Plan, regarded generally as an effort to sidetrack President Hoover's Super Power Project, worked out when Mr. Hoover was Secretary of Commerce, for the interconnection of the power resources of the Northeastern States. The Pinchot Giant Power plan was very complicated, and nothing ever came of it. It involved treaties among the States, and if adopted generally, would have destroyed the regulatory authority of the individual States over companies within their borders even as to the intrastate operations of those companies.

When he made his campaign for his second term as Governor, Mr. Pinchot made the power companies and the alleged iniquities of the Pennsylvania Public Service Commission his chief issue. In his first term he had attempted to dismiss two

members of the commission who did not accept his views as to regulation, but was prevented from doing so by the courts. He promised, if again elected, to throw the whole commission out of office and put in a Fair Rate Board, *elected* by the people. As soon as he took office he attempted to do this and promptly offered the Legislature three administration "ripper" bills, by means of which the Public Service Commission was to be abolished and a Fair Rate Board established. When they were reported out of committee, however, these bills provided that members of the board, instead of being elected, were to be appointed by the Governor and could be removed at his pleasure. They failed to pass.

Governor Pinchot has presidential aspirations, and it was reported some time ago that he was planning to oppose President Hoover for the Republican nomination with Power as his issue. What was regarded as his first move in that direction was his speech at the Governors' Conference at French Lick on June 2 last, in which he said:

Through overcharges in rates . . . the electric utilities alone are collecting yearly from the people a sum estimated . . . at the vast sum of \$500,000,000. How every home is being drained is shown by the fact that last year, when the depression visited virtually every other industry, the utilities increased their profits over \$44,000,000. That increase broke all existing records.

Both of these statements were promptly proved to be absurdly wrong, but that did not make a bit of difference to Mr. Pinchot.

Governor Roosevelt, although he has been less virulent in his attacks on the Power Trust, has leaned further toward public ownership. He advocates a revolutionary scheme for the setting up of publicly owned power plants to compete with

the privately owned companies, and his plan for the development by New York State of the power resources of the St. Lawrence is well known. This plan was legalized by the Power Authority Act which he signed on April 21 last. Under it he named a board of five trustees who are to proceed with the improvement and development of the International Rapids section of the St. Lawrence. Morris Llewellyn Cooke, one of them, was among the men who worked out Governor Pinchot's Giant Power Plan. Under the New York Power Authority plan, the electric power of the St. Lawrence is to be generated by the State and sold under contract. The Power Authority is to coöperate with the United States, and to negotiate with the proper Canadian and American authorities for the necessary approval of projects.

All this may seem very simple, but it is really not simple at all. The plain fact is that, while the New York Legislature can pass laws and create Power Authorities, it cannot develop power along the St. Lawrence. The section of the river which borders on New York is an international boundary. It cannot be developed without the consent and coöperation of Canada, and Canada has given no evidence of a willingness to permit any such development, now or in the near future. Her policy is to refrain from developing or permitting the development of power resources much in advance of her market for power, and the market for power in Canada is fairly well supplied at this time. In the second place, neither New York, nor any other State, may, under the Constitution (Article 1, Section 10), enter into any "treaty, alliance or confederation" with any foreign power. If the development is undertaken at all it must be as a result of negotiations carried on by the State Department with the Government of

Canada, not by the action of the Power Authority itself in direct contact with Canada.

According to the State Department, no negotiations on the subject between the United States and Canada are going on at this time, and in view of the way such things are commonly handled in Washington it is hardly to be expected that there will be much activity along this line in the near future. As a matter of fact, on November 3 last, Secretary Stimson wrote Chairman Frank P. Walsh of the Power Authority that "whatever the rights of the State of New York may be in respect to any electric power developed by the navigation project along the international boundary, utilization of that power must in the end depend upon the authority and permission of the Federal government". Mr. Stimson also declined to go into any discussion of any rights to the St. Lawrence power which New York claims, declaring: "I see no useful purpose in definitive agreements at *present* on the subject."

Of course, if Mr. Roosevelt should replace Mr. Hoover in the White House the project might be more rapidly advanced, but even then, the essential negotiations with Canada would have to be carried on by the State Department, not by the New York Power Authority.

III

One may well wonder why Power has been picked as an issue for the campaign instead of the railroads, the telephone industry, the street railways, or other public services. Certainly, except in sporadic cases, there has been no complaint about rates from those who use the service. The rates, in fact, have been steadily going down. The demand for electric service, both for domestic and industrial purposes, is in-

creasing, and economists declare that when the demand for a thing for which there are substitutes increases, especially in bad times, the price is about right. Nor is the current pother due to the fact that the service rendered by the power companies is bad or indifferent, for the managers of perhaps no other utility service are so prompt in remedying complaints and meeting the reasonable demands of those they serve. What then?

It is easy to understand the Socialist attitude. The Socialists have been hammering at the idea of the public control of industry for a long time. Power is big. Its control by the public would be a tremendous step toward the nationalization of all industry. Also, though big in the aggregate, it is made up of comparatively small, localized units, and they are peculiarly vulnerable to localized mass attack if the public can be converted to the public ownership view.

What they want is *control*, control of the entire utility industry if possible, but particularly of power. And they have made some progress in getting what they want. The extent to which this idea of utility control as distinguished from utility regulation is embodied in legislation, enacted and proposed, is indeed surprising. It runs through the remodeled Public Service Commission Act of New York, and through Governor Roosevelt's plan for the development of the St. Lawrence; it was contained in Governor Pinchot's "ripper" bills for the abolition of the Public Service Commission of Pennsylvania; it is an essential part of the new Oregon one-man commission law which contains a number of curious provisions; it is involved in Wisconsin's remodeled law for the regulation of utilities, and, in one way or another, in the Federal Power Commission Act, the constitutionality of which is now in dispute

in the courts, in what is known as the New River case.

This control of the utilities is something worth striving for. It would open up the possibility of creating perhaps the greatest political machine the world has ever seen, with millions of workers and their dependents, billions worth of property, and annual revenues running into the billions. The present governmental machine would be a toy alongside it. In the power industry alone the value of plant and equipment as of June, 1931, was \$12,250,000,000 and it had gross operating revenues of \$2,125,000,000. It spent \$919,417,000, or almost a billion dollars, for new construction in 1930. It has, in round numbers, 275,000 employes, of whom 234,000 are men and 41,000 are women. These employes were paid \$435,000,000 in wages and salaries in 1930. The industry had in June last 24,555,730 customers, of whom 20,331,550 were domestic, 3,681,080 were commercial and 543,100 were industrial. Of the 124,000,000 people of this country 84,500,000 live in electrically lighted homes. The industry paid in taxes in 1930 almost exactly \$200,000,000, of which the Federal government got approximately one third, the remaining two thirds going to the States, cities and counties. So the power industry would be a good one to start with.

The Socialists get active support from a number of so-called economists, most of them young men who have spent their lives in class-rooms, and know little of the realities of life. They write text-books full of absurdities, which they teach to the immature minds with which they deal. Ordinarily they are to be found in the State colleges and universities, supported largely by public taxation, seldom in such institutions as Harvard, Yale or the Johns Hopkins. Public ownership is what they are driving at, but they seldom come out flatly

for it. It is always presented as a mere alternative. Unless the utilities stop robbing the people there must be public ownership. Unless they behave themselves and accept prudent investment as their rate-base, the public will be compelled to take them over. There is no use, it appears, in looking to State regulation for relief, for the regulatory commissions supinely accept the decrees of the Supreme Court instead of trying to evade them in the interest of the people.

The court's decisions as to the utility rate base, it is pointed out, can be nullified, say by the contract method. The likelihood that the court would declare contracts made under this plan illegal because of compulsion does not bother these gentlemen; it would only furnish another talking point against the courts in general and State regulation in particular. Under the contract scheme the utilities would be compelled to enter into agreements with the States by which they would accept prudent investment instead of fair value as the rate-base, on the penalty of receiving no permits for the extension of their lines, increases in their plants, and the issuance of new securities, thus condemning them to a slow death. And if death turned out to be too long in coming, then the States could set up competing plants to hasten it.

IV

Prudent investment has a rather catchy sound, but curiously enough, there is no agreement among those who urge it as to exactly what it means. Little had been heard of it for years until Mr. Justice Brandeis revived it in his famous dissenting opinion in the Southwestern Bell Telephone case (263 U.S., 287) in May, 1923. That was when the movement of the utilities for increased rates was at its height.

Until there had been a general advance in commodity prices, no complaint had been made of the use of value, determined largely by cost of reproduction, as the rate-base for utilities. This present-day fair value had been established as the rate-base by the Supreme Court in the celebrated case of *Smyth vs. Ames* (169 U.S., 466) in March, 1898.

William J. Bryan, who two years earlier had been defeated for the Presidency on his celebrated cross of gold and crown of thorns platform, appeared before the court for the people, and with passionate oratory argued in favor of present-day value as the rate-base and against such a pernicious base as actual investment, for which the railroads contended. Values were low in that day, and the railroads could be reproduced for less than it had cost to build them.

With the coming of war the pendulum swung the other direction, and the value of utility properties became greater than the amount actually invested in them. Then the companies sought returns upon the rate-base which Bryan had demanded in 1898, and which had been established over their own protest. So when Mr. Justice Brandeis promulgated anew the old doctrine of return on investment, once advocated by the companies, he was hailed as a Moses who would lead the people out from the bondage of the utilities. Perhaps no dissenting opinion in the Supreme Court ever received so much public acclaim. The shoe had got upon the other foot.

So much for the background. With the acceptance by the Liberal economists and their followers of prudent investment value as the rate-base, they began to differ as to what should be regarded as prudent investment. The ordinary definition of the term would be:

The number of dollars, prudently and necessarily invested in the construction of a property and in the organization required to operate it, at the time such dollars actually were expended.

This contemplates that *all* the dollars so invested shall be entitled to the customary fair return. But it does not satisfy Dr. Mosher, the economist of Syracuse University, and others of the same school of thought. While illegal from the Supreme Court point of view, because it might be confiscatory, it is not sufficiently confiscatory for him. Therefore, as he explains in his textbook, "Electrical Utilities":

Rates should be based on production costs, including all operating expenses, interest on borrowed money and dividends on invested capital. . . . Under the prudent investment theory *the owners of the capital stock* would be entitled to an 8% return on their holdings.

In other words, not *all* the dollars which the property cost, but only those of the *stockholders* would be entitled to the 8% fair return. The money of the bondholders would not be regarded as an investment in the property. The interest on the bonds (always lower than 8%) would be an expense, charged as a cost of the business, and the owners of the company—the stockholders—whose credit raised it, would be not allowed to take any return on it. Upon this basis rates would depend, not on the amount actually put into the properties, but on the amount represented by the common stock, and would vary with each company, not according to what the properties really cost, but according to fluctuating ratios of stock and bonds.

Governor Roosevelt adopted this view and expressed it in an article in the *Forum* in December, 1929. He modified his position, however, in an article in the *Public Utilities Fortnightly* for June 25, 1931, in

which he argued for what he called "prudent *unimpaired* investment".

Prudent *unimpaired* investment was something new. Just what it meant to Governor Roosevelt, and what it would mean to each of a roomful of other men, it would be difficult to say.

On the other hand, Governor Pinchot is in favor of allowing a fair return "on the actual, legitimate capital investment as affected by legitimate and prudent operating expense." (*Public Utilities Fortnightly*, March 5, 1931). This is another variation of the prudent investment theory, and it is anybody's guess as to exactly what it means.

In one of the Pinchot "ripper" bills it was provided that return to Pennsylvania utilities should be computed upon "the actual *legitimate* capital prudently invested in the business and facilities involved." But just what "actual *legitimate* capital" may be, Governor Pinchot has not explained. The difficulty of establishing a definite rate-base upon such vague theories can be readily appreciated.

But the real trouble with all these theories is that they are unlawful and cannot be put into effect without having the Supreme Court reverse itself. For it is doubtful if any effect on rates would be brought about by doing away with present-day fair value, and adopting the views of Mr. Justice Brandeis. The argument of the prudent investment theorist is based on the assumption that the utilities are making too much money because of the present-day-value rate-base, but it is doubtful if they would make less if actual investment should be the base. They even might make more. In property built or renewed between 1915 and 1930 the investment is about equal to the reproduction cost as of January 1, 1930. In the last twenty years substantially all the property of the electric utilities except land and buildings has been

installed, renewed or replaced, and at costs prevailing in that period. Even now, utility managers and appraisal engineers are suggesting that perhaps, after all, the commissions might do well to base rates on cost rather than on value.

Commodity prices are lowering. Companies whose plants were constructed, renewed or purchased during the last twenty years are becoming uneasy at the drop. Their properties were financed to pay a return upon the dollars put into them in those years. If commodity prices continue to drop, if wages continue to go down and a reasonably stable level of lower prices is reached, there inevitably will be revaluations of utility properties and rates based in large measure on the lower costs of reproduction. It follows that if the cost or investment theory should be adopted, it probably would result in a higher, instead of a lower rate-base in the not far distant future.

A new association has recently entered into the campaign for public control of the utilities, or rather it is a grouping together of the leaders of various movements which have been working separately toward that end. It is the Progressive Conference, which met in Washington last March to adopt a declaration of principles and to suggest a programme of legislation for Congress. It includes the Progressive Republicans and Democrats in Congress who hold the balance of power this Winter, as well as many of those active in the public ownership and control movement outside of Congress. Senator Norris of Nebraska is chairman. Its announced purpose is to make utility, and especially power control, a dominant political issue.

A committee appointed by this conference, and headed by Donald R. Richberg of Chicago, issued a declaration of principles on October 8. On this committee were such men as Morris L. Cooke of Phila-

delphia, one of the authors of Governor Pinchot's Giant Power Project and a trustee of Governor Roosevelt's Power Authority; Amos Pinchot of New York, a brother of the Governor; Judson King, head of one of the propaganda groups in Washington; two members of Governor Phil La Follette's reorganized Wisconsin Public Service Commission, Theodore Kronshage, Jr., the chairman, and David E. Lilienthal; and five university professors, William E. Mosher of Syracuse, James C. Bonbright of Columbia, Charles E. Merriam of Chicago, Martin G. Glaeser of Wisconsin and E. W. Morehouse of Northwestern.

These gentlemen and their associates turned out the most astounding document to which I have ever seen the names of supposedly responsible men attached. It is difficult to understand just what some of its propositions mean, or how they could be carried into effect within the law of the land. For instance:

A definite legal limit should be imposed on individual gain out of public business. The amount of income which an individual should be permitted to obtain and retain out of participation in ownership or management of a public utility should be limited, by appropriate State and Federal legislation, to a generous compensation for actual personal service and a moderate compensation for actual investment. Such a limitation might destroy a strong incentive to private interest in public services in the hope of speculative gain. But this incentive is unalterably hostile to the public interest and draws into public business persons poorly qualified for positions of public trust. To alienate such private interests would raise the level of public work and would promote a fairer competition in public business, *which has the object, not of making money, but of rendering service.*

This sounds like a brand new social, economic, and political theory, such as may be seen in dreams, but which is too unsub-

stantial for a practical, work-a-day world such as ours.

The public control of power such as these people advocate would make current cost more than it does now. If the actual bills did not indicate a higher cost, the cost would be there, nevertheless, though then it would be paid out of the tax-rate or in some other way. For it is a fact that, when all the elements of cost are considered, no publicly operated enterprise operates as cheaply or can sell its product at as low a price as does one privately owned. Figures may be juggled and accounts so kept that the contrary may appear to be the case, but, nevertheless, the higher costs are there. Include in the operating expenses the items of interest on investment, along with depreciation and taxes, and the claim that the publicly owned power plant is a producer of cheap current goes by the board. Even with the most honest and skillful management and correct accounting, the power companies, if publicly owned, still would fail to measure up to their fullest opportunities for serving the people at low rates for two very simple reasons.

V

First, the power industry is dependent on promotional effort. The only way in which rates may be reduced and profits made is by constantly developing and increasing output. Increase the volume of business, and the unit costs and rates go down. The volume is increased by finding new uses to which current can be put, and stimulating the sales of appliances which encourage its use. In effort of this sort no agency of government has ever been successful.

Second, there must be continuity of policy, management and effort if the business is to achieve its complete success. This is

difficult, if not impossible, in publicly owned enterprises. Plans can not be made for the future with any certainty that they will be carried out. There can be no assurance against the effects of changes of administration. Argue as one will, politics simply cannot be kept out. Either the publicly owned power enterprise becomes itself a great political machine, as has Hydro in Ontario, or it is operated for the benefit of a machine.

The fact is that our governments, whether national, State, county or municipal, are not rigged to manage business enterprises. The function of government is to govern, to assure protection, to safeguard health, to regulate commerce, to administer justice and the like. It is not to supply the people with the necessities, the conveniences or the comforts of life. Yet the doctrine that it is is solemnly proclaimed in textbooks used in colleges and universities and is to be found in one form or another in the writings of most of the Liberal economists. It is the premiss on which they base their argument for public ownership. Perhaps the latest and most definite declaration of this idea is that which begins the report of the Progressive Conference Committee:

Public utilities, furnishing either transportation, communication, light, heat, power or water, are public agents authorized to transact public business. They perform a function of the state. They collect and expend revenues exceeding \$12,000,000,000 annually, which are essentially taxes, since their payment is a condition of daily subsistence and the transaction of all private business.

This is nonsense of course, yet from this false premiss the committee, as well as the public ownership advocates generally, carry their argument into the realm of the wildest economic fantasy. The description, given by a great English Bishop of another

noted Englishman, recently quoted by a well-known writer on public questions, fits their case. "Starting from a false premiss", said the Bishop, "he pursues his argument with all the relentless logic of the lunatic asylum".

As to plans for Federal regulation and control, they vary as widely as do opinions as to what constitutes prudent investment. The Couzens bill (S. 3869) would set up a commission ostensibly to regulate the interstate transmission of power. This interstate power amounts to only 13% of the total amount sold. It is asserted that the State commissions cannot regulate it, for they have no jurisdiction over the contracts under which it passes over State lines, and that this is another evidence of the breakdown of State regulation. Therefore, Senator Couzens would have another Federal machine to regulate the 13% of interstate power. It may be suggested that if his heart really bleeds for those who may possibly have to pay higher rates on power because it passes in interstate commerce (although no one has ever shown that the fact really affects the consumer's rate even to the extent of the hundredth part of a mill), there is a much easier and simpler way of doing it. All that is necessary is to have Congress pass an act specifically divesting current transmitted across a State line of its interstate character prior to its sale, and giving to the State in which the sale is made jurisdiction to regulate the rate. There is distinguished legal authority to the effect that such legislation would be valid.

Moreover, even with Senator Couzens' bill enacted into law, current passing in interstate commerce might actually be more free from Federal regulation as to rates and service than it is now from State regulation. It has never been authoritatively decided that Congress can directly, or through an agency such as the Interstate

Commerce Commission, the Federal Power Commission or Senator Couzens' proposed commission, regulate the *price* of even that electricity which passes in interstate commerce. The question is full of doubt, because what is to be regulated is not the charge for *transmitting* the electricity, which would be a service, but the charge made at the end of the transmission—*i.e.*, at the customer's meter, for the electricity itself. The Federal government has not yet undertaken to fix commodity prices, and there is grave doubt as to its constitutional right to do so. When Congress, even in the supposed exercise of its war powers, passed the Lever Act in 1917 and amended it in 1919, for the purpose of preventing excessive charges for the necessities of life, the Supreme Court held it to be unconstitutional (255 U.S., 81).

Moreover, the State commissions already have authority to examine the contracts under which power is brought into a State and, if those contracts are fraudulent, or improvident, or if they provide for the payment of an excessive price by the distributing company, the commissions may refuse to allow the excess to be included in operating costs. Under the recent East Ohio Gas case (283 U.S., 465), the Supreme Court unmistakably sustains the authority of the State commissions to regulate prices to consumers, even of gas which has come across a State line. And what applies to gas applies to electricity. The decision in that case, taken with the decision in the case of *Smith vs. the Illinois Bell Telephone Company* (282 U.S., 133), goes a long way toward upholding the authority of State commissions in regulating rates charged to consumers, even where interstate transmission is involved.

Regulation by State authority is not perfect, any more than any other activity of government is perfect. Yet it is the best

system so far devised for dealing with power and other utilities. It becomes more efficient every year. The fantastic efforts to improve it, such as have been undertaken in Pennsylvania and New York, in Oregon and in Wisconsin, and in certain other Western and mid-Western States, instead of improving it, will only hobble and handicap it.

VI

The actual limitations between regulation and management have never been definitely determined by the courts, and wide latitude has been allowed regulatory bodies under the States' legislative or police power. But the courts have definitely declared that regulatory commissions may not *control* utilities under the guise of regulation, in the sense that they may usurp the functions of management. In such matters a commission may not substitute its judgment for that of a utility's officers and directors. Despite that limitation, however, the State commissions are achieving better than ever before the purposes for which they were created—to secure for the public adequate and safe service, at just, reasonable and non-discriminatory rates.

In any given State, the regulation of the utilities is at least as efficiently done as the work of any other administrative agency of that State. If the States' agencies generally are inefficient it is likely that the regulatory commission also will be inefficient. It is just as efficient as the people of the States desire it to be, and how efficient they desire it to be is their own affair, with which the people of sister States have no concern.

Ordinary fair play would suggest that the utilities ought to be permitted to earn a fair return on the fair value of their property, which they are entitled to under

the law, and no devious effort should be made to deprive them of it, any more than they should be permitted to exact from the public one cent more than is their due. We ought not to expect perfection among the power men. They are not philanthropists. For the most part, they are shrewd and canny business men. They operate an industry that, although charged with the public interest, is still a private industry, built up with private, not public, money. Sometimes, alas, they are not overly scrupulous. So the regulatory authorities must keep their eyes open and hold them to a strict observance of the law and of their duty to the public. But that is surely no reason for taking their property and that of their stockholders away from them. Yet the public ownership plan means taking the industry away from those who have created and developed it, and transferring it, by one means or another, to others.

VII

I do not believe that Power will be a primary, or even a secondary, issue in the forthcoming presidential campaign. There will be a lot of noise, of course, but it will signify nothing. There are several reasons for this view, aside from the fact that there is little, if any, reason or substance to the demand for public ownership or Federal control.

The people as a mass are not interested. The whole subject of utility rates and utility regulation is a complicated one. They

do not understand it and will not bother to study it. They do not believe they are being robbed. They know that electric rates have been going down, and, that alone among charges for utility service, they are now lower than they were before the World War.

Propagandists for public ownership complain of this lack of public interest. In the pronouncement of Progressive policy the public's attitude in the matter is severely criticised. Paragraph 12 contains this:

Much of the weakness of State regulation has come from a lack of public interest in public affairs, from the failure of an inattentive citizenship, engrossed in private affairs, to exert itself in self government, and from a consequent inefficiency and corruption in public offices.

Comment on this indifference of the public could be multiplied. But one more specimen will do. Alfred E. Smith, former Governor of New York, who long fought for State development of the St. Lawrence, when asked on March 3 last whether Power would be a dominant issue in the 1932 campaign, said that it would *not* be.

"I found in New York," he said, "that Power was the one thing I put my hand to that I could not arouse the people over. It is too intricate, and few understand what it is all about. I even found it necessary in New York to explain what the word 'horsepower' means, whenever I made speeches on the subject."

And former Governor Smith usually knows what he is talking about.

THE MUSIC ROOM

JEAN SIBELIUS

BY EDWARD ROBINSON

ALTHOUGH he is now sixty-six, and has had his music performed widely in both Europe and America, Jean Sibelius still remains an indeterminate quantity in the ranks of modern composers. A curious reluctance to place upon him a final and positive estimate has characterized almost every critical discussion of his work; and where such contemporaries as Strauss, Ravel, Glazounoff, Reger or Debussy have long been identified in their virtues and defects, Sibelius has been allowed to move vaguely in the background, a remote and silent figure in the North, neither blessed nor damned even by those well acquainted with his scores.

Born in Tavastehus, Finland, in 1865, he comes of an old peasant family, in which the native folk traditions were strongly preserved. His musical talents emerged at an early age, but he spent his youth studying law, only later turning to composition as a career. He spent three years at the Helsingfors Conservatory under Wegelius, then the leader of the nationalist movement in music, after which he went to Berlin for a period under Bargiel and Becker, and then to Vienna under Goldmark and Robert Fuchs. Returning in 1893, he taught violin and theory at the Helsingfors Conservatory for several years, and won sufficient recognition as a national composer to be given a life grant from the government in 1897.

At first glance the reason for his equivocal status, away from Finland, would seem

to reside in the strikingly uneven quality of his output. His most partisan admirers claim greatness only for the larger orchestral tone-poems and symphonies. The remaining portion—which includes works for piano, voice, chorus and chamber combinations that constitute at least two-thirds of the total amount—is generally conceded to be mildly good at best, and, frequently, downright bad.

Yet I am inclined to reject not only the accuracy of this estimation, but also its validity as an explanation of Sibelius' ambiguous position. Whatever else may be true of him, he is a man of rugged sincerity, and between his smallest piano piece and his largest symphony there runs a basic unity of character and substance. Careful study will reveal that the discrepancy between his good and bad work is not at all so marked as one might at first believe; it will be found, on the contrary, that the former is not quite as good, and the latter not quite as bad, as the critics have allowed. The variations in merit are those of emphasis rather than of quality, and result chiefly because of the differences in technical scope afforded by the complex orchestral palette as contrasted with the piano and other smaller combinations.

Actually, I think it is in the very origin of his musical thought that the real paradox lies, and the comprehension of his works must rest upon an analysis of this fundamental confusion in his artistic outlook. When Sibelius came to maturity in the nineties, European music, already infected by the curse of Wagner, had definitely entered upon the phase of tonal ex-

plotitation as opposed to purely musical design. Brahms had completed the great line of composers who saw musical art primarily as thematic development by means of logical part-writing according to the basic principles of counterpoint and harmonic form. The extraordinary development of the orchestra by Berlioz and Wagner enabled Strauss and his followers to erect a system of composition depending chiefly upon ingenious and overwhelming tonal effects rather than upon intrinsic beauty and integrity of the musical thought itself. On the one hand the vapidness of their harmonic sequences, or their utter illogicality on the other, could be concealed and made plausible to the ear through use of brilliant and astounding combinations of orchestral color. And, further, since the integrating factor of thematic development had been forsworn as a primary principle of construction, an unlimited latitude for the introduction of extraneous material was riotously established. Henceforth, anything was justified which could be sounded on a group of instruments, and contemporary writing is

all too clear an illustration of the ultimate result.

Sibelius, faced with these alternate methods, attempted to straddle both. His intellectual forces were not large enough to establish a thorough allegiance to the procedure of Bach and Brahms; and his instinctive refinement prevented a wholehearted acceptance of the Straussian bombast. But since the two are from a psychological basis mutually exclusive, it was inevitable that the outcome should be, even at best, an uncertain and confused product. Sibelius's music is full of fine thoughts, fine moods and fine emotions that only too often are hesitantly stated and imperfectly developed. His most convincing work is still pervaded by an underlying sense of incompleteness and insecurity.

The following excerpt from the first movement of the Second Symphony, which begins the transition section after the statement of the first theme, offers a striking example of this. Notice how the phrase collapses completely in the effective, but wholly illogical and purely external device of the shake by the flutes:

(Allegretto)

(Bassoons) *mf* *pp* *cresc.* *f*

(Timp.) *tr*

(Flutes) *f* *dim.* *f* *cte.*

(Viol.) *f* *dim.* *f*

The confusion of method goes back even further, impairing the strength and integrity of the themes themselves, which are often deficient in rhythmic vitality and maturity. This we can further attribute to Sibelius's persistent modelling of his ideas after the pattern of Finnish folk-tunes, which results in a somewhat rigid and monotonous harmonic scheme, and in a stolid, rudimentary phraseology. The following theme from the finale of the First Symphony:

ity of his phrasing. His apologists rather speciously describe this mannerism as an "elliptical" method of writing, but I feel it to be plainly a case of faulty logic, again betraying the weakness of structure already described.

It is not surprising, therefore, that his works should exhibit disparities in quality and contrasts in character. The duality of approach favors sometimes one, sometimes the other, and sometimes a combination of both methods. Where the First Sym-

(Allegro molto)

(Wood)

mf

(Horn & Timp.)

dim.

mf tr

mf

dim.

etc.

illustrates these weaknesses, and particularly shows the irritating mannerism of stopping the rhythmic motion entirely at the cadence points, which is a characteristic fault to be found almost everywhere in his scores. Indeed, one of the most serious defects in Sibelius's entire system of composition is precisely this inability to maintain a consecutive, coherent rhythmic figure over an extended period of time. He constantly resorts to the familiar device of sustained four-part chords in horns and trombones over a kettledrum roll in order to bridge an obvious hiatus in the continu-

phony, opus 38, is for the most part concerned with the thematic development of its initial material, a work like "The Oceanides," opus 73, is almost exclusively a study in orchestration, in which the primary concern is to create a descriptive, "atmospheric" picture through brilliant and highly imaginative use of instrumental resources. Where "Finlandia" and "En Saga" are noisy and obvious effusions, based on trivial themes and highly punctuated by elementary rhythmic effects in brass and drums, a work like "Der Barde," opus 64, almost falls asleep because of its flimsy,

rhythm-less harmonies, over-subtle orchestration and lack of clearly discernible themes.

The absence of a definitely organized and fully developed approach from the purely musical side permits the solecism of a simple diatonic scheme in a song like "Hundert Wege" on the one hand, and, on the other, of a complex and archaic system, based on the Dorian mode, in a work like the Sixth Symphony, opus 104. And when the two methods are combined, we find instances like the opening of the finale in the Second Symphony, where an attempt to remedy the obvious weakness of the phraseology is made by introducing effective but irrelevant flourishes in the trombones, tuba and drums.

These major defects, so clearly demonstrable, would immediately eliminate any other composer from serious consideration and respect. But there is in Sibelius's music something in addition, certain spiritual qualities which persist behind the technical surface and exert an undeniable fascination and sympathy. The very flaws in his artistic equipment but point to an essential simplicity in the man, to a kind of candid naïveté and modesty in his emotional approach to life. The gentleness and honesty of his outlook make his technical shortcomings much less serious than they appear: his errors are never the product of deliberate deceit, never the fraudulent counterfeits of one who pretends what he is not, and cannot be. Where the orchestral ingenuity of a Ravel most patently betrays the charlatan, Sibelius's skill is almost always presented with dignity, taste and an innate sense of proportion.

It is true that he is not preëminently an artist of intense reflection, that his music does not touch the deepest facets of love and death, of human suffering and the problems of man's conduct and destiny.

There are few tragic implications in his work, little of that relentless, passionate singleness of purpose which we find so remorseless an aspect of the very greatest art. Although highly endowed with natural musical gifts, his intellectual equipment, lagging far behind, is not powerful enough to synthesize his talents into a strongly cohesive entity; and too often, artistic forms requiring the richest and profoundest qualities of mind and heart are adumbratively filled with minor thoughts and attenuated emotions.

Yet it is also true that Sibelius does not claim this larger scope, and that these omissions are therefore the result of restriction, not of failure. We must remember that he is spokesman for a very small race in a Northern country which is comparatively removed from the social and psychological problems besetting the majority of European civilizations. There the phenomena of land and water, of sun and moon, are more sternly impressive and much more keenly experienced; and Sibelius's music represents men's awareness of Nature rather than of each other.

It is this which invades his scores with a strange plaintiveness of expression, with a gentle, brooding, and elusive quality of alternate resignation and expectancy. At its best, his music is decked in a quiet and solemn, almost hushed lyricism occasionally relieved by a wistful smile or a restrained laugh. Such is the nature of his lovely sonatina for piano in A major, opus 67, of the deeply beautiful theme in the slow movement of his First Symphony, or of the rondino for piano in G-sharp minor, opus 68.

In most of his larger works, Sibelius uses as inspiration material from the Kalevala, which is an epic of Finnish folk-lore collected and published in 1835 by Elias Lönnrot. Most writers, taking great pains

to establish the connection between his music and these ancient sagas, append a confusing mass of mythological *esoterica* to every discussion of his work, so that an understanding of the music would seem to entail a complete education in the whole history of the Finnish people.

I would minimize the importance, however, of this purely academic exegesis. Its only real value is to emphasize the fact—clearly perceptible in the music itself—that the range of Sibelius's artistic contemplation does not include the torments and struggles of our contemporary industrial society. He has reverted, on the contrary, to a nostalgic love and reverence of Nature; and withdrawing to a remote pond away from the main stream, alone and removed from the general turbulence and roar, his truest speech treats simply of his pleasure and his regret before the things he values most. His path is a byway on the musical highroad; but it is a pleasant path, well repaying exploration. At a time when barbarians and idiots rule the musical roost, we may be grateful that an intelligent and civilized artist like Sibelius exists.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDS

"LOHENGRIN," *Prelude to Act III, and TANNHÄUSER, Fest March.* Orchestra
By Richard Wagner. Victor
\$2. 12-in. record Camden

"DIE MEISTERSINGER", "*Hat mann mit dem Schuhwerk*" & "*Sieh' Ev'chen . . .*"
Soprano, Baritone & Orchestra
By Richard Wagner. Victor
\$2.50. 12-in. record Camden

The instrumental selections are by the Chicago Symphony under Frederick Stock. They are resounding familiarities, perhaps too little subdued in the contrasting sections, but something more than adequate. Elisabeth Rethberg, soprano, and Friedrich Schorr, baritone, are glorious Wagnerians and make the duets memorable.

"FINLANDIA" (*Op. 26, No. 7*).

Orchestra
By Jan Sibelius. Victor
\$2. 12-in. record Camden

A clangorous recording of the well-known patriotic offering by Finland's greatest composer. We should prefer to hear his symphonies; in his lighter moods, we favor the "Valse Triste". But there is a large public for Tschaikowskian 1812's and these Northern civic fervors. Stokowsky and the Philadelphia Symphony pitch into it with gusto, and at the end one can fairly see the flags flying.

SCORES

BEGGAR'S LOVE: *An Opera In One Act.*
Voice & Piano
By Tyndall Gray & Frank Patterson (libretto); music by Frank Patterson.
C. C. Birchard & Company
\$2 9 x 12; 59 pp. Boston

There should be a sense of humor, one imagines, even in tragedy. The collaborators on this opus call it "a miniature tragic opera"; one is sure only of the miniature. The singers are a soprano, tenor and baritone, and they recount a violent tale of jealousy in what we have come to consider the Italian tradition,—overtones of the too-too familiar "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana." The characters are Peg, a young girl, Peter, a crippled beggar, and Nick his brother, a loafer. The scene is a street corner in the slums of an American city; time, the present; duration, about forty minutes. Orchestrations are for rental by the publishers. There are many reasons why brief, intense miniature operas of this sort should be fostered. But the American public—and rightly—gags at the repetitiousness, the unreality and the general commonplace declamateness of such matter as this.

"TARANTELLA." *For String Quartette*
By Ernest Schelling. Carl Fischer
\$1.25 9 x 12; 7 pp. plus parts New York

The regular thing, done with expertness. There is, under the dominating six-eight pulse of the music, a most agreeable differentiation of rhythmic figuration in the various voices.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Nine American Statesmen

LIFE AND LETTERS OF WOODROW WILSON. Vol. III, 1910-1913; Vol. IV, 1913-14. By Ray Stannard Baker. \$5 a vol. 9¾ x 6¼; 483-518 pp. Garden City, L. I.: *Doubleday, Doran & Company*.

CROWDED YEARS, by William G. McAdoo. \$5. 9¾ x 6½; 542 pp. Boston: *The Houghton Mifflin Company*.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, by Ernest K. Lindley. \$3. 8¾ x 5¾; 379 pp. Indianapolis: *The Bobbs-Merrill Company*.

THE STRANGE CAREER OF MR. HOOVER UNDER TWO FLAGS, by John Hamill. \$3.75. 9¼ x 5¾; 366 pp. New York: *William Faro*.

POWER & GLORY: *The Life of Boies Penrose*, by Walter Davenport. 8½ x 5¾; 240 pp. New York: *G. P. Putnam's Sons*.

GAYNOR, by Louis Heaton Pink. \$2.75. 8¾ x 5¾; 256 pp. New York: *The International Press*.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, by Emanuel Hertz. \$10. 9¼ x 6½; 2 vols; 1006 pp. New York: *Horace Liveright*.

FRANKLIN PIERCE, by Roy Franklin Nichols. \$5. 9½ x 5¾; 615 pp. Philadelphia: *The University of Pennsylvania Press*.

ROOSEVELT IN THE ROUGH, by Jack Willis. \$3. 8½ x 5¾; 246 pp. New York: *Ives Washburn*.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, by Henry F. Pringle. \$5. 9¼ x 6½; 627 pp. New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Company*.

TEN books. Twelve volumes. Five thousand, two hundred and seventy-eight pages. I confess frankly that I have not read every word. Who, indeed, could? Professor Nichols's life of Pierce is a painstaking and valuable work, and it pronounces a sound judgment at the end, but it is almost as dull as Pierce was himself.

Mr. Baker's record of the pre-war years of Wilson is also painstaking and valuable, but a flabby, official flavor hangs about it, and so it falls far short of qualifying as engrossing reading. Mr. Hertz's two volumes on Lincoln are mainly wind. The slip-cover says that "thousands of newly discovered or hitherto unavailable documents provide the basis" for them, but most of the documents quoted turn out to be quite familiar, and Mr. Hertz is too naïve a hero-worshipper to make a competent biographer. Nor can I find anything exciting in Mr. Lindley's life of Franklin D. Roosevelt, nor in William G. McAdoo's bombastic autobiography. Mr. Lindley, apparently with the coming Democratic national convention in his eye, pumps up Governor Roosevelt to very formidable proportions—in one place he actually likens him to Bismarck and Metternich!—but I observe sadly that the word Prohibition does not occur in the ensuing index. Nor, for that matter, is it to be found in the index of the McAdoo book.

This leaves the two volumes on Roosevelt the Elder, Mr. Davenport's life of Penrose, Mr. Pink's of Gaynor, and Mr. Hamill's of Hoover. The last-named covers the ground covered by John Knox's "The Great Mistake", published in 1930 and reviewed in this place in January last, but it is rather wider in scope and even more hostile. Mr. Hamill reviews at length the Great Engineer's professional career in Australia, China and England, and finds quite as much cupidity in it as scientific passion. The principal job of Mr. Hoover, in fact,

was not to nurture and glorify the art of the mineralogist, but to make money for himself and his employers, and he seems to have done it with unfailing zest, and not infrequently at the cost of over-optimistic investors. The celebrated Chinese Engineering & Mining Company case, which brought some tart comments from an English judge, is described in detail, and there are accounts of scores of other promotions—some of them plainly not open to question, but others somewhat mysterious. Unfortunately, Mr. Hamill destroys whatever authority his chronicle might otherwise have by showing a great deal of rancor. Thus it cannot be accepted as a fair statement of Mr. Hoover's operations as a stock promoter. Nor does that rancor lend any plausibility to some of the later chapters, dealing with the Hooverian doings in Belgium. Certainly it is impossible to believe what these chapters plainly infer—that Hoover connived at German efforts to lay hands on some of the relief supplies. His sympathies simply did not run in that direction. His view of the war in those days corresponded precisely with that of the English, and if he has changed it in late years, then so have the English changed theirs. Such prejudiced and extravagant books have a certain scandalous interest, but they carry no conviction. The story of Hoover's career before he began manoeuvring for the Presidency deserves to be written in full, but it must be written by a fair and careful man, with a jealous respect for the probabilities.

Of all these books the most scholarly in the best sense, and by far, is Mr. Pringle's biography of Roosevelt. How many biographies of Roosevelt have been published to date I don't know: the number must run to dozens. But all of them that I have seen have issued from friends or relatives who sought to inflate their own importance by

depicting Teddy himself as a demigod. He was, of course, nothing of the sort, but a very shrewd and circumspect politician, as Mr. Pringle proves abundantly. He knew how to use men for his own purposes, and he knew how to get rid of them when he was done with them. Beyond ratifying a few sonorous platitudes, all of them essentially meaningless, he had little truck with political principles, but devoted himself to an enlightened opportunism. He had, within his limits, great ability, but it would be absurd to say that he had anything properly describable as great character, in the sense, for example, that Cleveland had it. "I say nothing about Wilson now," he told Henry Cabot Lodge in 1917, "as I have applied for leave to raise a division." His later days were filled with the bitterness of a worn-out politician. It is pleasanter to think of him as he was from his début at Albany to the end of his second term as President. He was happy then, and full of malicious animal magnetism. Few men in history ever enjoyed life more innocently, or found more in it to enjoy. His days were filled with pleasant adventures, and he plunged into them with the ardor of a small boy on a holiday. "You must always remember," wrote Cecil Spring-Rice in 1904, "that the President is about six." He was the most sociable of men, and liked a gang around him, large and miscellaneous. Some of his associates, to be sure, were trashy fellows, but they were surely not such nefarious vulgarians as the boon companions of Harding, Coolidge and Hoover. His intense curiosity made him want also to know men of some honest distinction, and he was picturesque and pungent enough himself to interest many of them. Mr. Pringle alludes, though only in passing, to one of his merits that has always been rare in Presidents: his capacity for writing clear, graceful and forceful

English. Compared to his "African Game Trails", the masterpieces of Wilson sound like the stale bilge of a New Humanist æsthete. He had a forthright and salty mind, and he knew how to get the flavor of it on paper. Mr. Pringle has made a very good book about him.

Mr. Willis's "Roosevelt in the Rough" was set down by a ghost writer, Horace Smith, for Willis is a simple cowboy. The volume was to have been adorned with a preface by Kermit Roosevelt, but he washed his hands of it on reading Chapter X, which describes a banquet holden at Butte, Mont., on May 27, 1903. It is easy to understand the younger Mr. Roosevelt's filial qualms, but in sober fact there is nothing in the chapter that is discreditable to his father. All it shows is that he went to the banquet, drank a few rounds of the champagne that flowed like Niagara, and then took a midnight ride in an open barouche, and let off a few exuberant yells. There is no intimation that he was tight: the most that is hinted is that he felt somewhat gay. The story, indeed, is bound to do his memory more good than harm, for since his celebrated suit against the Michigan editor who called him a drunkard, the Prohibitionists have been trying to make it appear that he was a teetotaler. He was actually far too civilized to be that. His views upon Prohibition are set forth by Mr. Pringle, and they are sufficiently unfavorable. He wrote on the subject to Taft and others, and always he damned the blue-noses. In his last year, to be sure, he was induced to express certain pious hopes about the Noble Experiment, but by that time he was not himself. Men who have been run over by a whole fleet of steam-rollers are not to be held too strictly accountable for what they say and do.

There remain Gaynor and Penrose, two men as unlike as white and black, but both

full of human juices, and both almost if not quite forgotten. Gaynor was that great rarity in American political history: a judge who actually believed in the Bill of Rights. When he sat on the bench in Brooklyn he tried to enforce it to the letter, to the natural scandal of his brethren of the ermine. Scarcely a day went by that he did not denounce the police for their tyrannies. He turned loose hundreds of prisoners, raged and roared from the bench, and wrote thousands of letters on the subject, many of them magnificent expositions of Jeffersonian doctrine. Unfortunately, his strange ideas alarmed the general run of respectable New Yorkers quite as much as they alarmed his fellow judges, and so he was always in hot water. When Tammany, with sardonic humor, made him mayor, he began an heroic but vain effort to give New York decent government. He might as well have tried to make the stockyards of Chicago smell like a field of asphodel. In the end, worn out and embittered by the struggle, he died unlamented, and today political historians scarcely mention him. Yet he was a great political philosopher and a great soul. It is the tragedy of the Republic that such men are so few, and that their efforts, when they appear, go for so little. Gaynor's life was wasted. But was it really? Perhaps some young man will read Mr. Pink's excellent account of him, and come away from it remembering that there is still such a thing as decency, and that even when it fails it is somehow glorious.

But if he would learn about actual American politics, then let him turn to Mr. Davenport's life of Penrose. In the book there is a fine ironical humor. Mr. Davenport tells the sordid and degraded story without any show of pharisaical indignation: he knows that Penrose was dreadful, but he also knows that he was inevitable. The man, physically, perfectly realized his

character and his trade. He was gross, gargantuan, gaudy. No more passionate eater has ever been seen in Washington, save maybe William Jennings Bryan. He drank, too, in stevedorian fashion, and went on frequent and gaudy drunks.

At dinner one evening he drank nine cock-tails and five highballs and then called for food. The meal covered a wide range of foodstuffs, the feature of which was a huge chafing-dish of reed birds—twenty-six by actual count. Spurning the plate that the waiter offered, Penrose pulled the chafing-dish to him, and, planting his elbows firmly on the table, proceeded to consume the twenty-six. Working with both hands, left, right, left, right, and seizing them by the legs, he devoured the creatures without a pause except occasionally to shoot three fingers of Bourbon. The last bird gone, he called for a large spoon, with which he ate the thick bed of wild rice on which they had rested. Then, drinking a bowl of gravy, and doubtless feeling better, he turned to other dishes.

His favorite drink—after Bourbon, rye, Scotch, brandy, rum and champagne—was what he called Southern Comfort. Thus Mr. Davenport describes its concoction:

You placed a bushel of dead ripe peaches in a stone crock and mashed them to a smooth pulp. You added two pounds of brown sugar, two honeycombs, and a bit of yeast, stirring vigorously. This done, you poured in six quarts of Bourbon, and covered the crock with several thicknesses of heavy muslin tied down hard. After putting on the lid and sealing it, you buried the crock three feet deep and let it remain there for at least three weeks. . . . Penrose served them in double champagne glasses with half an apricot floating on top.

In politics, he was a Pennsylvania Republican—a sufficient description. He stemmed from Quay and the Camerons, and the Mellons and Vares are only his

puny offshoots. No man ever played the game in a more callous and berserker manner, and no man, not even Aldrich, has ever wielded greater power. But the legend that he made Harding President, as Mr. Davenport well demonstrates, is simply not true. He was on his death-bed when that astounding joke on the Republic was perpetrated by the Holy Ghost in person, and he had no more to do with it than Col. George B. M. Harvey. The heat of a Chicago Summer, acting upon a thousand despairing delegates, was what really turned the trick. Penrose's candidate was not Harding at all, but the Hon. Jim Watson of Indiana! Such colossal humors are possible only in the United States.

So there they are, and you may take your choice: Pierce, Wilson, the two Roosevelts, Lincoln (here turned by Mr. Hertz into a sort of reformed rabbi), Hoover, McAdoo, Penrose and Gaynor. The least remembered is Gaynor, and yet of them all he was probably the best.

Harris on Shaw

BERNARD SHAW, by Frank Harris. \$4. 9¼ x 6¼; 430 pp. New York: *Simon & Schuster*.

THERE is not much about Shaw in this curious volume, but there is a great deal about Harris. His ghastly lack of humor is visible from end to end of it, and his malicious enviousness appears upon almost every page. The man had a notable talent, and wrote three or four books of genuine importance, but there was something in his writing that alienated both critics and readers, and so his career as an author never quite came off. In his later days he had to act as his own publisher, and was desperately hard up. The common rumor was that Shaw, an associate of his youth, gave him a pension. If so, then the fact only sharpened the edge of his envy. He was

constantly measuring himself with Shaw, and as constantly concluding grandly that he was the better man. He does it in the present book, not only by incessant inference, but also openly and in plain terms. He even goes to the length of arguing that his unreadable play, "Joan La Romee", is better than Shaw's "Joan of Arc." It would be hard to imagine anything more absurd. It is ten times as absurd, indeed, as Shaw's occasional likening of himself to Shakespeare, for Shaw always has the saving decency to cackle over his own clowning, and so warn the humorless, whereas Harris, being devoid of humor, launches into the most grotesque boasting with a straight face and indeed an air of virtuous indignation.

The two men were so unlike that anything even remotely approaching understanding was impossible between them, and it is thus no wonder that their friendship from first to last was distant and wary, and that neither could see much that was admirable in the other. As I long ago pointed out, Shaw is essentially a Puritan. Life as he sees it is mainly a moral matter. Some things are right, and others are wrong: there is little left in the middle ground. Even music is only a path to virtue. Add to this Puritanical obsession (an inheritance from Scotch forebears) the immemorial Irish tendency (noticeable even in naturalized Irishmen) to fight ferociously (usually as mercenaries) for highly dubious causes, and you have the old boy's whole bag of tricks. The articles of his Socialism are so ridiculous that even Socialists laugh at them; in truth, he is often forced to laugh at them himself. But he continues to whoop them because they remain offensive to the generality of prosperous and stupid Englishmen, for what is offensive is painful, and what is painful, according to the Puritan philosophy, is

good for the soul. He is the perfect evangelist. He measures the validity of ideas, not by their intrinsic reasonableness, but simply by their capacity to alarm what he conceives to be sinners. Personally, he is a bluenose of purest ray serene. He eats no meat and drinks no alcohol. He never uses naughty words. (His one offense in this department came when he bedizened his play, "Pygmalion", with the banal word *bloody*, which shocked him a great deal more than it shocked anyone else). Until he was twenty-nine years old, as he confesses in a letter to Harris printed in the present book, he preserved his chastity. And in money matters he is very near.

Harris was a wholly different man. He was a voluptuary, both in his literary tastes and in his private habits. He had no humor, and resented it in other men, but he was easily fetched by rhetoric. Whenever he had money, which was often enough in his early days, he spent it royally. He got a lot of pleasure out of eating, and liked to wash down his victuals with sound wine. When it came to the ladies he was an eager experimenter, and his autobiography, "My Life and Loves", is one long record of his amours. In politics, he was the complete antithesis of the Puritan, for he believed, above all, in liberty. There was a great capacity for indignation in him, but it was almost always directed at a single detestable object: oppression. He was in favor of utter freedom in the arts as in life, and got it for himself at some risk to his hide. Once, in fact, he went to jail for telling the truth about some influential nobody in London. He was so frank and carnal in his writings that even the French tried to put him down. He fought them openly, and beat them. No man could have been more unlike Shaw, who is far too cautious to take any personal risks. To ask one of the two to

fathom and esteem the other would be as fantastic as to ask Hoover to esteem Grover Cleveland, or a radio crooner to esteem Johann Sebastian Bach.

In his book, what Harris appears to object to mainly is Shaw's worldly success. But it is quickly apparent that this objection has far more of mere envy in it than of reason. He was himself in his day an ardent pursuer of worldly success, and there was a time when he was much richer than Shaw—so much richer, in fact, as to be able to patronize him. His contention that Shaw, as a good Socialist, should share his wealth with the less fortunate is hollow poppycock. Shaw is simply not that kind of Socialist. His Socialism is a blackjack for clubbing the heads of the orthodox, not a razor for cutting his own throat. What Harris objects to next—and by a necessary corollary—is Shaw's humor. It enrages him to see the fellow having such a good time in the world—cracking so many skulls, and making the business pay so well. He denounces the whole show as unseemly clowning.

But suppose it is? Is there anything discreditable about being a really first-rate clown? Is it a sin against the Holy Ghost to go through life pricking bubbles? Is a horse-laugh less useful to humanity than a dark frown? I incline to think not. What Shaw has to say is almost always what has been said before, and often it has been better said. Sometimes it is sense and sometimes it is nonsense. But he knows how to make it seem novel, and pungent, and

shocking; he is a master of the art (and it is by no means a mean one) of putting the obvious in terms of the scandalous. He has not made life better for anyone, but he has made it more amusing, more exciting, and hence more endurable. It is thus idle to sneer at him, and silly to denounce him. He is a light-weight, true enough, but he has a long reach and knows how to use his feet, and he has brought many a heavy-weight clattering to the floor.

Harris's life of him is thus of small value as biography, and of even smaller value as criticism. On almost every page there are manifest misunderstandings and misrepresentations. One quickly gathers the impression that Harris really knew Shaw very little—that the man remained an irritating mystery to him to the end. But to say so much is certainly not to say that the book is not worth reading. If it leaves Shaw in the shadows, it at least throws some brilliant lights upon Harris. And Harris, too was a man of importance. He was one of the shrewdest editors of his time, and he wrote some excellent books. That he had lamentable weaknesses is here made painfully evident, but they were at all events the weaknesses of an extraordinary man. Despite some touches of the old fire, "Bernard Shaw", as a piece of writing, is third-rate. It is the work of one grown old and tired—the mere shell of the author of "The Life and Confessions of Oscar Wilde". But it remains a human document of a high order—unconventional, saucy, gamey in flavor, and not a little pathetic.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

JACOB BROCHES ARONOFF is a New York lawyer. He is a graduate of Columbia University and the Fordham Law School.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM was born in 1893 in Hermanville, Miss. He is the author of eight books of verse and ten novels.

CHARLES CARPENTER was born in Charlottesville, Va., in 1899, but has lived in West Virginia since 1902. He has worked for railroads for many years, filling positions from water boy on the Chesapeake & Ohio to chief train dispatcher on the Baltimore & Ohio.

ARLINGTON B. CONWAY saw active service in the World War and has since devoted himself to the study of military science.

RONALD A. DAVIDSON is a practical farmer and is at present working ten acres of oranges and 160 acres of lima beans in the San Fernando valley of California. He was born in Los Angeles and was graduated from the College of Agriculture, University of California, in 1921. After two years of farming experience he took over the management of a 12,000-acre ranch in San Diego county. He spent eight years there and then returned to the San Fernando valley to farm on a smaller scale and on his own account.

WILLIAM FAULKNER's latest book is "These 13."

EDWARD HUNGERFORD is a well known authority on railroads. He was formerly on the staff of the New York Sun, and is now an assistant vice-president of the New York Central. He is the author of a dozen books, including "The Modern Railroad," "The

Railroad Problem," "Our Railroads of Tomorrow," and a history of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

ROBERT LITTELL was dramatic critic for the defunct New York World. More about him appears in Editorial Notes.

GEORGE MILBURN's "Oklahoma Town" was published recently. He is also editor of "The Hobo's Hornbook."

EDWARD ROBINSON is a New York composer and teacher of music.

J. J. ROBINSON is the nom de plume of a man whose story is sufficiently told in his article.

STERLING D. SPERO, Ph.D. (Columbia), is an economist. He is the author of "The Labor Movement in a Government Industry," and co-author of "The Black Worker."

MARION BROWN WATTS is the daughter of a commodore in the Navy, and the former wife of a Marine officer. She spent many years in Service stations. She is now living in Washington.

HAROLD E. WEST has been a member of the Public Service Commission of Maryland since 1924, and its chairman since 1925. He is an active member of the National Association of Railroad and Utilities Commissioners, and a frequent contributor to the Public Utilities Fortnightly, and other technical journals.

OWEN P. WHITE was born in El Paso fifty-two years ago. He has been a rancher, farmer, lawyer, soldier, and political campaign manager.

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Editorial NOTES

ROBERT LITTELL, author of "A Day with the Radio" in this issue and of "Travelogue" in the November issue, was born



Robert Littell

in Milwaukee in 1896. He studied at Harvard, but did not graduate. He was a reporter on the old New York *Globe* in 1915, and for the next seven years was on the staff of the *New Republic*, where he served, first as literary editor, and then as associate editor. In 1927-1928 he was dramatic critic of the New York *Evening Post*, and in 1929 he assumed the same position on the New York *World*. When the latter paper died he was also writing for it a column three times a week. He is the author of a book of essays, "Read America First," published in 1925.

Among the contents of THE AMERICAN MERCURY for March will be the following:

"The Lamentable Trade of Letters," by Joseph Hergesheimer.

"The Plunder of Chicago," by Walter W. Liggett.

"Employés Welfare: An Autopsy," by Abraham Epstein.

"Bernard Shaw in Russia," by H. W. L. Dana.

"The Case For the Machine," by Warren S. Thompson.

xviii

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section,
page xii

POETRY

PRELUDES FOR MEMNON.

By Conrad Aiken. Charles Scribner's Sons
\$2.50 9 3/4 x 6 1/2; 112 pp. New York

THE COMING FORTH BY DAY OF OSIRIS JONES.

By Conrad Aiken. Charles Scribner's Sons
\$2 9 3/4 x 6 1/2; 44 pp. New York

There are sixty-three poems of various form in the "Preludes." There is little connection between them, except it be their common concern with the "chaos of the beginning and the end of life." Prelude XVIII, which is typical, begins thus:

In the beginning, nothing; and in the end,
Nothing; and in between these useless nothings,
Brightness, music, God, one's self . . . My love,—
Heart that beats for my heart, breast on which I
sleep,—

Be brightness, music, God, my self, for me.

This is surely nothing to praise God for, but it must be said in its favor that it is competently punctuated and betrays a familiarity with English grammar. The same cannot be said of "Osiris Jones," in which Mr. Aiken is apparently trying to portray what a dead man would see and think were he to return to earth for a day. What sort of person is Jones? The following lines, according to Mr. Aiken, give a picture of him:

hey bricktop hey carrots
an appearance as of strength in reserve . . .
you too
you are swift
you are brief
lights, lights, more lights!
this is a roiled reflection of the face

A GENTLEMAN DECIDES.

By Sis Willner. The Black Archer Press
\$2 8 1/2 x 5 1/2; 78 pp. Chicago

Miss Willner's pieces express the somewhat sentimental cynicism of the younger generation:

the first time that you said good-bye
i laid me down prepared to die
the second time i just got tight—
and cried, and lost my appetite

She protests that she is not an imitator of Dorothy Parker, and with justice, for her verse shows a combination of shrewdness and naïveté that gives it a quality all its own. Why she insists upon discarding capital letters does not appear: her pieces would be just as effective if they were printed in the conven-

Continued on page xix

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xviii

tional manner. The present collection has a prefatory note by Carl Sandburg and a "postface" by Samuel Putnam. The typography is by Louis J. Rerra.

AND THEN WHAT?

By *Paul James.* *Alfred A. Knopf*
\$2 7½ x 5; 102 pp. *New York*

Mr. James's verses are modest in pretension, but not infrequently he gets a good deal of pungency into his brief space. His subjects range from the vanities of amour to the imbecilities of the stock market, and from the mishaps of the nursery to the pains of putting on a musical comedy. One section of his book is devoted to the transatlantic voyage: in it his customary good humor, confronted by the horrible creatures of deck and smoke-room, takes on a touch of bitterness. Some of his verses, by their extreme sententiousness, suggest those of Ogden Nash, but in approach they are different. The little book makes amusing reading.

LOST WARRIOR.

By *Sydney King Russell.* *The Mosher Press*
\$2 7¼ x 5½; 101 pp. *Portland, Me.*

Mr. Russell is fond of the sonnet, and uses it for both romantic and satirical purposes. He manages the difficulties of the form with considerable skill, but his ideas, unfortunately, are mainly obvious. He makes fun of the grotesque ceremonies that go on at movie premièrès, of newspaper sob sisters, of literary censors, of henpecked husbands, of match-making mothers, and so on. It is not often that he gets any freshness into his point of view. His more serious poems are likewise undistinguished. Most of his pieces are reprinted from magazines. His book appears in a limited edition of 750 copies.

LANGUAGE

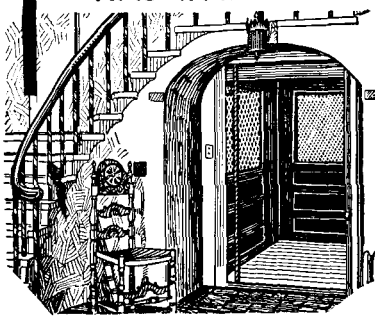
LOUISIANA-FRENCH.

By *William A. Read.* *The Louisiana State University Press*
\$2 9 x 6; 253 pp. *Baton Rouge, La.*

Dr. Read confines his study to the vocabulary of Louisiana-French, and does not investigate the peculiarities of its grammar and syntax. He points out that two quite distinct varieties of French are spoken in the State. The first, which is used by the descendants of the old Creole aristocracy, approximates to Standard French; the second, which is used by the Acadians (or Cajuns) of the swamps, is founded on the dialects of Normandy and Picardy, and is full of archaisms. A great many of the French, English, Spanish and African words in Dr. Read's vocabulary are botanical and zoölogical names. He also

Continued on page xxiii

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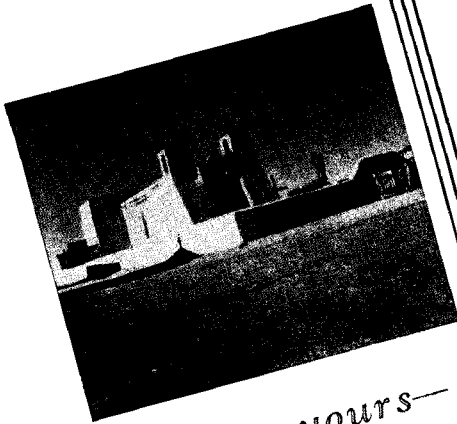
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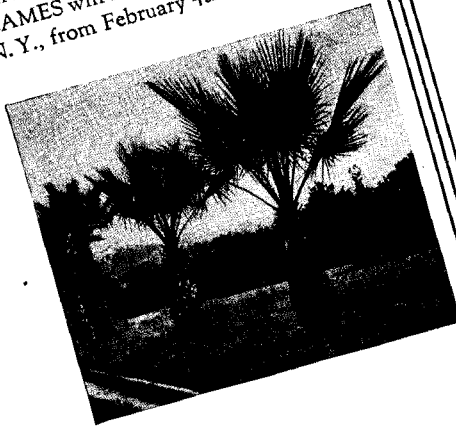
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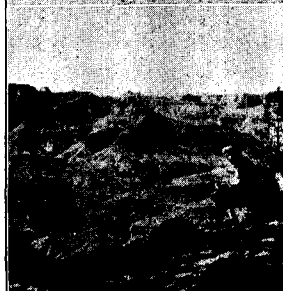
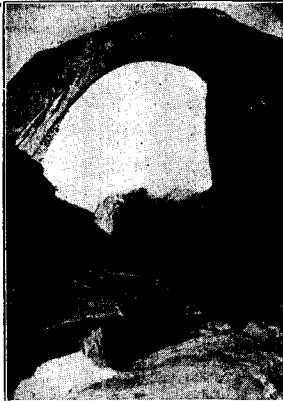
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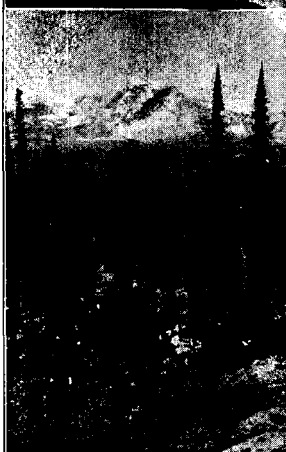
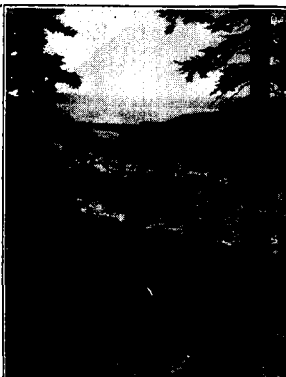
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THE AMERICAN MERCURY



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Continued from page xix

prints lists of place-names, and another of surnames, the latter confined to names from the South of France. The volume, which is paper-bound, is one of the University Studies issued by the University of Louisiana. There is a bibliography filling eighteen pages, followed by an index of words and phrases.

A HISTORY OF SURNAMES OF THE BRITISH ISLES.

By C. L'Estrange Ewen. The Macmillan Company
\$7.50 9 3/4 x 5 1/2; 508 pp. New York

This is the best book so far published on English surnames, and by far. Disdaining the futile etymological speculations that have entertained most of his predecessors, Mr. Ewen devotes himself to unearthing the actual history of a multitude of English surnames. To this end he examines a large mass of ancient documents, and out of them he dredges a great deal that is interesting and important. He shows, *inter alia*, how powerfully the law of Hobson-Jobson influences the forms of surnames, and how dubious it makes many widely accepted etymologies. His stout volume is heavily packed with facts, many of them quite new. He has done a work of really extraordinary merit, and if most of his conclusions are only tentative, then that is only additional proof of his truly scientific method. There is a list of names at the end, followed by an index.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

MY RUSSIAN VENTURE.

By Mrs. Cecil Chesterton.

The J. B. Lippincott Company
\$2.50 8 1/2 x 5 1/2; 283 pp. Philadelphia

In 1930 Mrs. Chesterton spent several months traveling through White Russia and the Ukraine. She put in most of her time with the peasants, studying their new agricultural methods and their new marriage relationships. She says that she entered the country with "no previous conviction for or against the Soviet government." But she left with decidedly favorable views. Collectivization, she points out, is steadily increasing, and "the complete elimination of the middle man has enormously cheapened all commodities." She admits that throughout the land there is an utter suppression of individual opinion, and she admits the current material discomforts endured by the people, but above all this there "is an ideal of economic justice. It is this ideal, and the knowledge that what you endure your neighbor also has to bear, that is the real source of Russia's strength." That the Five-Year Plan will be a success, she thinks, is certain. Once it is accomplished, Russia "will have economic Europe by the tail."

Continued on page xxiv

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY
730 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxiii

AN EDITOR LOOKS AT RUSSIA.

By Ray Long. Ray Long & Richard R. Smith
\$1 7½ x 5; 114 pp. New York

Mr. Long spent several weeks of the Winter of 1930 in Russia. He moved about the country considerably, and met many people, from high officials to lowly peasants. He says that when he went there he "was neither pro-Soviet nor anti-Soviet. I still am neither pro nor anti." It is plain, however, that his visit left a favorable impression on him. He says of the Russian experiment that "in its effect on the world at large, it is probably the most important human step since the birth of Christianity." He admits that there is very little liberty in the land, but he adds that its "citizens seem to be more nearly contented than in any other country I have seen in the world today."

NEW EDITIONS

SOURCE BOOK IN ANTHROPOLOGY.

By A. L. Kroeber & T. T. Waterman.
Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$3.75 8½ x 5½; 571 pp. New York

The first edition of this very interesting and useful collection was published in 1920. It was reprinted in 1924, and has had a wide circulation. The present edition differs materially from that of 1924. Eighteen of the articles in the latter have been omitted, sixteen have been altered, and nineteen new ones have been added. The authorities levied upon include Charles Darwin, Thomas H. Huxley, Francis Galton, E. B. Tylor among the dead, and Franz Boas, Robert H. Lowie, Edward Sapir, R. B. Dixon, Clark Wissler and Margaret Mead among the living. The articles cover a wide range, and most of them make excellent reading. Among the matters discussed are the origin of domestic animals, human blood groups, the technique of primitive flint working, Egyptian hieroglyphic writing, the beginnings of culture in sub-human societies, the origins of Chinese culture, and the legal system of the Ifugao Malays. The book is illustrated and there is an index.

VENUS & ADONIS.

By William Shakespeare. Leo Hart
\$15 10¾ x 8; 81 pp. Rochester, N. Y.

This beautiful book is Mr. Hart's first venture on his own account, and he may well be proud of it. The merits of the format by Will Ransom and the striking quality of the twenty-one illustrations by Rockwell Kent are fully matched by the perfection

of the printing. Mr. Kent appears in what amounts to a new manner. He works in two colors, black and brown, and his familiar solid masses are relieved by a charming delicacy of line. The text is set in Lutetia type, and the paper is an all-rag of very pleasing surface. The printing was done in quarto on one side of the sheet only, and so the possibility of it showing through was eliminated. The binding is in a light brown silk, with a dark brown leather back. The edition runs to 1250 copies, all signed by Mr. Kent. Of these 75 are issued on a special paper at \$75 each. The text used is that of the Oxford University Press.

FOLK-LORE

FOLKWAYS IN THOMAS HARDY.

By Ruth A. Firor.
The University of Pennsylvania Press
\$3 9½ x 5½; 357 pp. Philadelphia

"Hardy," says Miss Firor, "worked with a collaborator—the folk." She has unearthed from his writings a large number of references to popular beliefs and customs, and has gone back into English history to show their origins and development. No doubt her book will be interesting to Hardy enthusiasts, but to many other readers it will probably appear to be nothing save a characteristic piece of seminary pedantry. It is heavily documented, and has a formidable bibliography. There is an index.

ROMANCES OF OLD BERKSHIRE.

By Willard Douglas Coxey. The Berkshire Courier
\$2 8 x 5½; 251 pp. Great Barrington, Mass.

There are seven tales in this collection. Mr. Coxey casts them in the form of fiction, but they are all based upon Berkshire legends, and in them folk-lore is pleasantly mingled with history. Their chief interest, of course, will be to people born in the region. At the end the author prints some historical notes.

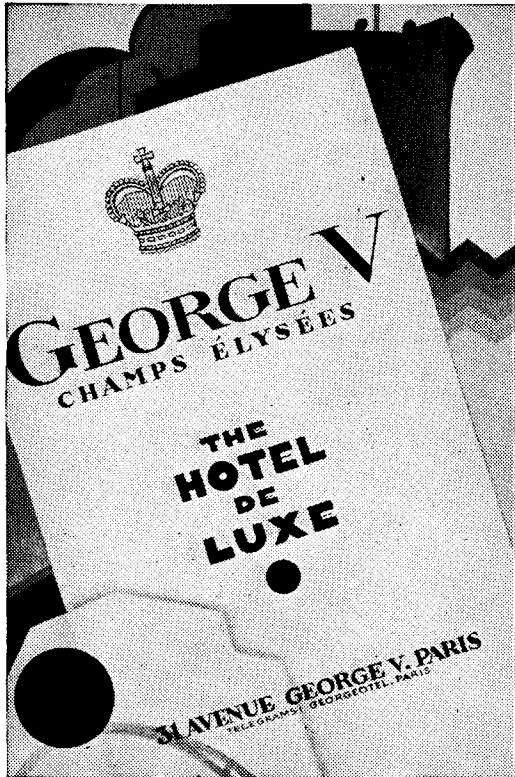
FICTION

JOB.

By Joseph Roth. The Viking Press
\$2.50 7 x 5½; 279 pp. New York

Mendel Singer "was a pious, God-fearing, . . . an entirely commonplace Jew," writes Mr. Roth. "God had given fertility to his loins (three fine children), equanimity to his heart, and poverty to his hands. Every morning Mendel thanked God for his sleeping, for his awakening, and for the dawning day. When the sun went down he said his prayers once again. When the first stars began to sparkle,

Continued on page xxvi




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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxiv

he prayed for the third time, and before he laid himself down to sleep he whispered a hurried prayer, with tired but zealous lips. His sleep was dreamless, his conscience was pure, his soul was chaste. He had nothing to regret, and he coveted nothing." Then a fourth and last child is born to him and his wife Deborah—a deformed and hideous boy named Menuchim who seems the bearer of all the curses that are to follow. Jonas, his eldest son, eats pork; Shemariah, his second, flees to America to escape conscription; Miriam, his daughter, follows the soldiers into the fields at harvest time. When Shemariah sends money to his parents to join him, Mendel leaves Menuchim with strangers, only to have further miseries afflict him in a strange land. At last he turns upon his God and curses Him roundly, and a modern miracle, together with a happy ending, reward him. An unusual novel in a good translation by Dorothy Thompson.

SLAVES TODAY.

By George S. Schuyler. Brewer, Warren & Putnam
\$2.50 7½ x 5; 290 pp. New York

The scene of this story is Liberia, and the central character is Zo, a young man of the Gola tribe. The day after he is married to Pameta, the daughter of the village chief, one David Jackson, a Liberian official, descends upon the village. When he demands larger payments of rice and palm oil there is a fight, the chief is killed, Zo is sold into what amounts to slavery in Fernando Po, and Pameta is forced to become one of the concubines of Jackson. The end of the story is bloody. Zo, returned from his bondage, tracks down and kills Jackson, and is himself killed, and Pameta dies. Mr. Schuyler is rather too indignant to be altogether convincing. His book suggests the manner of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." But there are some excellent pictures of native life in it, and the native characters, in the main, are better done than the "civilized" Liberians. Mr. Schuyler visited Liberia last year, and his account of the way the simple savages of the bush are oppressed by the politicians at Monrovia, themselves the descendants of American slaves, is based on first-hand observation.

MR. FOTHERGILL'S PLOT.

By His Conspirators. The Oxford University Press
\$2.50 8 x 5¼; 363 pp. New York

Mr. Fothergill gave one plot to eighteen authors, who, in due time, produced the present collection. The plot runs as follows: "A man gets into cor-

respondence with a woman whom he doesn't know and he finds romance in it. Then he sees a girl, falls in love with her in the ordinary way, marries her and drops the academic correspondence. Happiness, then friction. He writes again to the unknown woman and finds consolation till by an accident it is discovered that the married couple are writing to each other." The authors who tackle this story are Martin Armstrong, H. R. Barbor, Elizabeth Bowen, Gerald Bullett, Thomas Burke, G. K. Chesterton, A. E. Coppard, E. M. Delafield, H. P. Hartley, Frank Swinnerton, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Margaret Kennedy, Edward Shanks, Helen Simpson, A. E. G. Strong, Storm Jameson, J. C. Squire, and Rebecca West. Their performances are all pretty bad.

DIARY OF A PROVINCIAL LADY

By E. M. Delafield. Harper & Brothers
\$2.50 7½ x 5; 388 pp. New York

Here is a picture of middle-class life in an English village, seen through the eyes of a witty and intelligent woman, the unnamed diarist. She proceeds from the insufferably smug Lady B. at the top, whom she could strangle in good grace, to old Mrs. Blenkinsop, the pious, complaining invalid, whom she could dispense with for a different but equally urgent reason. In addition, there are the vicar's good, boring wife, the righteous, boring vicar, a tiresome literary female and her tiresome anæmic young man, and the lady's own slipshod, boring household, including a self-sufficient young daughter under the tutelage of a very practical mademoiselle, a self-sufficient young son, and an inconceivably dull husband interested in sport. A shrewd and amusing book. There is an introduction by Mary Borden; the numerous illustrations are by Arthur Watt.

SPARKS FLY UPWARD.

By Oliver La Farge. The Houghton Mifflin Company
\$2.50 8 x 5½; 322 pp. New York

The scene is Alturas, a Central American Republic, in the mid-Nineteenth Century, a wild area inhabited by a mixed population of Creoles, Ladinos, Spaniards and pure-blooded Indians. Esteban, son of a common soldier and an Indian mother, receives the patronage of Cerromayor, a powerful Spanish landowner; through the love of Cerromayor's beautiful young wife he obtains a commission in the cavalry and becomes, eventually, a revolutionary general. But in the end his Indian blood is too much for him—he is instinctively a leader of his own

Continued on page xxviii

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxvi

race, and when the opportunity offers, he forsakes lovely Señora Cerromayor and marries a faithful Indian girl. "He did not fit it to words, but it was here in himself and Marta, and he could be at peace now." A colorful tale, richer in background than in characterization.

THE CABIN IN THE COTTON.

By *Harry Harrison Kroll.*

Ray Long & Richard R. Smith

\$2 7¼ x 5¼; 289 pp. *New York*

Dan Morgan, of poor white extraction, becomes the protégé of Wilson Lord, a wealthy planter in Mississippi. He is more intelligent than most of his people, especially his immediate family, and he cherishes the ambition to become a planter himself, but when the time comes to choose between Lord, who has preyed unmercifully upon his poor white tenants, including Morgan's own father, and the tenants who are stealing Lord's cotton, he wobbles all over the place. His problem is made the more difficult by the fact that he has fallen in love with Lord's loose but lovely daughter. In the end, however, he pulls himself together, becomes the champion of his own people, and returns to his old love, Juny, poor white but honest. The story is scarcely to be called distinguished.

WESTWARD PASSAGE.

By *Margaret Ayer Barnes.*

The Houghton Mifflin Company

\$2.50 8 x 5½; 323 pp. *Boston*

During her return from Europe aboard the *Atlanta* Olivia Ottendorf encounters Nicholas Allen, her first husband, an irascible but distinguished novelist, and falls in love with him again. Upon her arrival in New York she slips out of her parent's house and meets him in the park at midnight. Next day they elope to Allen's farmhouse in Vermont but they no sooner arrive there than they quarrel irrevocably. Convinced at last that she can never live with him, Olivia rides to Bennington through the night and calls up Harry Ottendorf, her husband, who declares he will meet her in Boston the next day. "Harry," says Olivia solemnly, "you're simply wonderful. And I—I—" She pauses inarticulately. "You're my Olivia," says Harry. "That's good enough for me."

LAUGH AND LIE DOWN.

By *Robert Cantwell.*

Farrar & Rinehart

\$2 7½ x 5; 269 pp. *New York*

Two brothers, Kenneth and William McArdle, who work in the mills of a Washington city, love

Berenice Adams, who lives next door in poor but proud gentility. Berenice loves Bill, but changes to Kenneth. Bill then turns to a group of dubious characters, and after playing around with them, gets into serious trouble. There follow two or three wild escapades and the story ends somewhat abruptly with the death of all three in an automobile accident. An uneven book, yet Mr. Cantwell has succeeded in creating with much vividness a group of characters at loose ends in society, in all their anti-social moods.

FLIGHT INTO DARKNESS.

By *Arthur Schnitzler.*

Simon & Schuster

\$2 7½ x 5½; 152 pp. *New York*

In this rigidly compact tale Schnitzler describes the progress of a persecution complex in his hero, Robert, from its first manifestation—one morning he notices that his left eyelid hangs lower than his right, and this sets him to brooding darkly upon paralysis and mental decay—to its inevitable end, in the murder of Otto, his brother, whom he imagines is threatening his life, and his own suicide. A skillful book, but inferior in warmth and richness to Schnitzler's earlier works. It is in excellent translation by William A. Drake.

A CALENDAR OF SIN.

By *Evelyn Scott.*

Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith

\$5 7¼ x 4¾; 2 vols.; 693 pp. *New York*

In this impressive but sometimes fatiguing novel Miss Scott traces a stream of sin down the fifty years following the Civil War, from a middle-aged seduction in Indiana in 1867 to a rape and lynching in Tennessee in the next century. The intervening years are filled with horrors, more or less related to the general theme. Some are dramatically told, as in the case of the lawyer James Dolan, who beats to death the little girl who has been his mistress and flings her body down a well, but too often the characters never get off the paper.

RED LIKE CRIMSON.

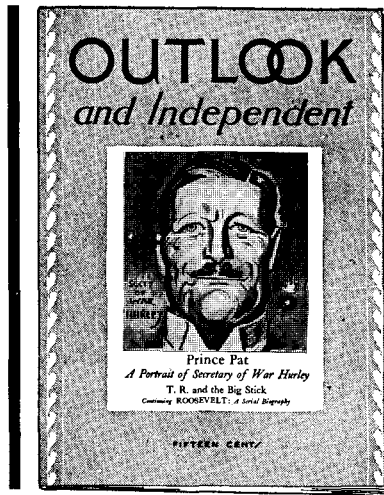
By *Jane Paradine.*

G. P. Putnam's Sons

\$2 7½ x 5; 279 pp. *New York*

"Red Like Crimson" is the name given by little Ann Tudor to the hideous screen which her nurse used to place between her and her small brother during his bath from the time she was supposed to have modesty (she had then just turned six). Afterwards she used the phrase for anything of a similarly mysterious and sinful nature. A charming story of a Victorian childhood.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

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Says Dr. Bloodgood: "No one can read this book without obtaining a comprehensive realization of the whole cancer problem and his own personal part in it. Application of the reliable facts so ably set forth here should result in a real decrease in the mortality and suffering from cancer. . . ." The author—Doctor of Public Health; Fellow, American Public Health Association; Associate Fellow, American Medical Association; Member, American Society for the Control of Cancer—points out: "No one ignorant of cancer is secure from it." Hence the importance of this work. *To be published February 5th. 17 illustrations, 5½" x 8¼", 304pp. \$3.00*

LIVING MY LIFE

by Emma Goldman

"Richly alive and possesses that special quality of power that comes from unrestraint. If the story is a record of many defeats, it is at least a brave achievement in its own right. . . . Emma Goldman's nature is a large one: her emotions are terrific. . . . A fine piece of writing. . . . As a study in subjective achievement what a personal triumph these volumes reveal!"—*The Nation*. *With 12 illustrations. 6¼" x 9½", 993pp. and index. 2 volumes. \$7.50*

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

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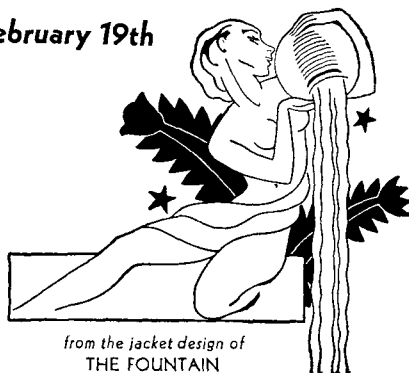
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xxxi

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



STORM JAMESON

was born in 1896 at Whitby, Yorkshire, where she now lives with her husband and son. Her studies in English language and literature at Leeds University won for her a First Class Honors Degree and a research scholarship—the result of which was "A History of Modern European Drama." Miss Jameson has written copy in an advertising agency, done journalistic work, reviewed plays and been literary adviser in a publishing house.

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OSWALD SPENGLER

was born at Blankenburg, Germany, in 1880. He studied mathematics, philosophy and history at Munich and Berlin. Except for his doctor's thesis on Heraclitus, he published nothing before the appearance of the first volume of *The Decline of the West* in 1918, which has long since passed 100,000 copies in Germany and has provoked so enormous a mass of critical discussion that a Spengler bibliography indexed over 400 individual critics. The success of Volume II has been almost as spectacular.

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